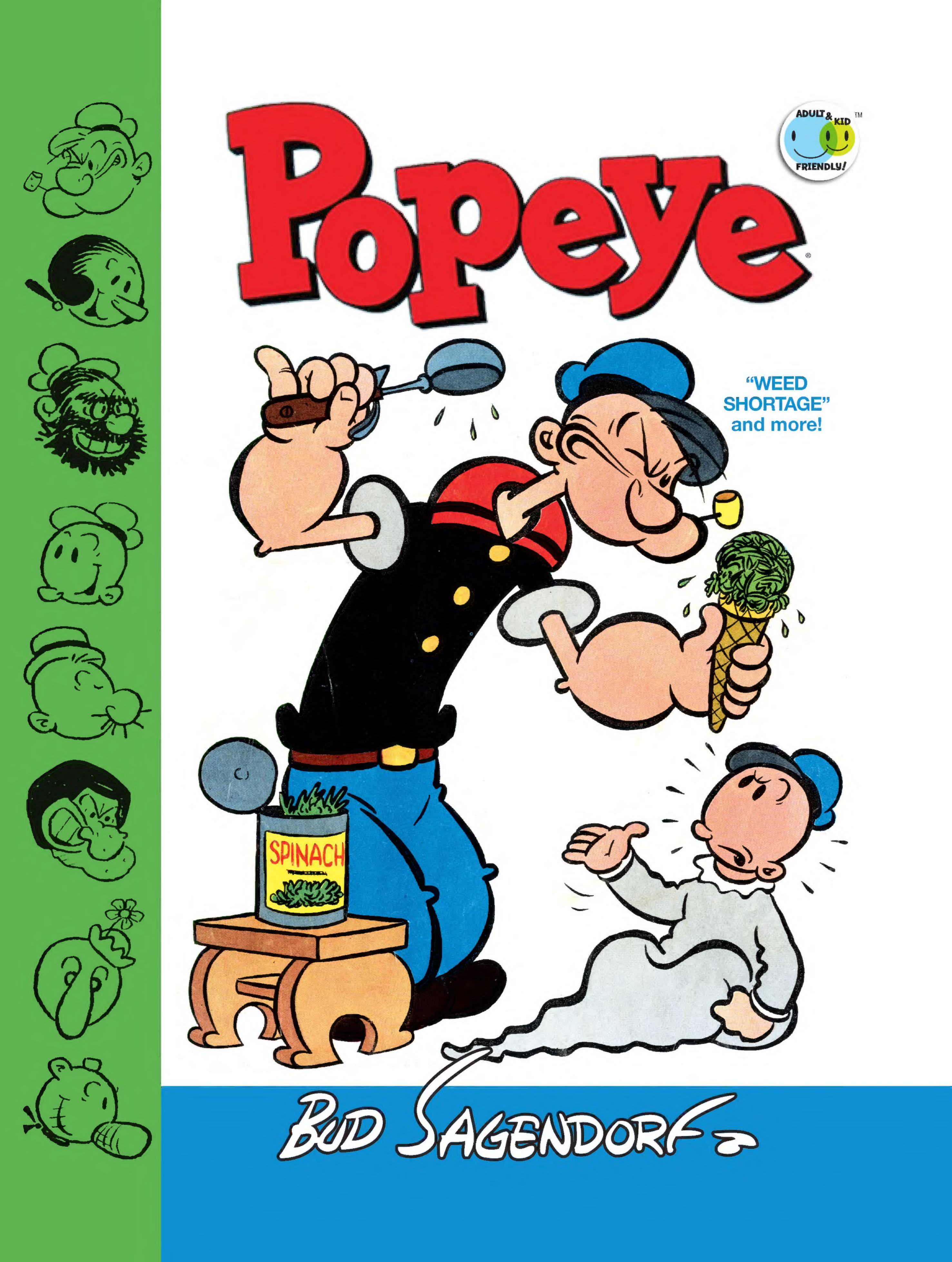

Popeye®
ADULT & KID FRIENDLY!™
"WEED SHORTAGE" and more!
SPINACH
BUD SAGENDORF

Popeye Classics

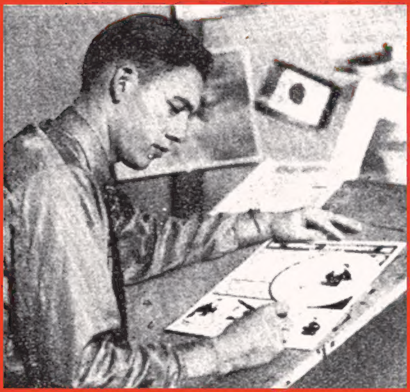
Bud Sagendorf

Produced by
CLIZIA GUSSONI

Edited and Designed by
CRAIG YOE

YOE BOOKS!

IDW PUBLISHING
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

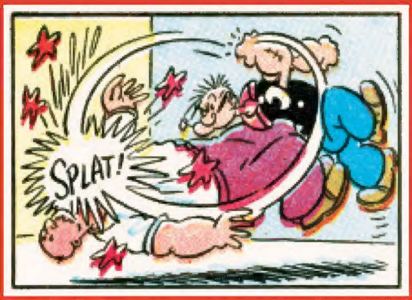


Forrest "Bud" Sagendorf (1915 – 1994)
wrote and drew more Popeye comic strips and books than any other cartoonist—and wrote and drew them better than all the other swabs!
When Bud was just 17, his sister, who worked in an art supply store in Santa Monica, California, introduced him to a customer, E.C. Segar, the creator of Popeye. Bud began a long relationship with Segar, who became his teacher, employer, and father figure.
After Segar's passing, Bud produced comic books for 24 years, penned the daily strip, and drew art for licensing products.
For a full biography with the crème de la spinach comics and many other rarities, see *Popeye: The Great Comic Book Tales by Bud Sagendorf* (Yoe Books/IDW, 2011).
We encourage you to send us images of Sagendorf treasures for future scrapbooks.

SOCIETY · OF · SAGENDORKS

"I am not now, nor have ever been, a member of the Society of Sagendorks (S.O.S.). I know nothing of the Society of Sagendorks' clandestine rites involving Bud Sagendorf's art, and have no knowledge of the group's apparent deification of Forrest "Bud" Sagendorf, their connection to the world banking system, or their avowed goal of total world domination. Furthermore, the cult-like symbol for the Society of Sagendorks above was NOT drawn by me, rather by someone who has fiendishly affixed a reproduction of my signature to it in order to discredit me by associating me with these zealots. Be it known: I stand willing to totally cooperate with any and all authorities on this matter even to the point of releasing names of people that may themselves be involved in sympathetic activities of the Society of Sagendorks or names of actual card-carrying members of the Society of Sagendorks I have obtained through my connections. For the good of mankind and all that we hold good and holy, I urge all patriotic, upstanding citizens to do the same!"

—Craig Yoe



Dedicated to my generous and fun
Popeye friend,

Mike Ford.

This is Volume 6 in the complete reprint of Bud Sagendorf's classic Popeye comics. Collect them all.

Do you have art or ephemera for the Bud Sagendorf Scrapbook? Please contact Craig Yoe on Facebook!

Join the fun on Facebook on the "Celebrating Popeye" page!

Check out our videos on **The Yoe Tube** at **YouTube.com/TheYoeTube** and **Vimeo.com/TheYoeTube**

If you like this book, please blog, facebook, podcast, and tweet about it!
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Deep thanks to: Ted Adams, Giovanna Anzaldi, Brendan Burford, Frank Caruso, Justin Eisinger, Greg Goldstein, Fred Grandinetti, Kerry Huffman, Jonathan Lozovsky, Donnie Pitchford, and Bruce Shults.

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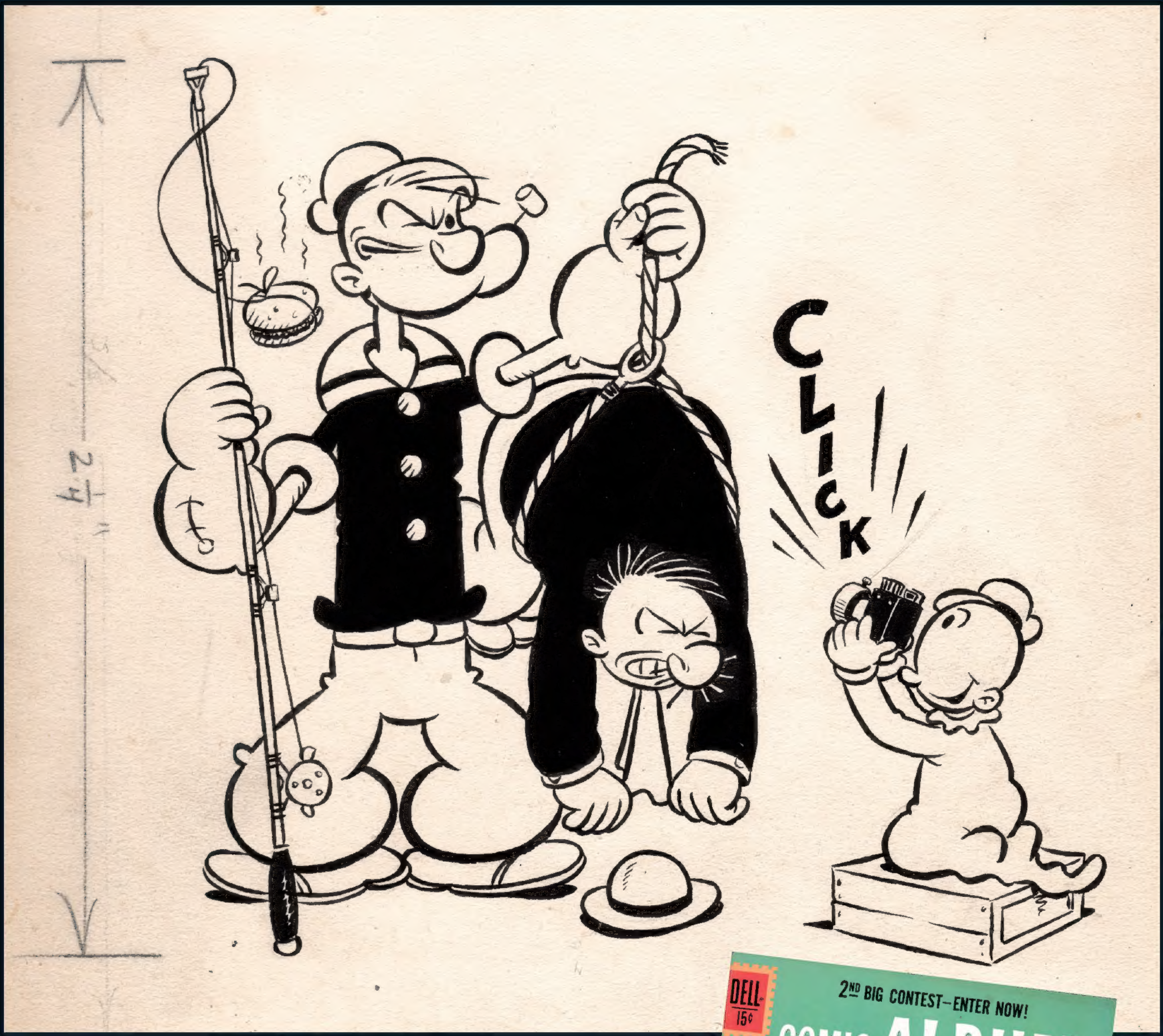
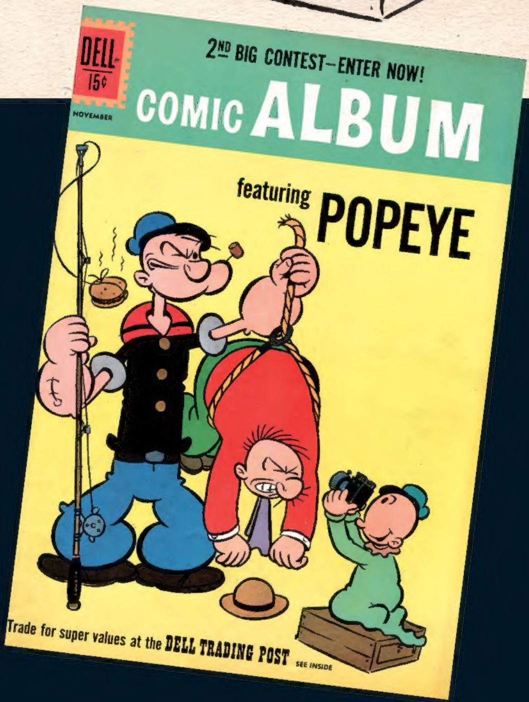
A BUD SAGENDORF SCRAPBOOK





THIS PAGE: The original art for the cover of *Comic Album* #15 (Dell, September-November 1951) and the German *Popeye Der Spinatmatrose* #60. From the collection of Ken Wheaton. Thanks, Ken!

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POPEYE

DER SPINATMATROSE

MOEWIG COMIC

MGM
GRAND
LAS VEGAS

TRY SOME OF THIS SPINACH. IT'LL REALLY DO SOME-THING FOR YOU!
SPINACH? UG!
by The Chicago Tribune
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POPEYE
AND FRIENDS
BUD JAGENDORF

POPEYE
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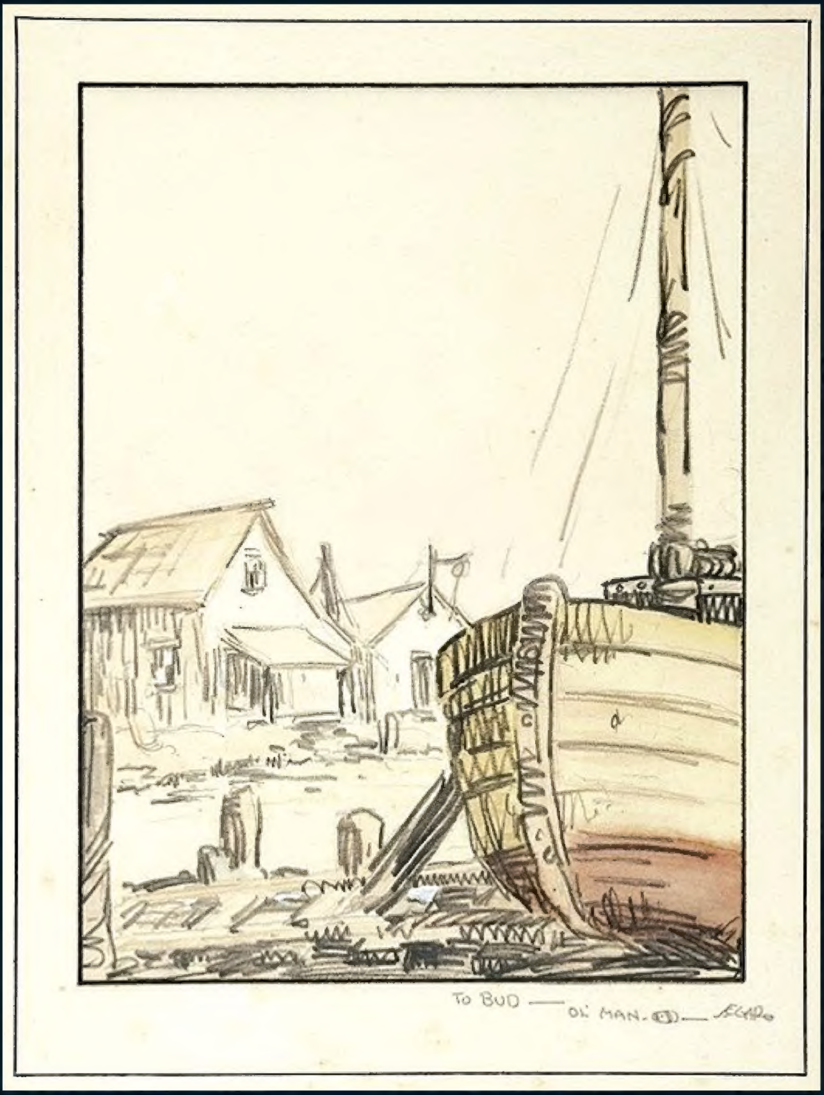


LEFT TO RIGHT, TOP TO BOTTOM:
An MGM Grand keyring featuring Bluto.

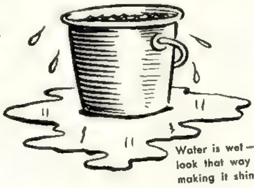
A *Broom-Hilda* daily inspired by Popeye (January 4, 1973; *The Chicago Tribune*). Artist Russell Myers' dedication reads, "Very best wishes to Bud + Nadia from Marina + Russell Myers—1973." From the collection of Jonathan Lozovsky. Thank you, Jonathan!

A paper plate from 1978.

An iron-on from Iron-On Express, 1976. From the collection of Jonathan Lozovsky. Thank you, Jonathan!

A pencil and watercolor drawing for Bud Sagendorf by his mentor and father-figure Elzie Segar, creator of Popeye. The dedication reads, "To Bud —Ol' man Segar."

Water

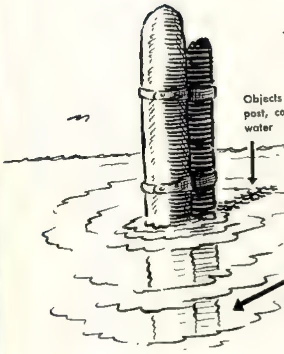


Water is wet — make it look that way by making it shiny

When objects float in water, only parts of them show above the surface

Dirt and water make mud. When drawing mud, make it look gooey and liquid

When drawing waves, be sure to shade them all on the same side



Objects in water, such as this post, cast a shadow on the water

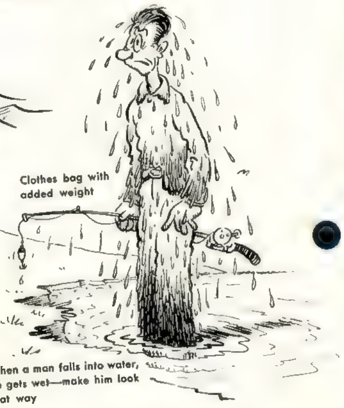
Ripples in water go all the way around the object

Water acts like a mirror

When drawing a reflection, make the line wavy and let the ripples break the reflection lines

Sweat and tears are water

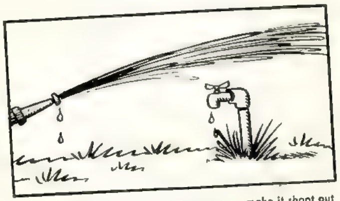
Heat, worry and fear can be shown by sweat



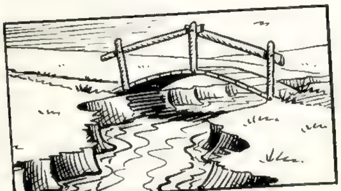
Clothes bag with added weight

When a man falls into water, he gets wet—make him look that way

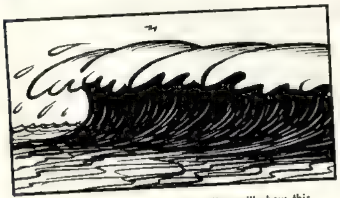
When you draw a bucket of water, put some water on the floor around it



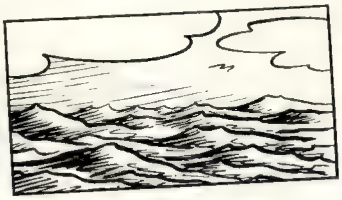
The water from the hose is under pressure—make it shoot out



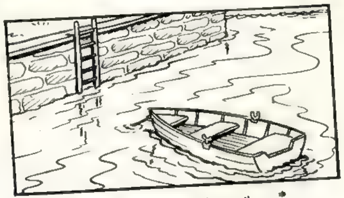
This is a lazy stream — the water flows slowly and shows reflections



Waves curve over themselves — shading will show this

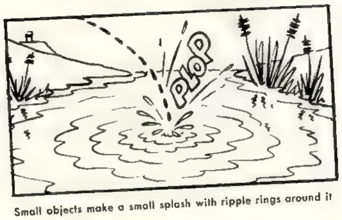


Ocean water is drawn rough

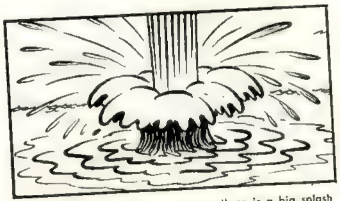


Inside a harbor or a lake, the water is smooth

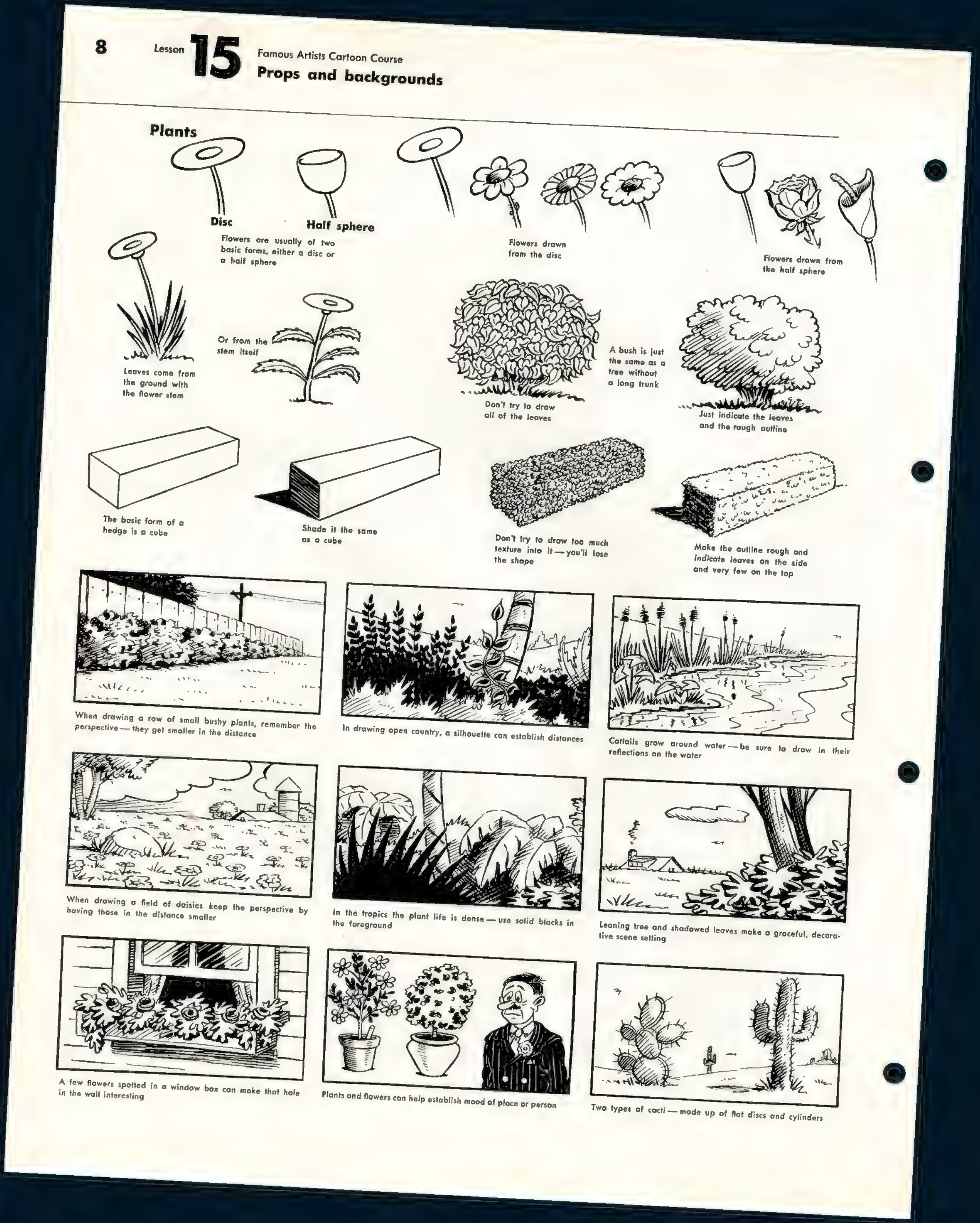
The water from falls is pulled down by gravity — the higher the fall, the bigger the splash



Small objects make a small splash with ripple rings around it

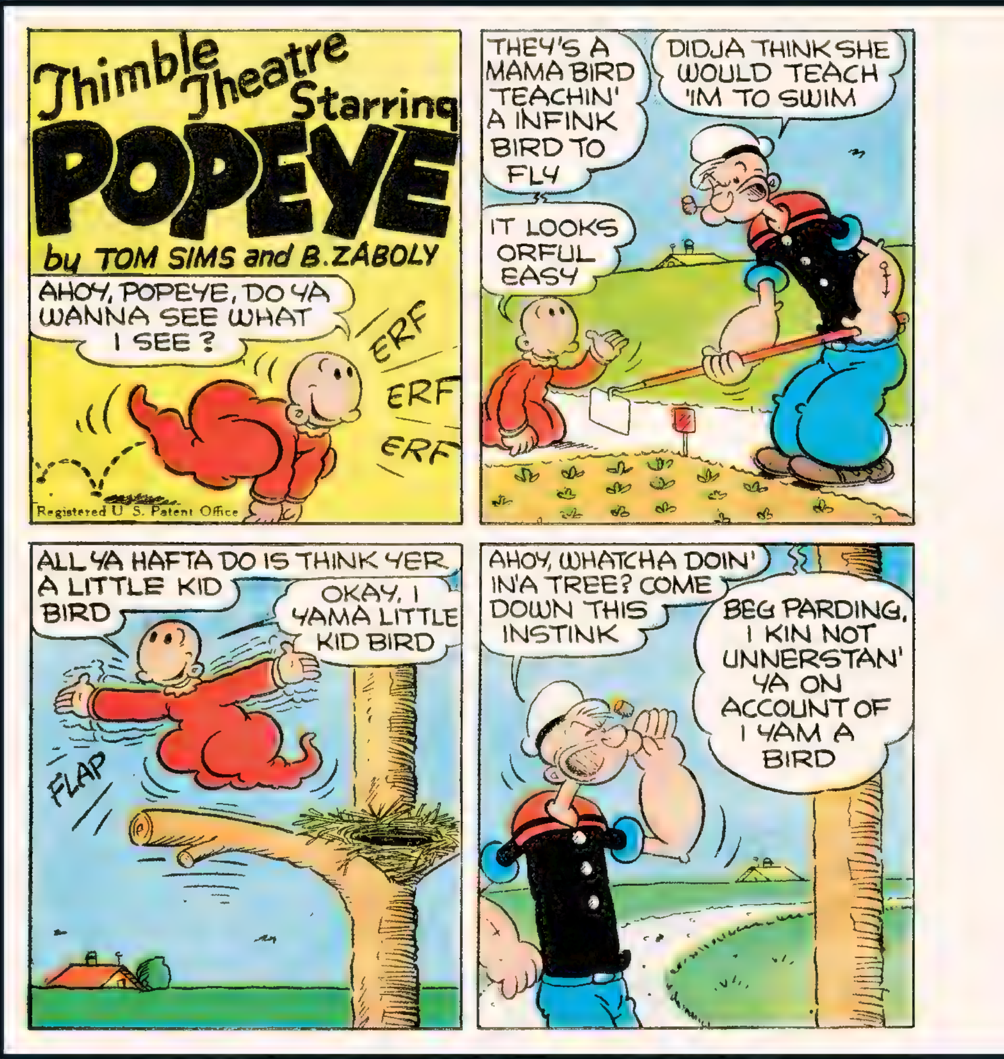


When a large object falls into water, there is a big splash

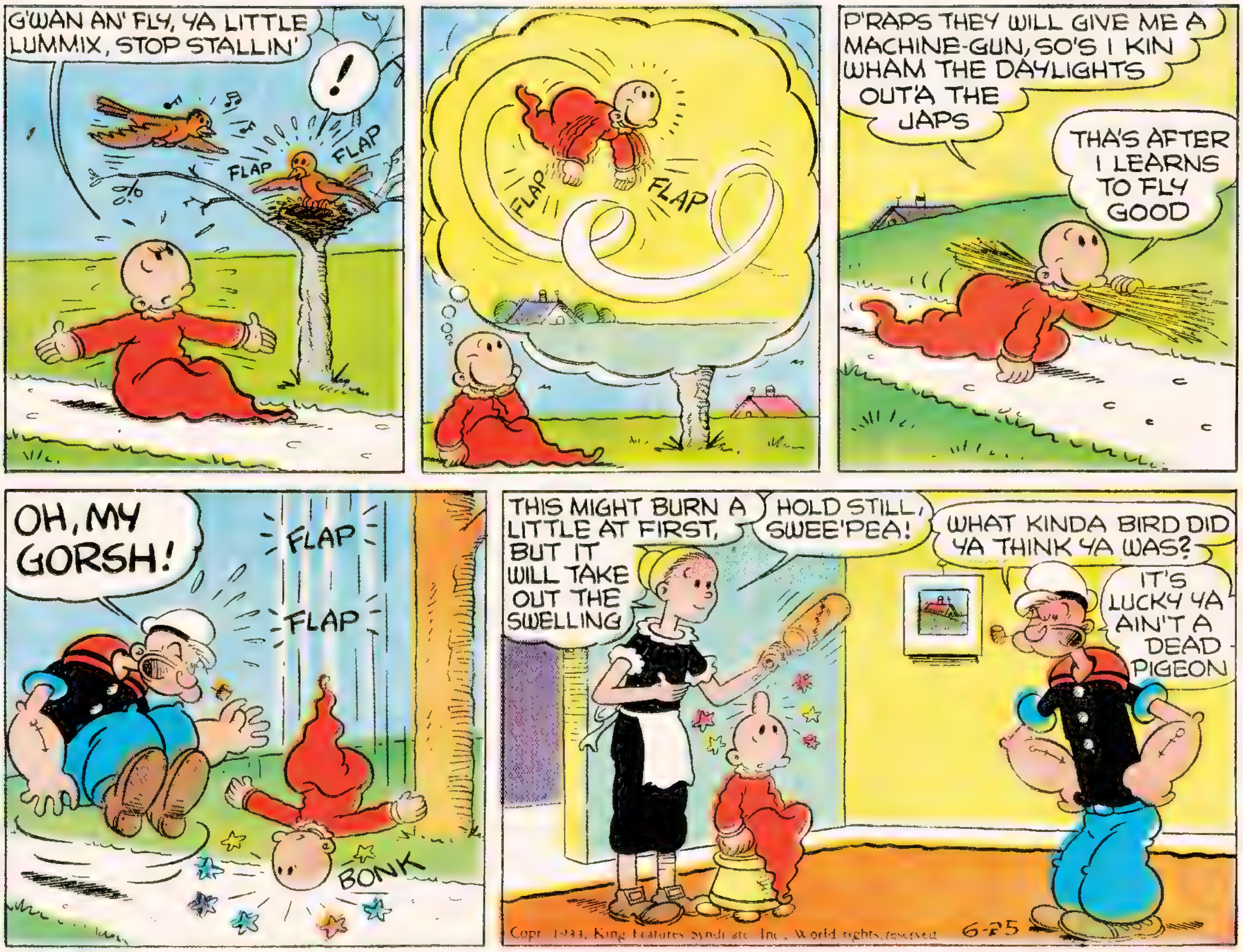


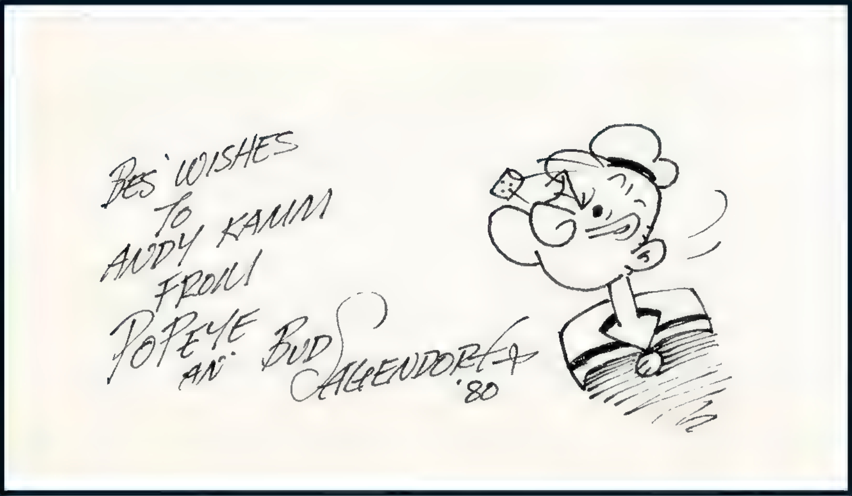
LEFT: Pages from the *Famous Artists Cartoon Course* (1960) that Bud Sagendorf drew. Sagendorf also art directed the *Course*, which includes lessons by Rube Goldberg, Milton Caniff, and Al Capp to name a few.

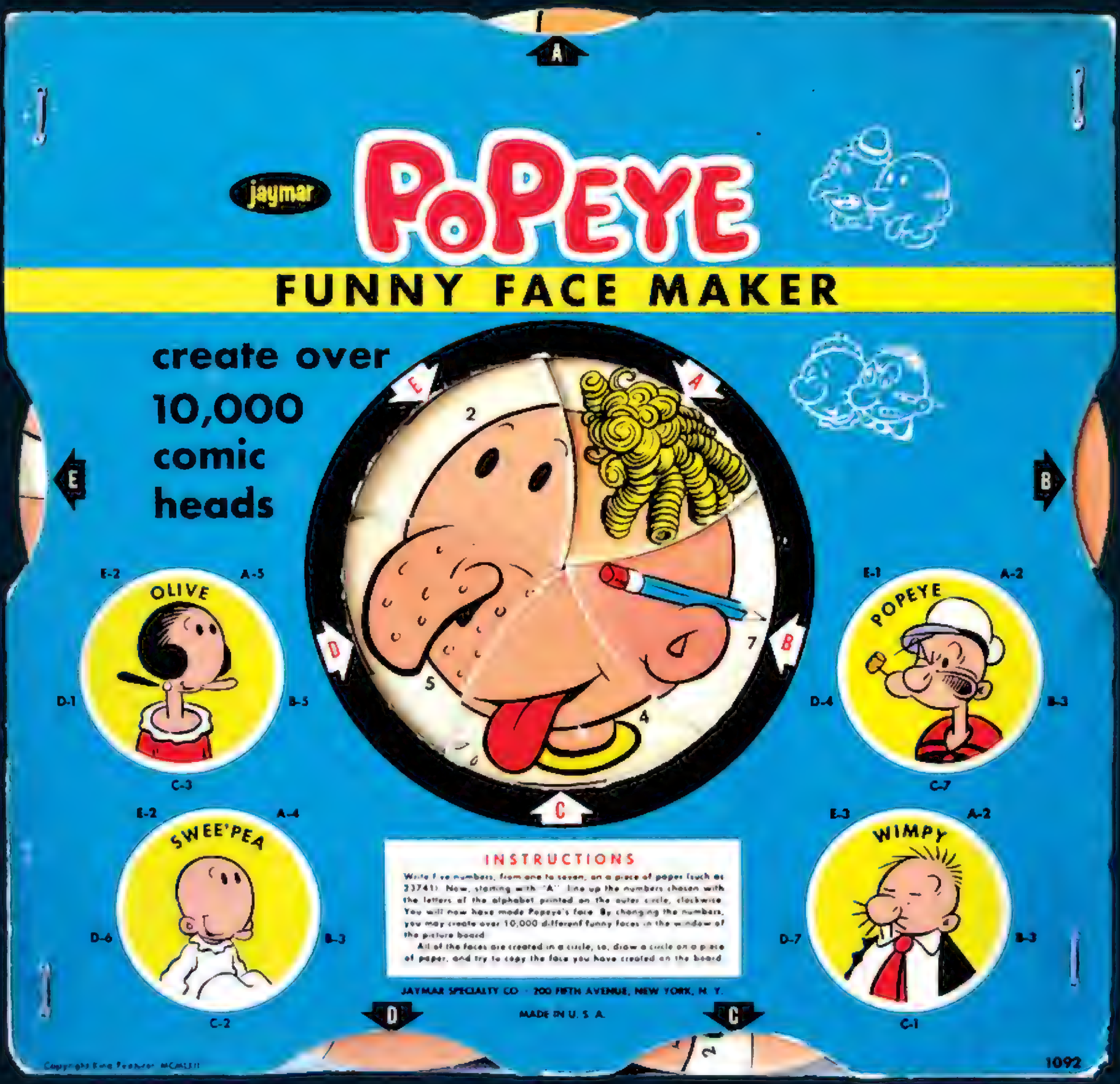
RIGHT: Bud Sagendorf ghosted a few *Popeye* newspaper strips in the mid-1940s, during the Tom Sim/Bela Zaboly era. This one is from June 25, 1944. From the collection of Bruce Shults. Thanks Bruce!



BELOW: Three specialty drawings. The Jeep and Whimpy are from 1979, Popeye is from 1980.


G'WAN AN' FLY, YA LITTLE LUMMIX, STOP STALLIN'
!
FLAP
FLAP
FLAP
FLAP
P'RAPS THEY WILL GIVE ME A MACHINE-GUN, SO'S I KIN WHAM THE DAYLIGHTS OUT'A THE JAPS
THA'S AFTER I LEARNS TO FLY GOOD
OH, MY GORSH!
FLAP
FLAP
BONK
THIS MIGHT BURN A LITTLE AT FIRST, BUT IT WILL TAKE OUT THE SWELLING
HOLD STILL, SWEE'PEA!
WHAT KINDA BIRD DID YA THINK YA WAS?
IT'S LUCKY YA AIN'T A DEAD PIGEON
Copr. 1944, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved
6-25

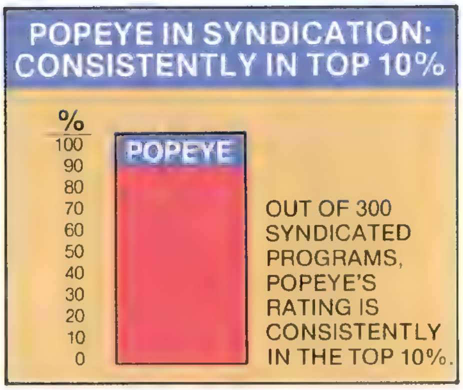

BES' WISHES
TO
ANDY KAMM
FROM
POPEYE
AN'
BUD SAGENDORF
'80



ABOVE: One of the many versions of *Popeye Funny Face Maker* (Jaymar, 1962).

RIGHT: A television syndication ad from 1983.
From the collection of Fred Grandinetti. Thanks, Fred!

SWEETEN YOUR SYNDICATION SITUATION



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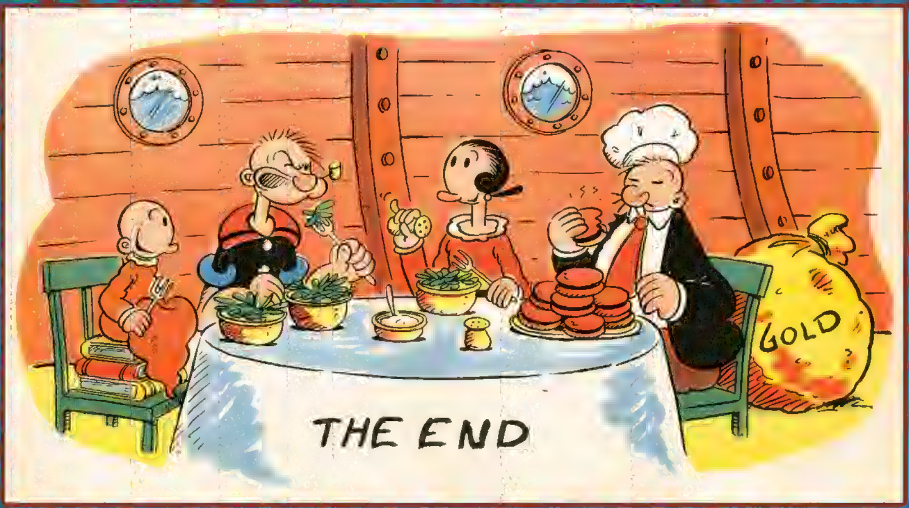
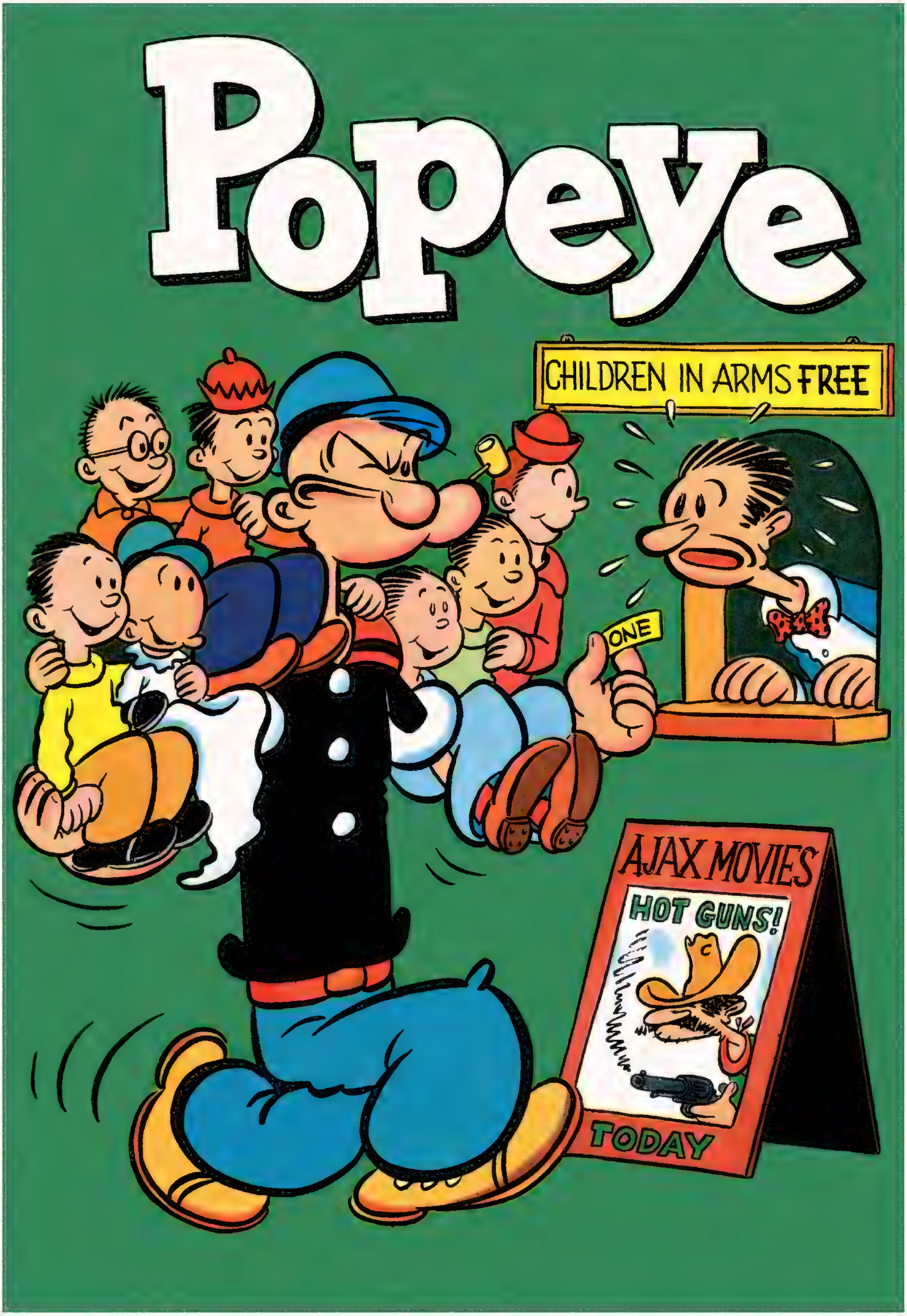

GOLD
THE END



Popeye #25, July-September 1953

Bread Time!

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For several years, Harriet had lived in a vacant lot on the outskirts of town. She had been very happy with her lot until a group of strange men had moved onto one corner of her field and had started to build a brick building. It wasn't the construction that bothered Harriet as much as where they were putting the building. You see, Harriet was a fine brown cow and the corner where the men started the building was the corner where the very best grass grew. With the coming of the building, Harriet had lost her dessert spot. Every day for years she had ended her day's eating by having her dessert of extra-tasty grass in that corner.

After the building was finished, the men went away and other men came and started to do wonderful things inside the new building. The most tantalizing smells began to pour forth from the open door. It was a smell that made Harriet's tongue hang out and the drool would drip from her open mouth and splat at her feet on the ground. The building was a bakery and the men inside were making bread. The odor was almost more than the poor cow could stand.

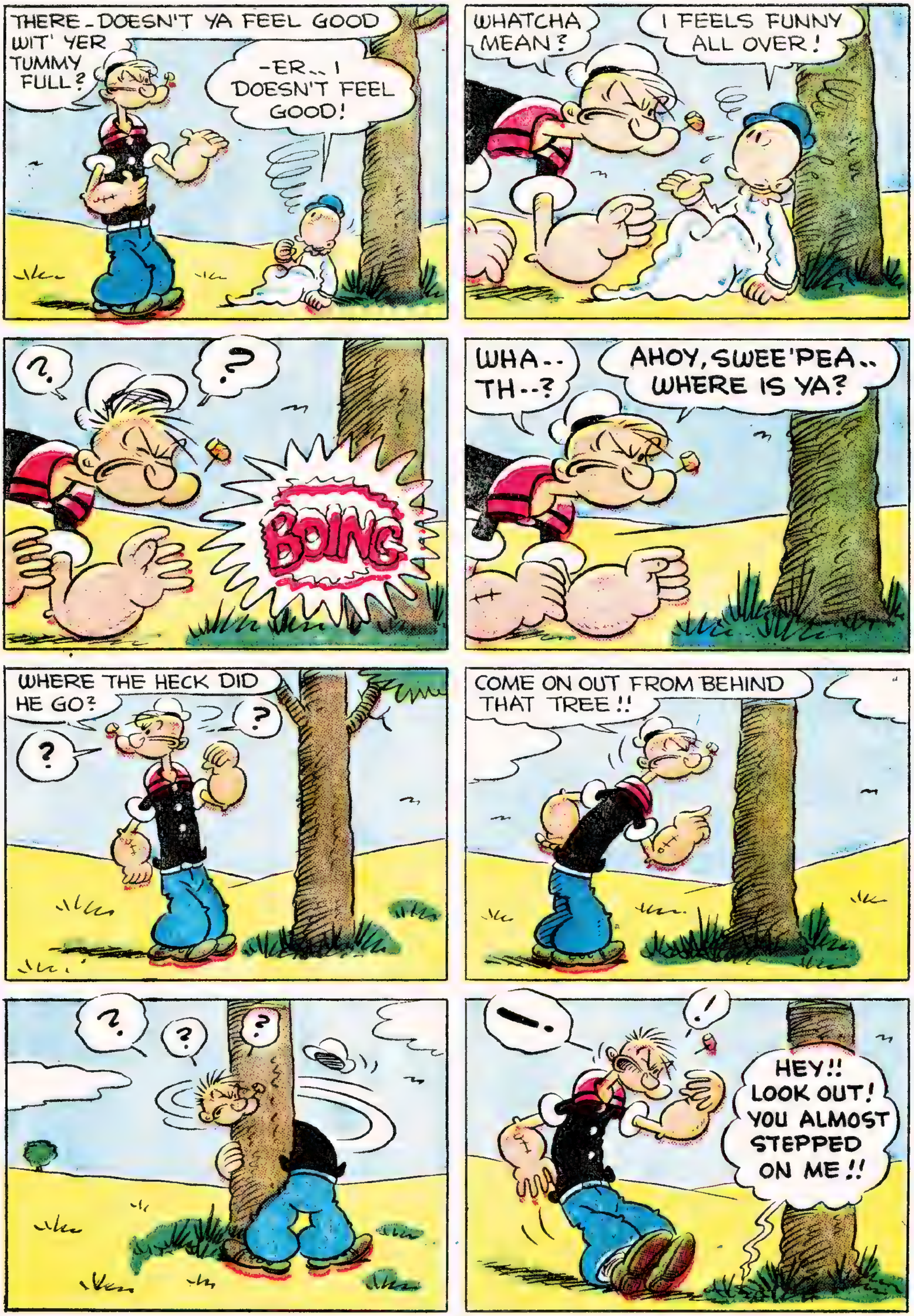
After the bakery had been going for several weeks, Harriet forgot all about the tender grass that had been her dessert, for now she would end her day's eating by the door of the bakery and one of the bakers inside would toss out a fresh-baked loaf of bread and she would eat that. The fresh bread was a much better dessert than the tender grass she had always eaten for dessert before and she was glad the men had come and put up the building.

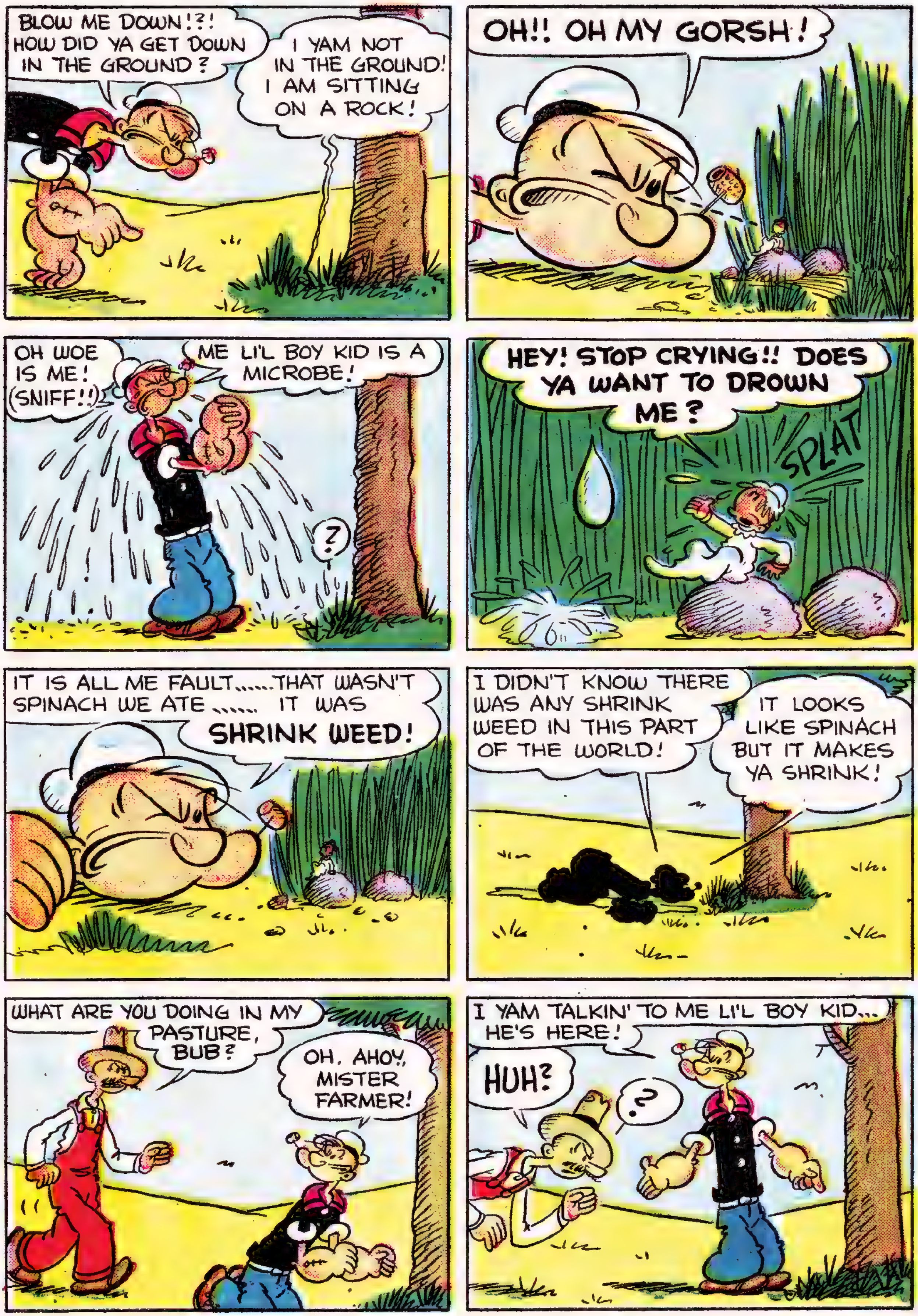
After several months there came a day when there were no heavenly odors from the corner building. And there was no loaf of fresh bread tossed out of the door at the end of the day. At first Harriet thought that the men had all gone off for a holiday but after three days of waiting and no bread she began to despair of ever tasting dessert again.

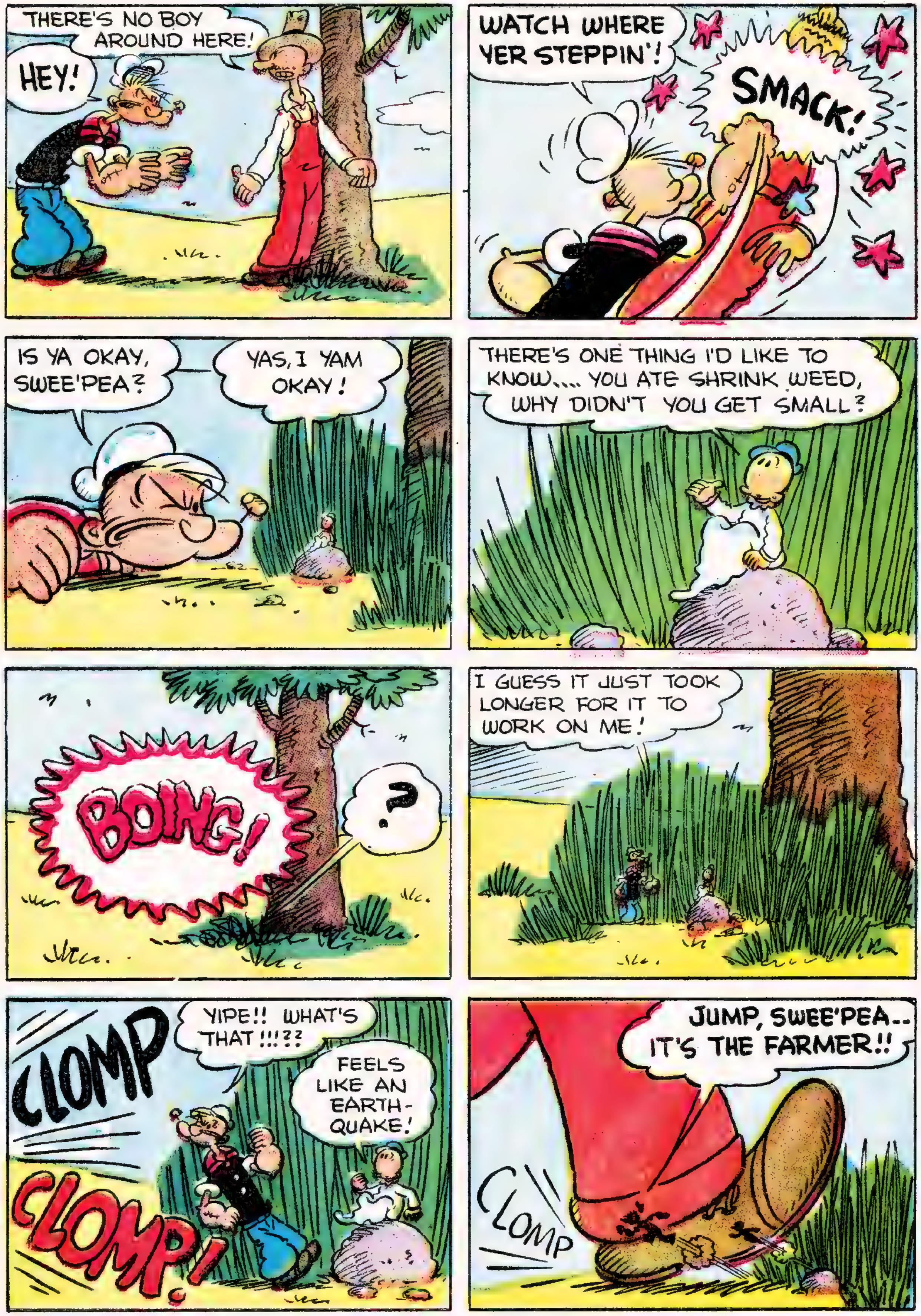
Her days began to drag now as there was nothing for her to look forward to and a cow that has nothing to look forward to is a very sad cow indeed. Because she was so sad you can well imagine how joyful she

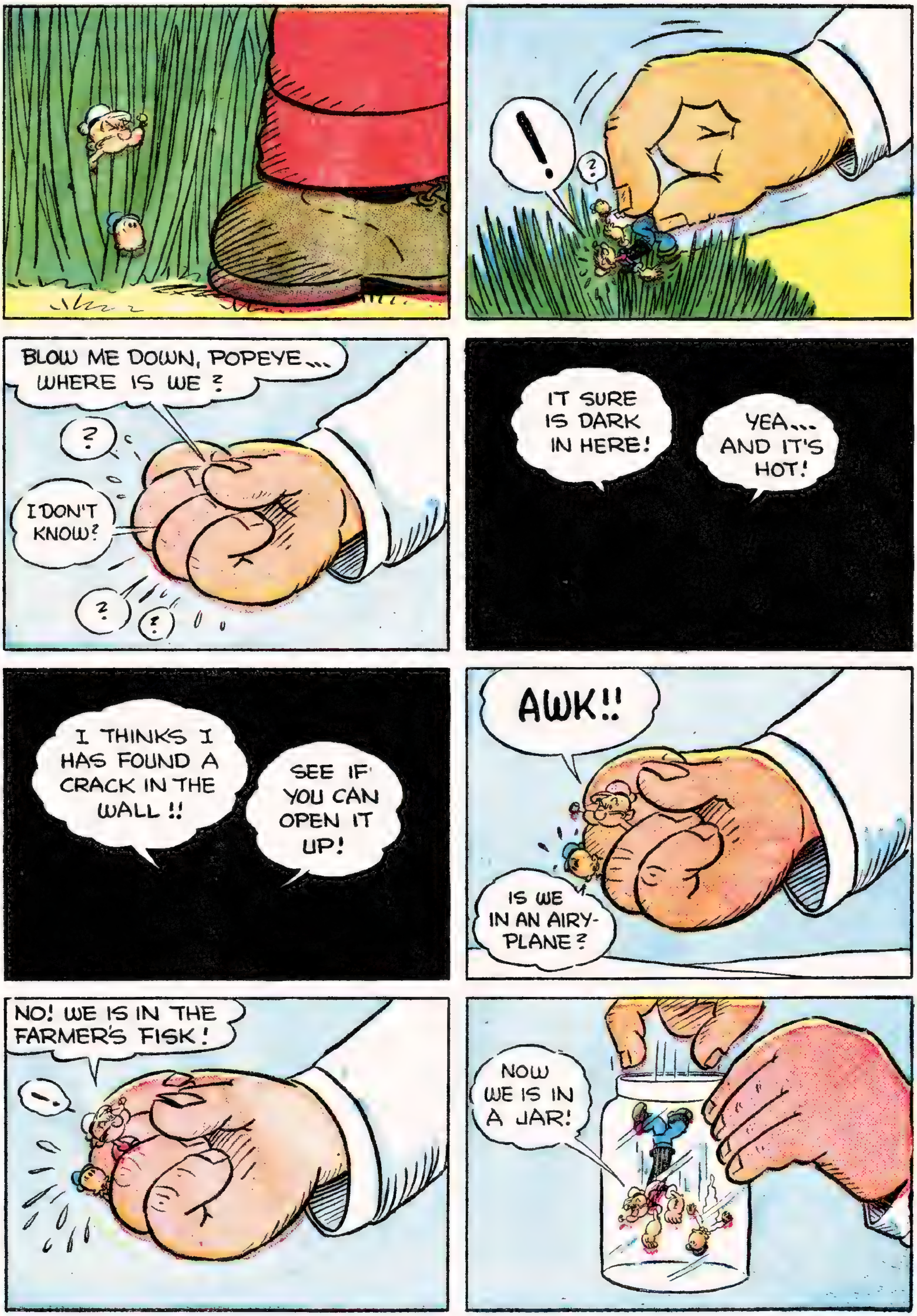
(Continued on inside back cover)

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
POPEYE
IN
"SHRINK WEED!"
BY BUD SAGENDORF
BOY, IT'S SURE A SWELL DAY FER A WALK IN THE COUNTRY!
I'M HUNGRY!
BLOW ME DOWN! WHY DOES YA ALWAYS GET HUNGRY WHEN WE IS MILES FROM HOME?
I'M SORRY!
THEY IS NOTHIN' TO EAT AROUND HERE...ER...HM? WHAT'S THAT OVER THERE?
SHIVER ME MAIN MAST... IT'S WILD SPINACH!! YOU IS LUCKY! IT LOOKS LIKE WE IS GOING TO EAT!
?
ARE YOU SURE THIS IS SPINACH? IT DOESN'T LOOK RIGHT!
WHAT!?
ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME WHAT SPINACH LOOKS LIKE?
?
?
?
POPEYE #25-536
QUIT TALKIN' AND EAT SOME LUNCH!
CRUNCH
CRUNCH
CRUNCH
CRUNCH

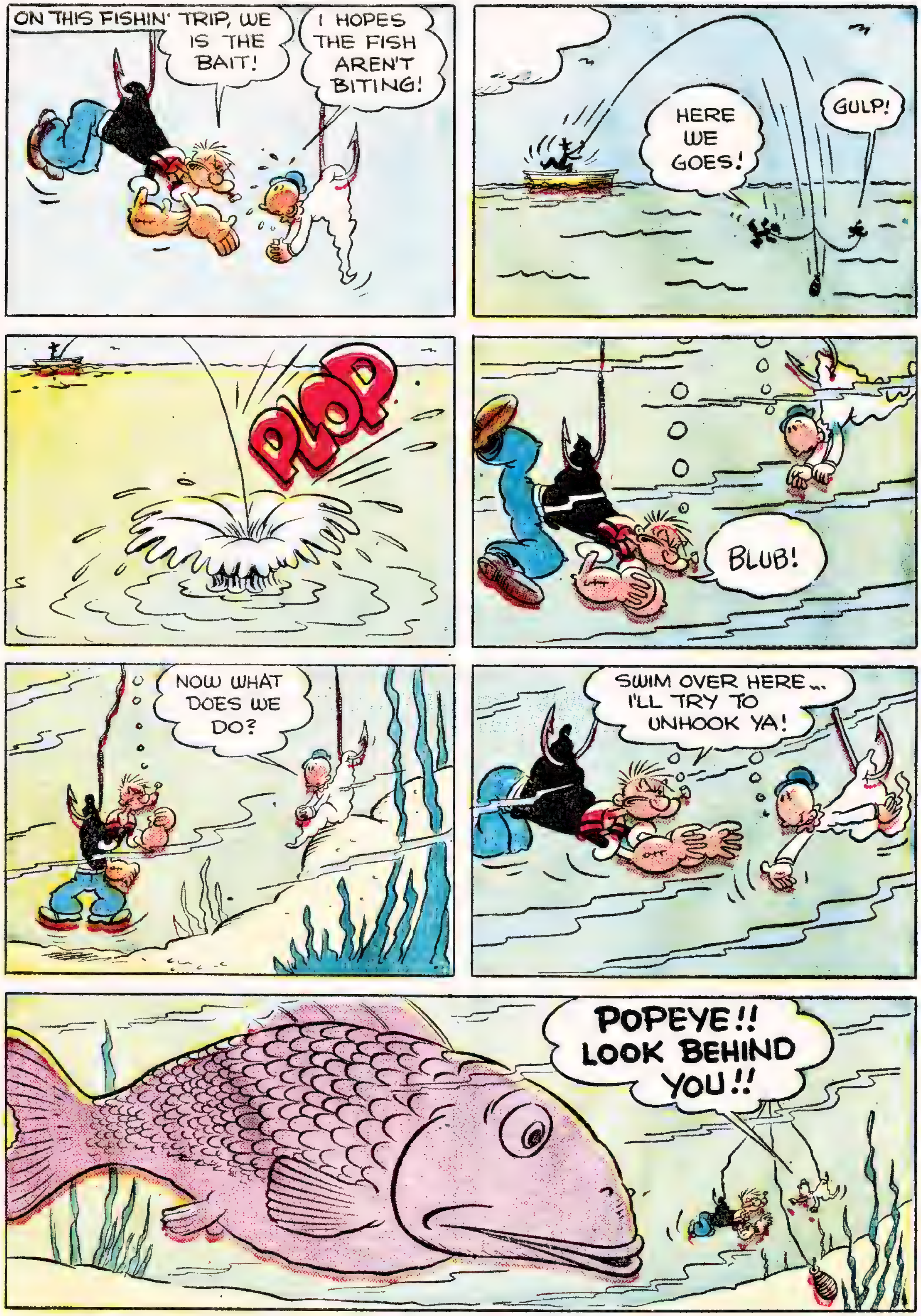

THERE - DOESN'T YA FEEL GOOD WIT' YER TUMMY FULL?
-ER... I DOESN'T FEEL GOOD!
WHATCHA MEAN?
I FEELS FUNNY ALL OVER!
?
?
BOING
WHA.. TH--?
AHOY, SWEE'PEA.. WHERE IS YA?
WHERE THE HECK DID HE GO?
?
?
COME ON OUT FROM BEHIND THAT TREE!!
?
?
?
!
HEY!! LOOK OUT! YOU ALMOST STEPPED ON ME!!

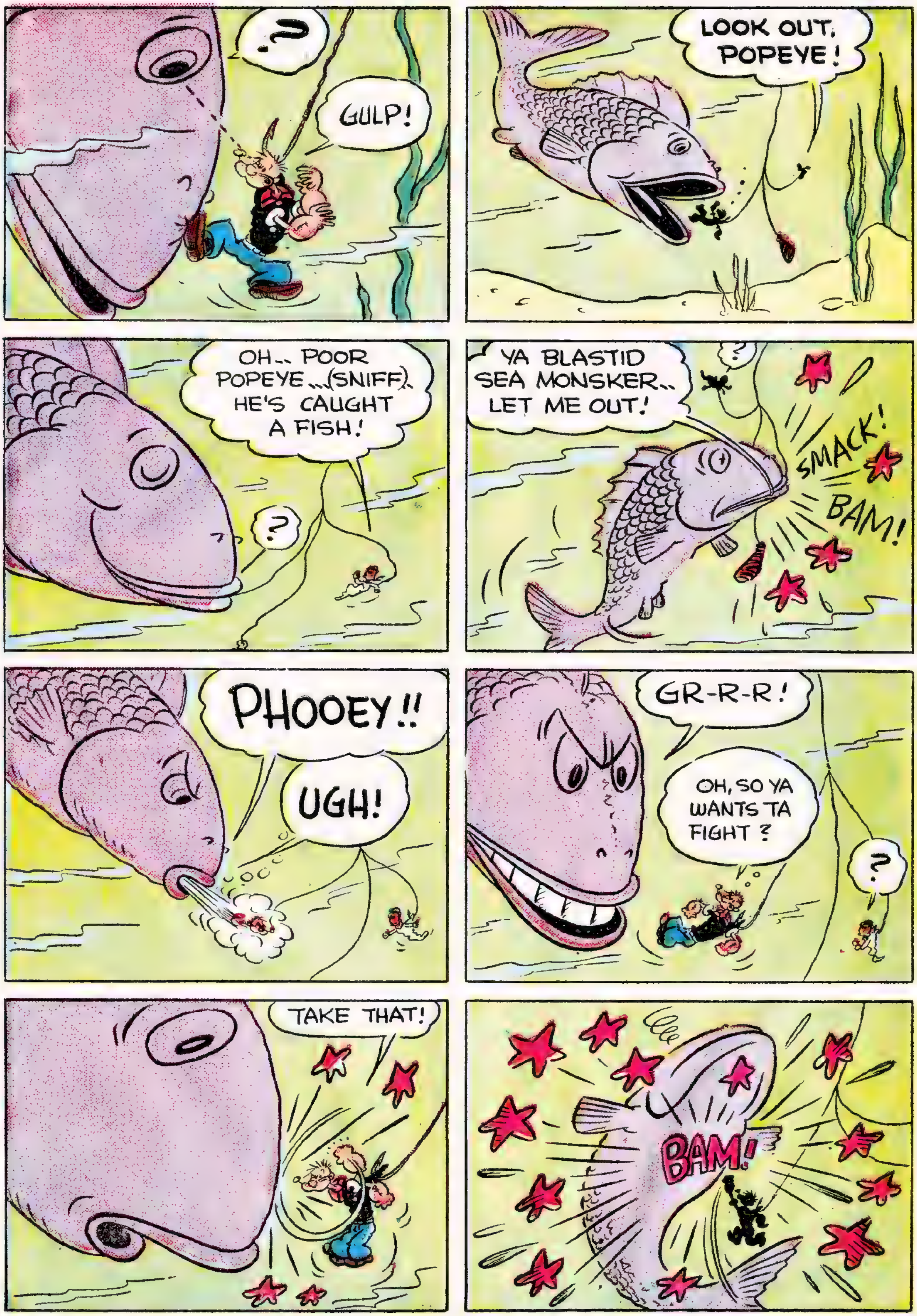

BLOW ME DOWN!?! HOW DID YA GET DOWN IN THE GROUND?
I YAM NOT IN THE GROUND! I AM SITTING ON A ROCK!
OH!! OH MY GORSH!
OH WOE IS ME! (SNIFF!!)
ME LI'L BOY KID IS A MICROBE!
?
HEY! STOP CRYING!! DOES YA WANT TO DROWN ME?
SPLAT
IT IS ALL ME FAULT......THAT WASN'T SPINACH WE ATE...... IT WAS SHRINK WEED!
I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS ANY SHRINK WEED IN THIS PART OF THE WORLD!
IT LOOKS LIKE SPINACH BUT IT MAKES YA SHRINK!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY PASTURE, BUB?
OH, AHOY, MISTER FARMER!
I YAM TALKIN' TO ME LI'L BOY KID... HE'S HERE!
HUH?
?

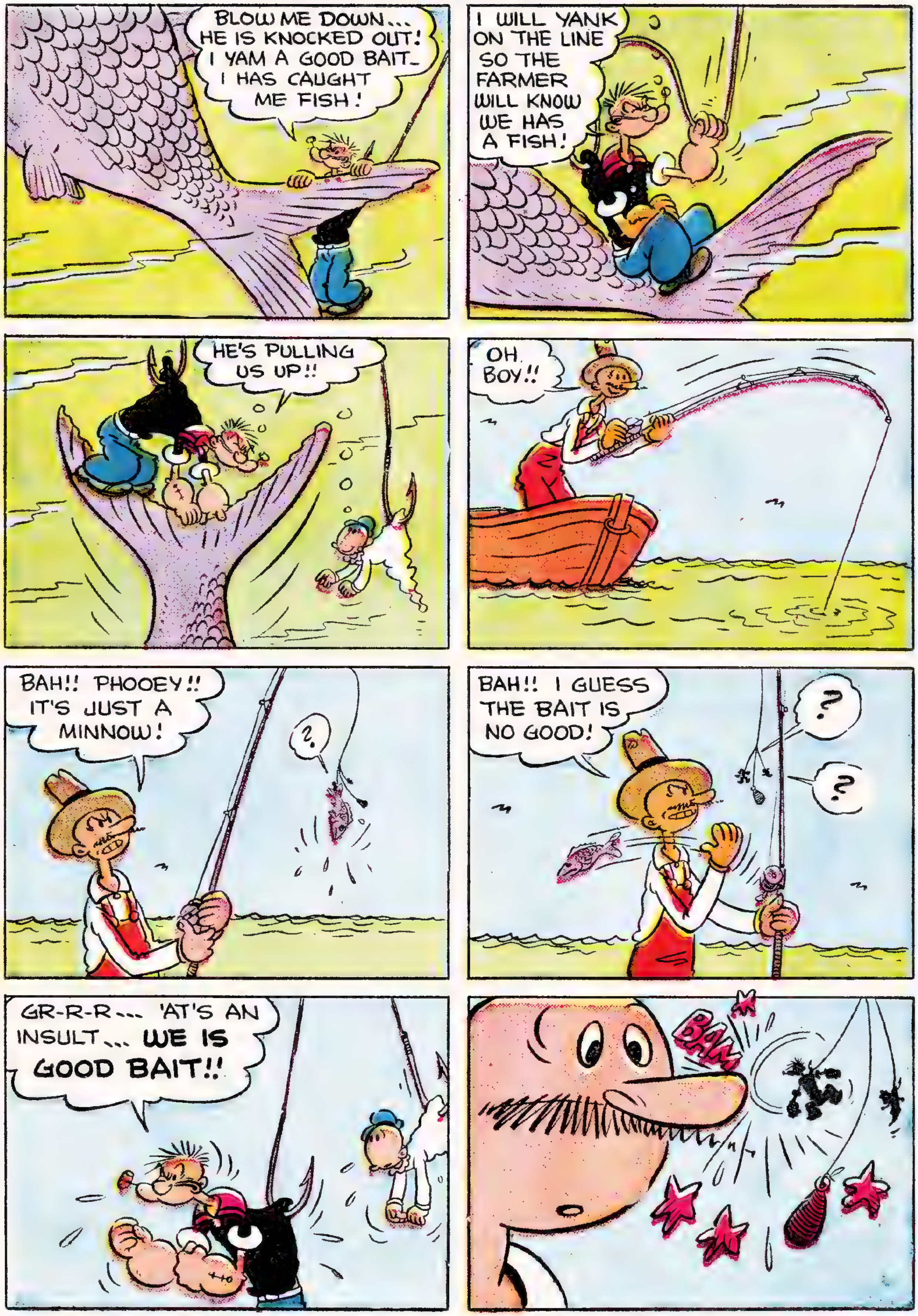

THERE'S NO BOY AROUND HERE!
HEY!
WATCH WHERE YER STEPPIN'!
SMACK!
IS YA OKAY, SWEE'PEA?
YAS, I YAM OKAY!
THERE'S ONE THING I'D LIKE TO KNOW.... YOU ATE SHRINK WEED, WHY DIDN'T YOU GET SMALL?
BOING!
?
I GUESS IT JUST TOOK LONGER FOR IT TO WORK ON ME!
CLOMP
CLOMP!
YIPE!! WHAT'S THAT!!!??
FEELS LIKE AN EARTH-QUAKE!
JUMP, SWEE'PEA.. IT'S THE FARMER!!
CLOMP

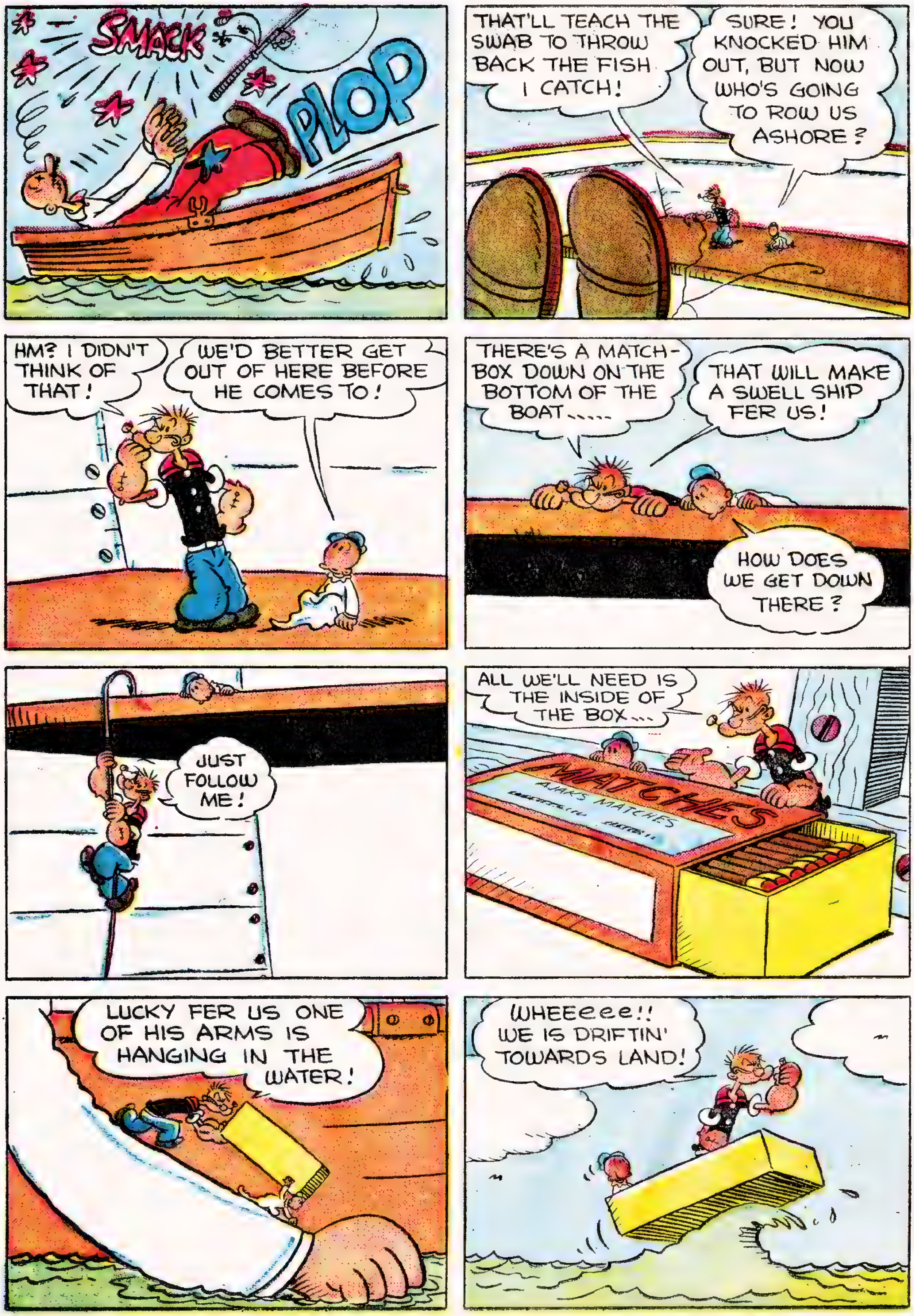

!
?
BLOW ME DOWN, POPEYE... WHERE IS WE ?
?
I DON'T KNOW?
?
?
IT SURE IS DARK IN HERE!
YEA... AND IT'S HOT!
I THINKS I HAS FOUND A CRACK IN THE WALL !!
SEE IF YOU CAN OPEN IT UP!
AWK!!
IS WE IN AN AIRY-PLANE?
NO! WE IS IN THE FARMER'S FISK!
NOW WE IS IN A JAR!

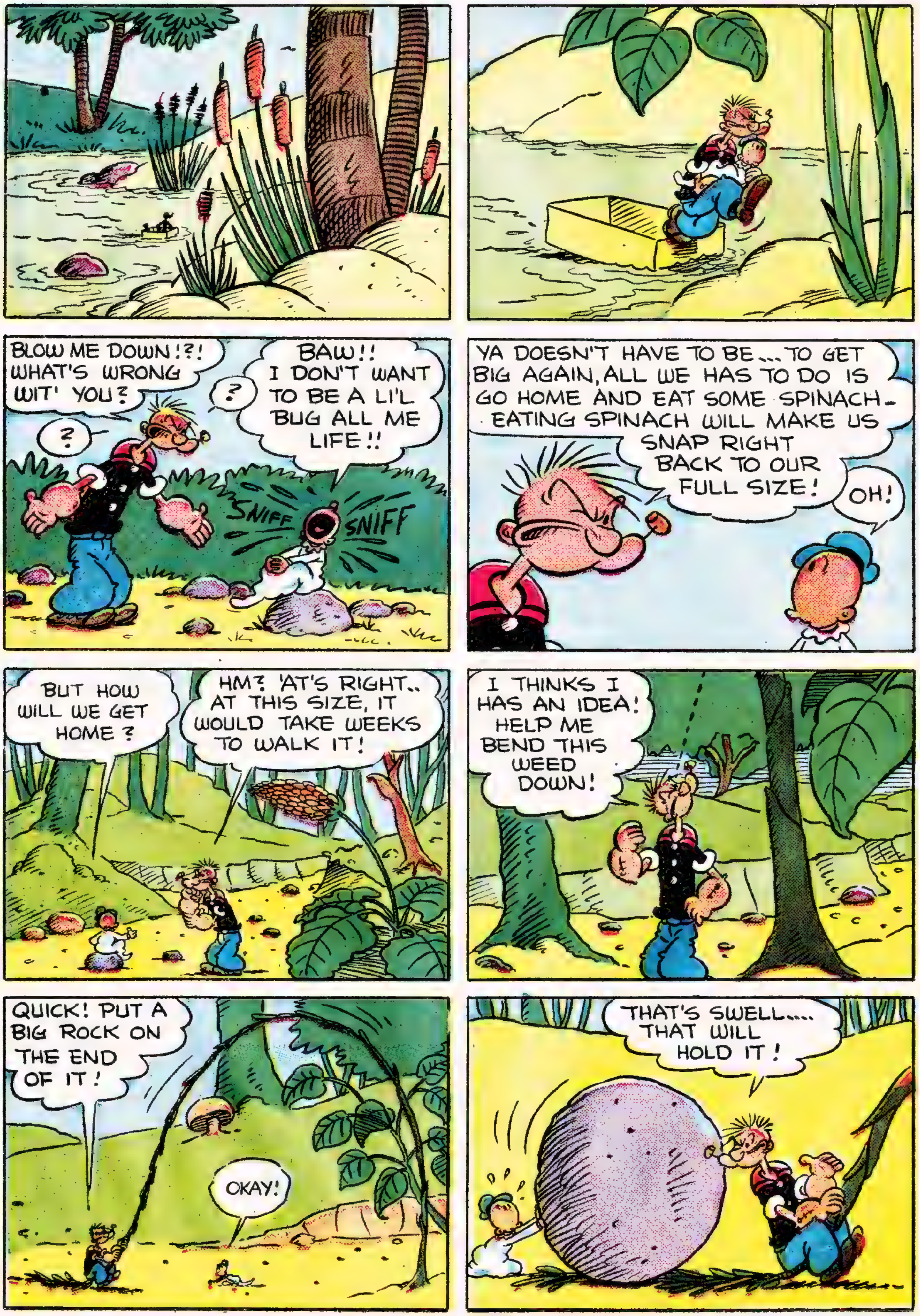
HEY, MAW... WHERE'S MY FISHING POLE?
THIS IS A FINE TIME FER HIM TO GO FISHING!
I WONDER WHAT HE'LL DO WITH US?
MY GORSH! HE IS TAKING US FISHING WITH HIM!
TRA-LA-DE DA-DE DA!!
HE'S FIXIN' HIS LINE.. HE IS GETTING READY TO FISH!
WHA'---- --TH--?


ON THIS FISHIN' TRIP, WE IS THE BAIT!
I HOPES THE FISH AREN'T BITING!
HERE WE GOES!
GULP!
PLOP
BLUB!
NOW WHAT DOES WE DO?
SWIM OVER HERE... I'LL TRY TO UNHOOK YA!
POPEYE!! LOOK BEHIND YOU!!

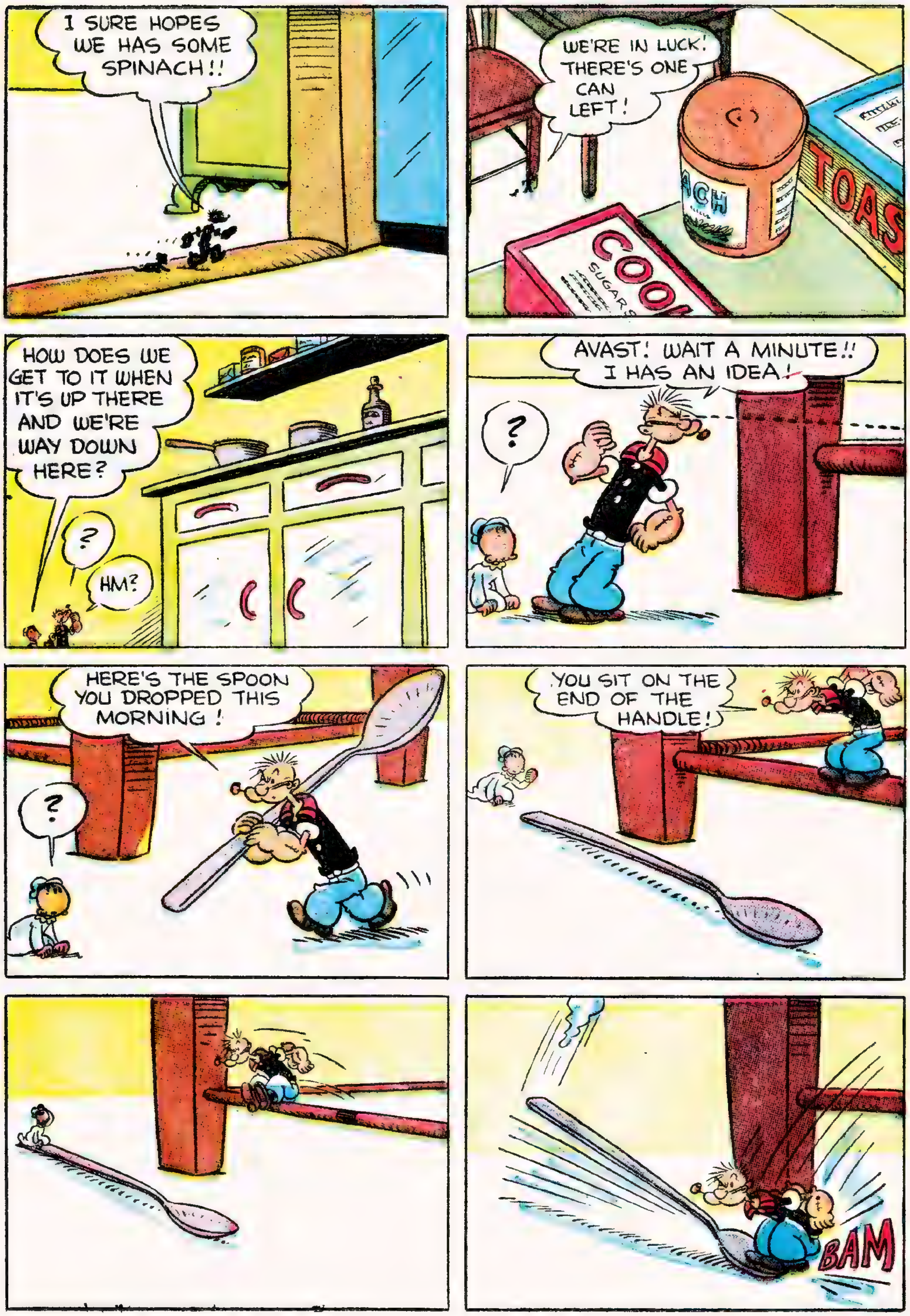

?
GULP!
LOOK OUT, POPEYE!
OH-- POOR POPEYE...(SNIFF)-- HE'S CAUGHT A FISH!
?
YA BLASTID SEA MONSKER-- LET ME OUT!
?
SMACK!
BAM!
PHOOEY!!
UGH!
GR-R-R!
OH, SO YA WANTS TA FIGHT ?
?
TAKE THAT!
BAM!

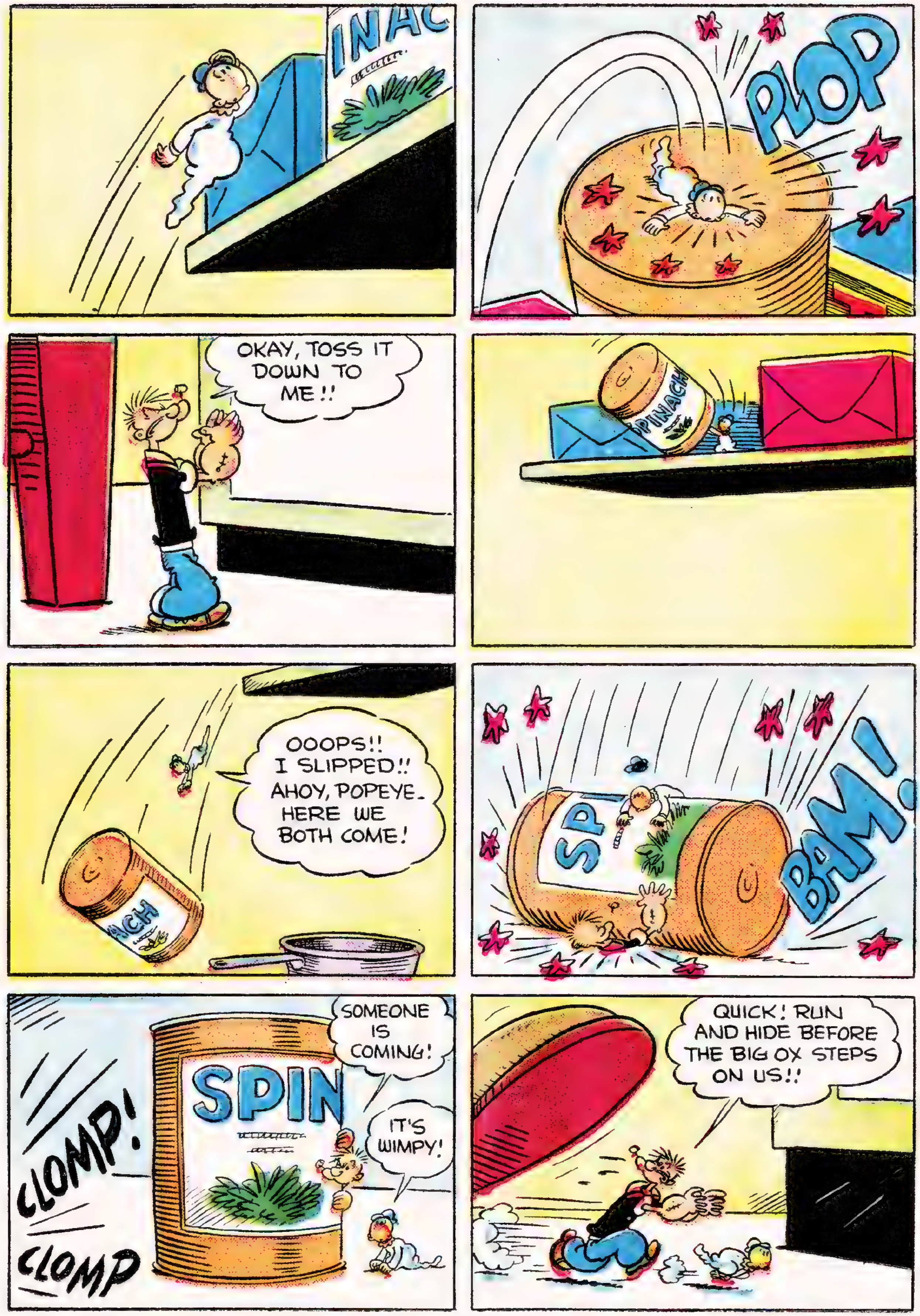

BLOW ME DOWN... HE IS KNOCKED OUT! I YAM A GOOD BAIT— I HAS CAUGHT ME FISH!
I WILL YANK ON THE LINE SO THE FARMER WILL KNOW WE HAS A FISH!
HE'S PULLING US UP!!
OH, BOY!!
BAH!! PHOOEY!! IT'S JUST A MINNOW!
?
BAH!! I GUESS THE BAIT IS NO GOOD!
?
?
GR-R-R... 'AT'S AN INSULT... WE IS GOOD BAIT!!
BAM

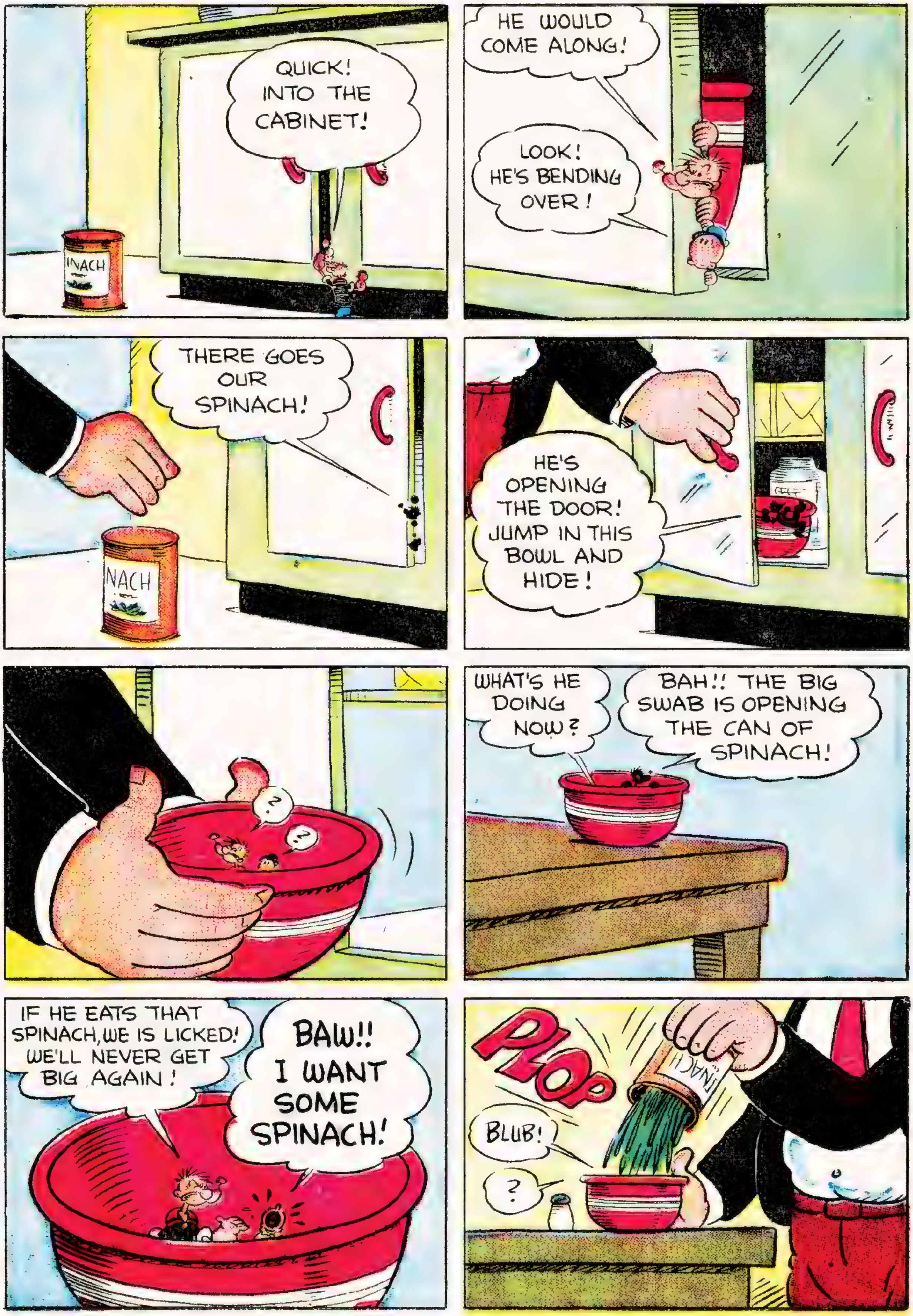

SMACK
PLOP
THAT'LL TEACH THE SWAB TO THROW BACK THE FISH I CATCH!
SURE! YOU KNOCKED HIM OUT, BUT NOW WHO'S GOING TO ROW US ASHORE?
HM? I DIDN'T THINK OF THAT!
WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE HE COMES TO!
THERE'S A MATCH-BOX DOWN ON THE BOTTOM OF THE BOAT.....
THAT WILL MAKE A SWELL SHIP FER US!
HOW DOES WE GET DOWN THERE?
JUST FOLLOW ME!
ALL WE'LL NEED IS THE INSIDE OF THE BOX...
MATCHES
AJAK'S MATCHES
LUCKY FER US ONE OF HIS ARMS IS HANGING IN THE WATER!
WHEEeeee!! WE IS DRIFTIN' TOWARDS LAND!


BLOW ME DOWN!?! WHAT'S WRONG WIT' YOU?
?
?
BAW!! I DON'T WANT TO BE A LI'L BUG ALL ME LIFE!!
SNIFF SNIFF
YA DOESN'T HAVE TO BE... TO GET BIG AGAIN, ALL WE HAS TO DO IS GO HOME AND EAT SOME SPINACH - EATING SPINACH WILL MAKE US SNAP RIGHT BACK TO OUR FULL SIZE!
OH!
BUT HOW WILL WE GET HOME?
HM? 'AT'S RIGHT.. AT THIS SIZE, IT WOULD TAKE WEEKS TO WALK IT!
I THINKS I HAS AN IDEA! HELP ME BEND THIS WEED DOWN!
QUICK! PUT A BIG ROCK ON THE END OF IT!
OKAY!
THAT'S SWELL.... THAT WILL HOLD IT!

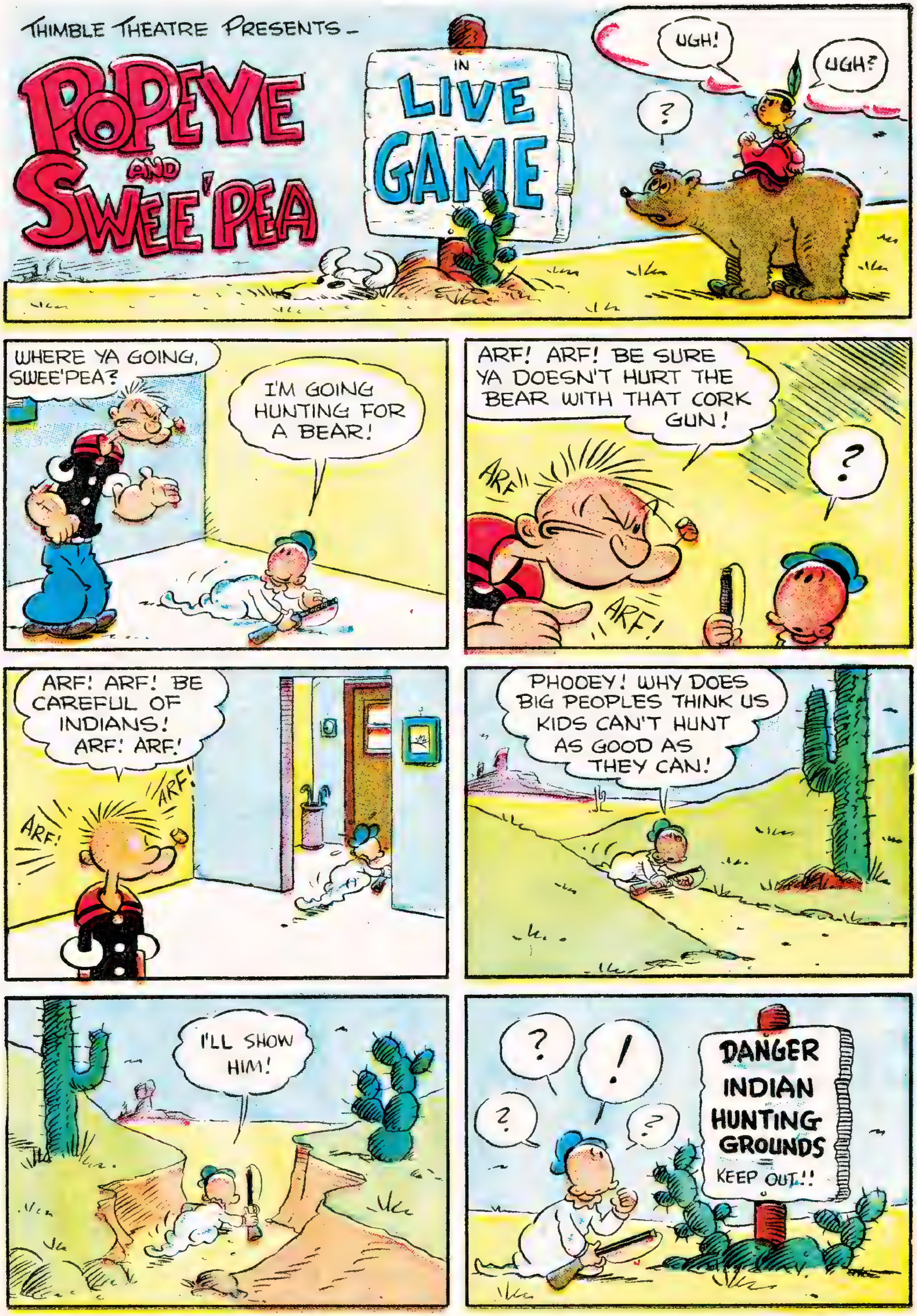
NOW ALL I HAS TO DO IS SHOVE THE ROCK OFF.. THE WEED WILL SNAP UP AND GIVE US A TOSS!
HERE WE GOES!
SWISH
I HOPES WE CAN MAKE IT HOME BEFORE WE LOSES AIR SPEED!
WE IS SLOWING DOWN! WE'RE STARTING TO FALL!
YAS! BUT THAT'S OUR HOUSE RIGHT BELOW US!!
SWISH
CRASH
WELL, WE IS HOME!
LUCKY FOR US THESE ASHES WERE NICE AND SOFT!
LET'S GO OUT IN THE KITCHEN AND GET SOME SPINACH!


I SURE HOPES WE HAS SOME SPINACH!!
WE'RE IN LUCK! THERE'S ONE CAN LEFT!
COO
SUGARS
TOAS
HOW DOES WE GET TO IT WHEN IT'S UP THERE AND WE'RE WAY DOWN HERE?
?
HM?
AVAST! WAIT A MINUTE!! I HAS AN IDEA!
?
HERE'S THE SPOON YOU DROPPED THIS MORNING!
?
YOU SIT ON THE END OF THE HANDLE!
BAM

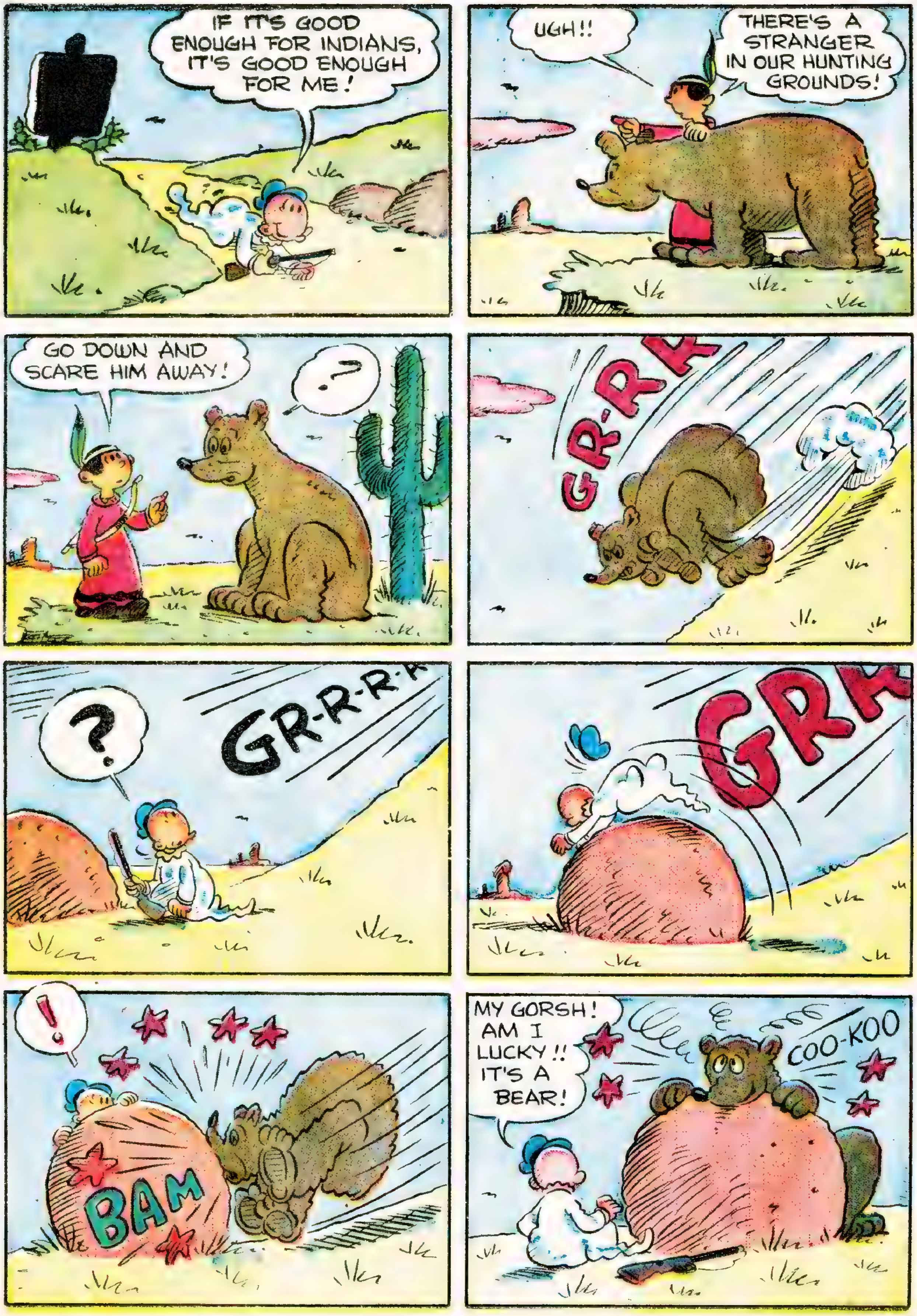

INAC
PLOP
OKAY, TOSS IT DOWN TO ME!!
PINACH
OOOPS!! I SLIPPED!! AHOY, POPEYE. HERE WE BOTH COME!
ACH
SP
BAM!
CLOMP!
CLOMP
SPIN
SOMEONE IS COMING!
IT'S WIMPY!
QUICK! RUN AND HIDE BEFORE THE BIG OX STEPS ON US!!

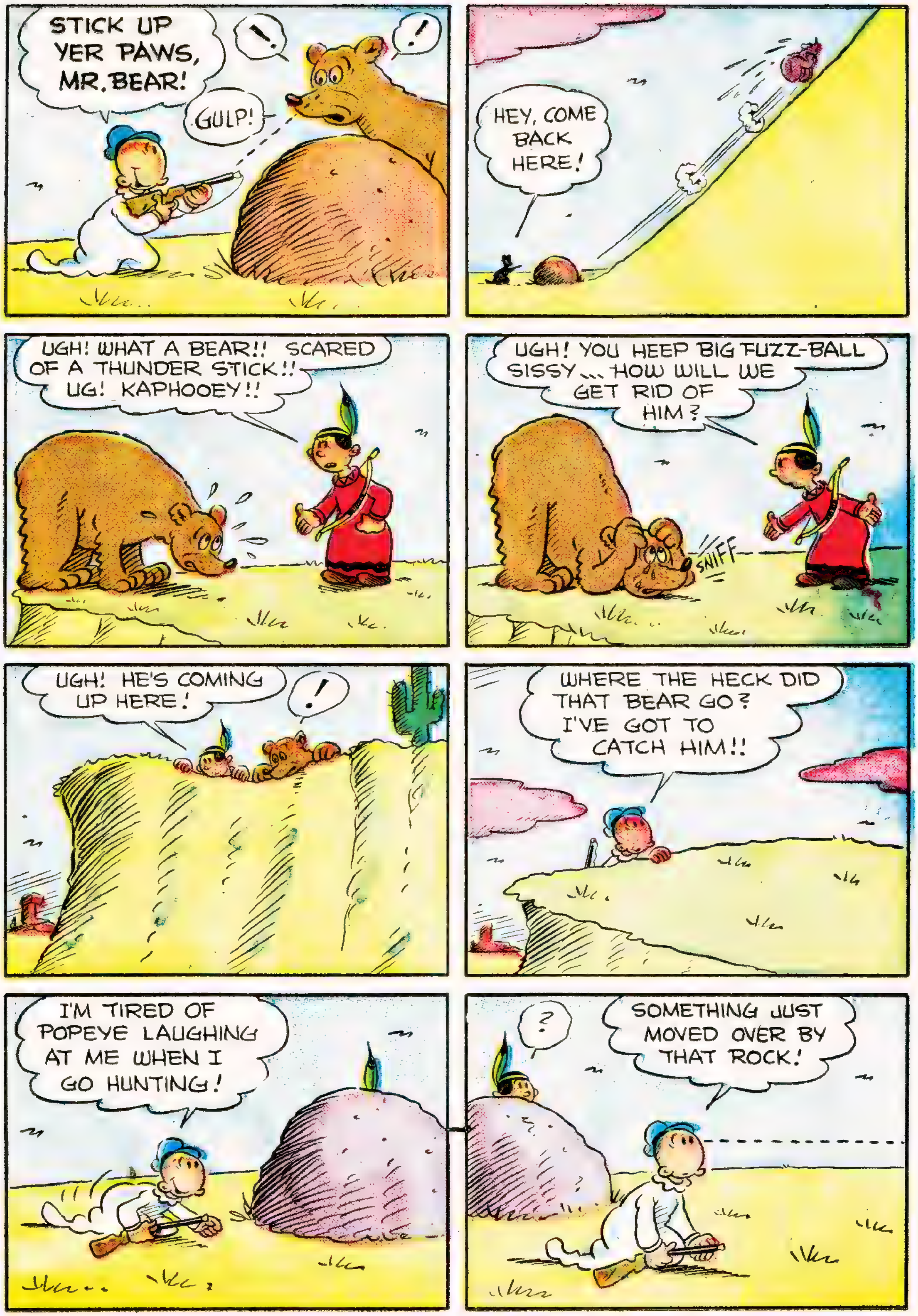

QUICK! INTO THE CABINET!
HE WOULD COME ALONG!
LOOK! HE'S BENDING OVER!
THERE GOES OUR SPINACH!
HE'S OPENING THE DOOR! JUMP IN THIS BOWL AND HIDE!
?
?
WHAT'S HE DOING NOW?
BAH!! THE BIG SWAB IS OPENING THE CAN OF SPINACH!
IF HE EATS THAT SPINACH, WE IS LICKED! WE'LL NEVER GET BIG AGAIN!
BAW!! I WANT SOME SPINACH!
PLOP
BLUB!
?

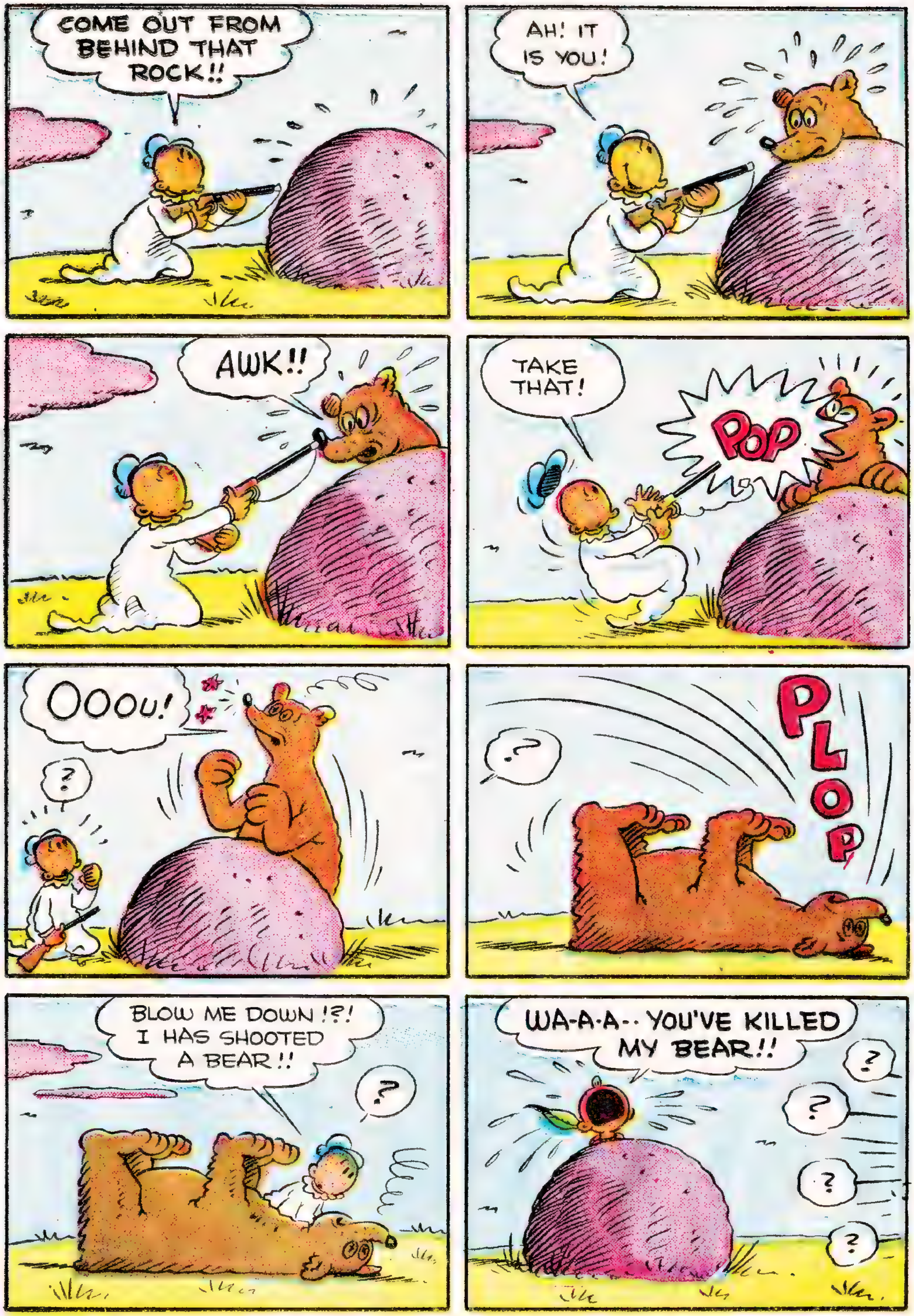
WELL... YA GOT YER WISH!
LOOK OUT, POPEYE..HE'S STARTING TO EAT!!
MY, MY, I'M HUNGRY!
QUICK.. HIDE IN THE SPINACH!
HELP!! I'M CAUGHT ON HIS FORK!!
QUICK! EAT SOME OF 'AT SPINACH AND GET BIG!!
GULP
CRUNCH
CRUNCH
GULP
BOING!
BOING!
AHOY, WIMPY!!
AWK!
ARF!
ARF!
WHEEee! LOOK AT HIM GO!
NEVER AGAIN!
I'LL NEVER EAT SPINACH AGAIN!



THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS–
POPEYE AND SWEE'PEA
IN LIVE GAME
UGH!
UGH?
?
WHERE YA GOING, SWEE'PEA?
I'M GOING HUNTING FOR A BEAR!
ARF! ARF! BE SURE YA DOESN'T HURT THE BEAR WITH THAT CORK GUN!
ARF
ARF!
?
ARF! ARF! BE CAREFUL OF INDIANS! ARF! ARF!
ARF!
ARF!
PHOOEY! WHY DOES BIG PEOPLES THINK US KIDS CAN'T HUNT AS GOOD AS THEY CAN!
I'LL SHOW HIM!
?
!
?
?
DANGER
INDIAN
HUNTING
GROUNDS
KEEP OUT!!


IF IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR INDIANS, IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!
UGH!!
THERE'S A STRANGER IN OUR HUNTING GROUNDS!
GO DOWN AND SCARE HIM AWAY!
?
GR-R-R
?
GR-R-R-R
GRR
!
BAM
MY GORSH! AM I LUCKY!! IT'S A BEAR!
COO-KOO

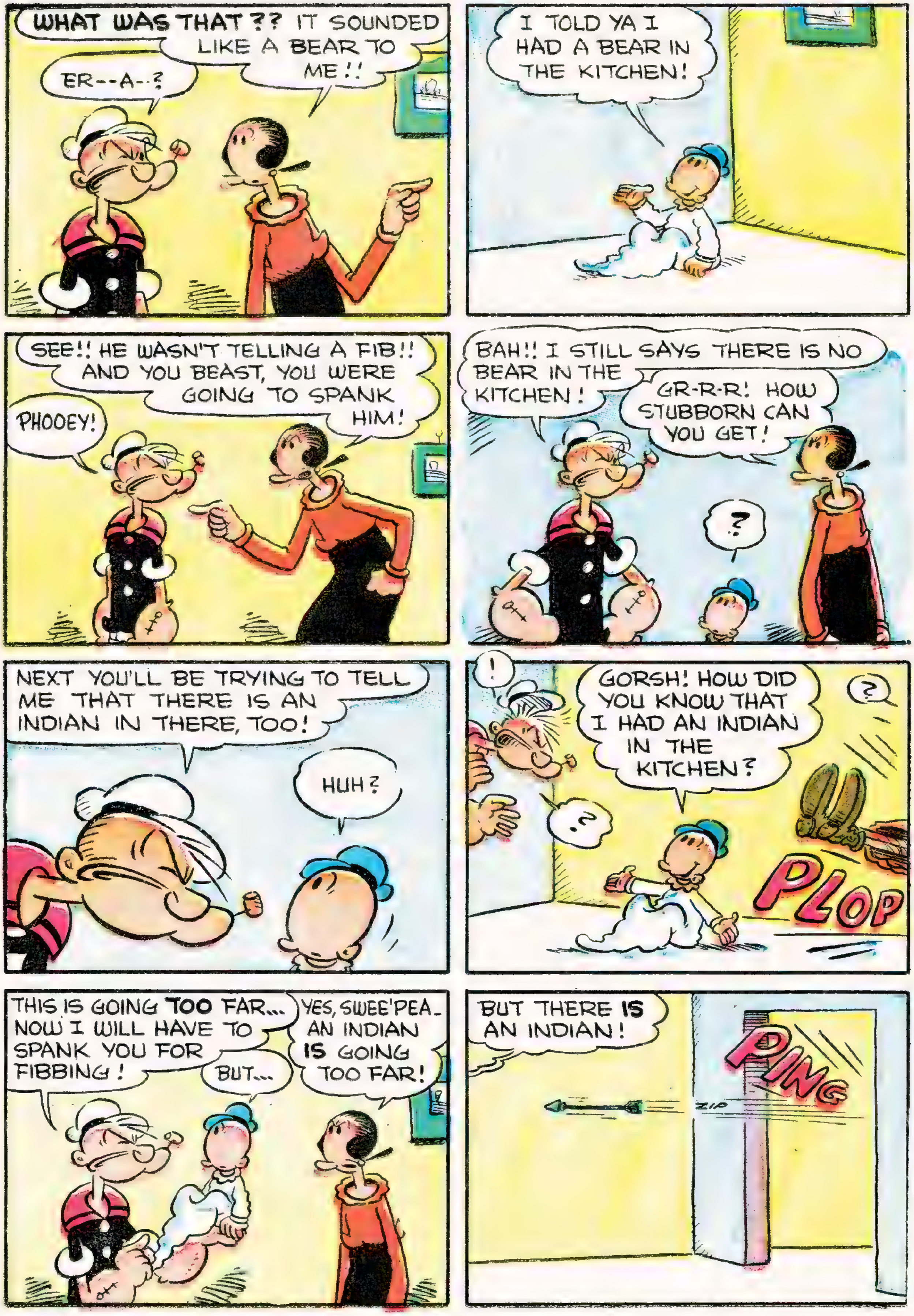

STICK UP YER PAWS, MR. BEAR!
!
!
GULP!
HEY, COME BACK HERE!
UGH! WHAT A BEAR!! SCARED OF A THUNDER STICK!! UG! KAPHOOEY!!
UGH! YOU HEEP BIG FUZZ-BALL SISSY... HOW WILL WE GET RID OF HIM?
SNIFF
UGH! HE'S COMING UP HERE!
!
WHERE THE HECK DID THAT BEAR GO? I'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM!!
I'M TIRED OF POPEYE LAUGHING AT ME WHEN I GO HUNTING!
?
SOMETHING JUST MOVED OVER BY THAT ROCK!

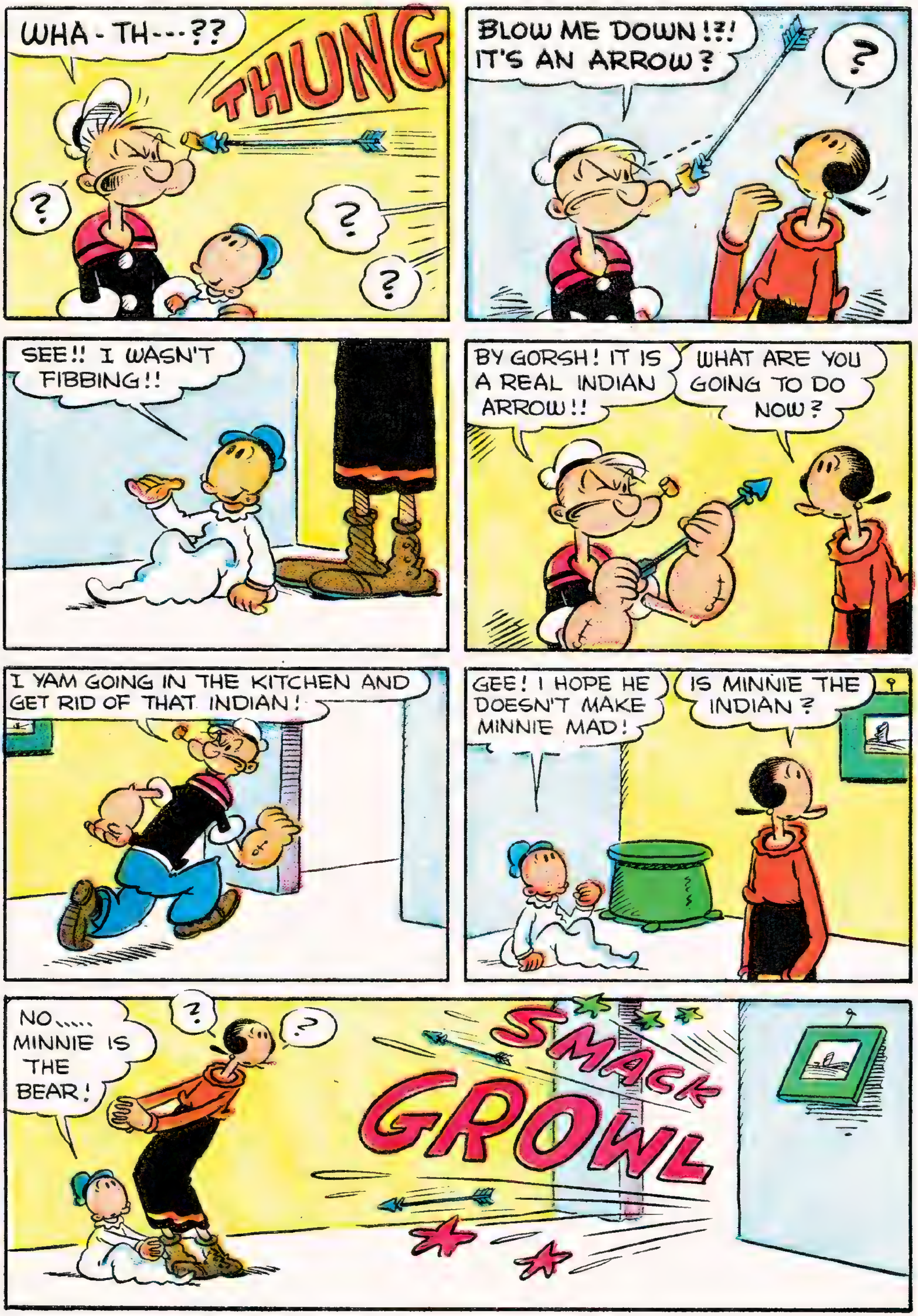

COME OUT FROM BEHIND THAT ROCK!!
AH! IT IS YOU!
AWK!!
TAKE THAT!
POP
OOOu!
?
?
PLOP
BLOW ME DOWN!?! I HAS SHOOTED A BEAR!!
?
WA-A-A-- YOU'VE KILLED MY BEAR!!
?
?
?
?

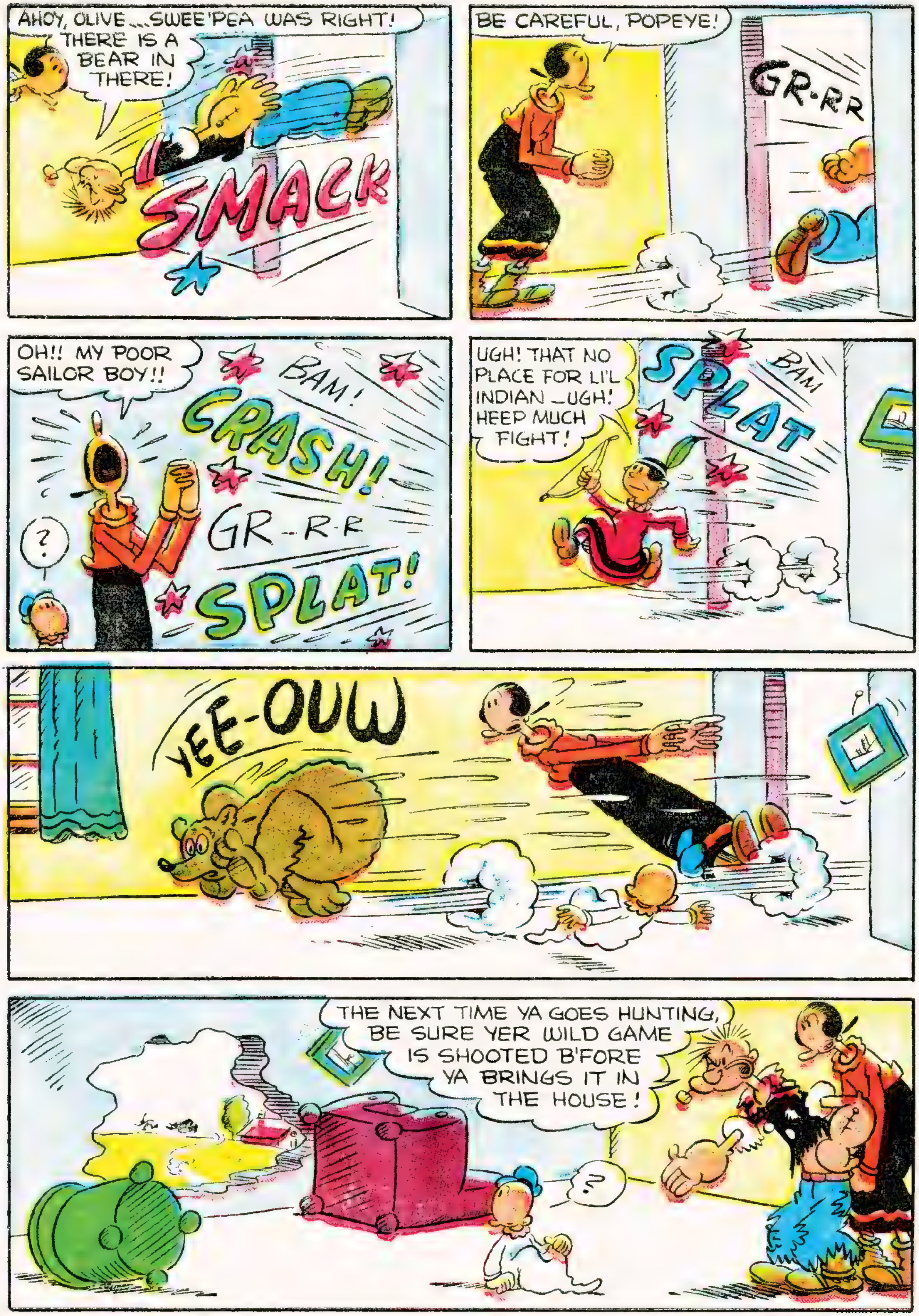
WOW! IT'S AN INDIAN!!
WAA! BAW! BAW!
UGH! (SNIFF!) POOR MINNIE!! YOU KILLED HER WITH YOUR THUNDER STICK!
SNIFF
BUT THIS IS JUST A CORK GUN.... IT COULDN'T KILL A BEAR!
UGH?
SEE!
?
?
POP
UGH! BAH! BEAR SEE POPGUN - THINK IT THUNDER STICK.... BEAR GET SCARED AND FAINT!
I DIDN'T MEAN TO SCARE HIM THAT MUCH!
UGH! BEAR HEEP BIG SISSY... SCARED OF OWN SHADOW ON TEEPEE!
SAY...WOULD YOU RENT MINNIE TO ME?
UGH! SOUNDS GOOD!
WAKE UP, MINNIE.. GOT-UM JOB TO DO!
SPLAT
I'LL TEACH POPEYE TO LAUGH AT ME!!

WHERE'S LITTLE SWEE'PEA?
ARF! ARF! HE IS OUT HUNTING!
ISN'T HUNTING DANGEROUS FOR SUCH A LITTLE BOY?
ARF! ARF!! HECK NO.... HIS GUN IS JUST A CORK GUN!!
ARF! ARF! HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO BRING BACK A BEAR!
THERE'S THE BACK DOOR!! I BET IT IS SWEE'PEA!
BANG
HELLO, OLIVE!
AHOY, POPEYE!
ARF! ARF! AHOY, HUNTER!! WHERE'S THE BEAR?
ARF
ARF!
ME BEAR IS OUT IN THE KITCHEN!
ARF! ARF!! DID YA HEAR, OLIVE? HIS BEAR IS OUT IN THE KITCHEN!
ARF!
ARF!
ARF!
ARF!
ARF!
WHAT DID YOU SAY?

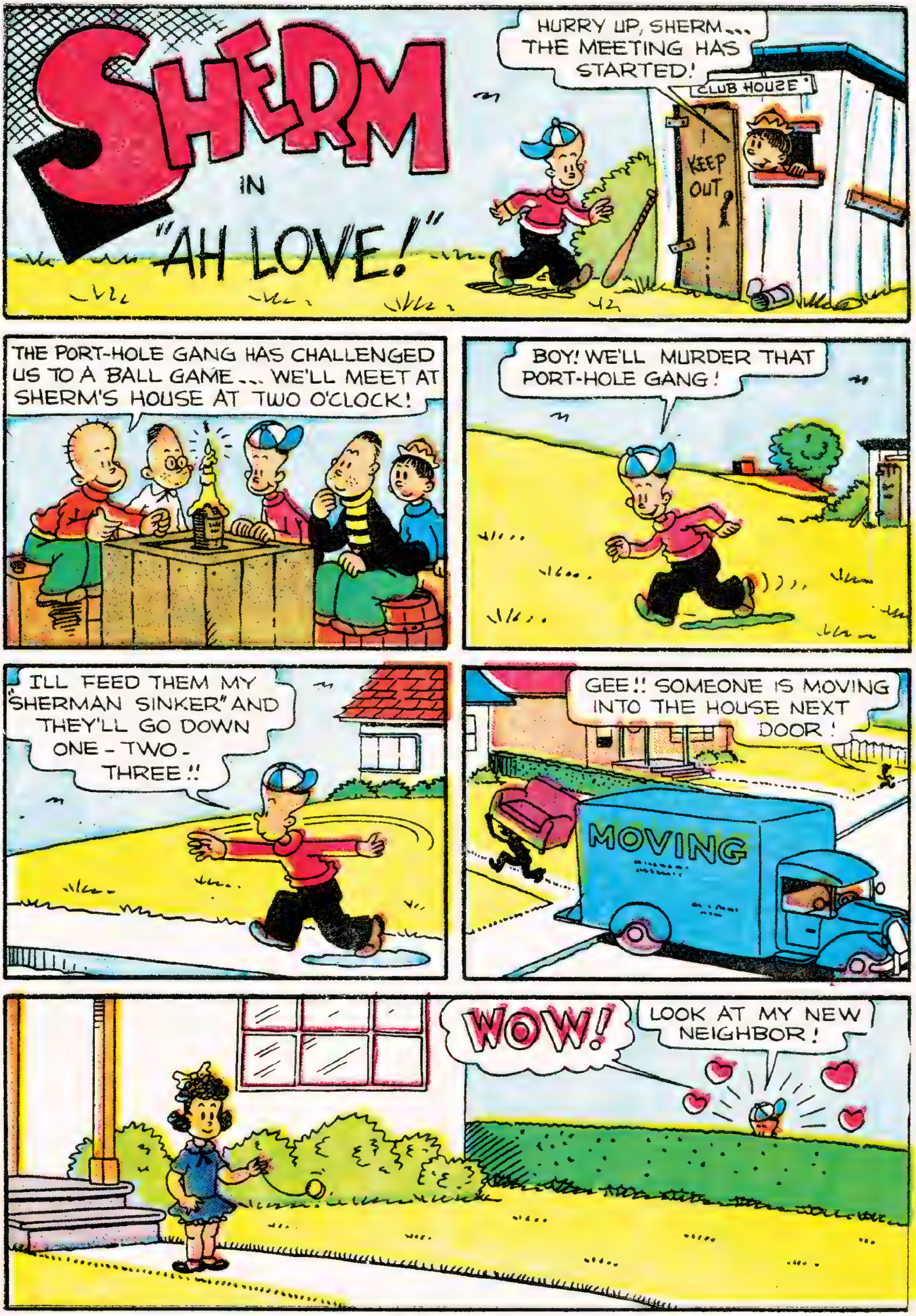
I SAID I HAD A BEAR OUT IN THE KITCHEN!
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT YOU SAID!
?
?
THIS'LL HURT ME MORE THAN YOU!
POPEYE!! STOP THAT!!
ME LITTLE BOY KID IS TELLING A FIB AN' I HAS TO SPANK HIM!
BUT THAT ISN'T FAIR!!
?
WHATCHA MEAN I YAM NOT FAIR?!
YOU DIDN'T LOOK IN THE KITCHEN TO SEE IF HE WAS TELLING A FIB!
ARF! ARF! DON'T BE SILLY, OLIVE!
I DOESN'T HAVE TO LOOK... HE ONLY HAD A CORK GUN... YA DON'T BRING HOME BEARS WHEN YA GOES HUNTING WITH A CORK SHOOTER!
THERE IS NO BEAR IN THE KITCHEN!
?
?
ERF! ERF!
GROWL!

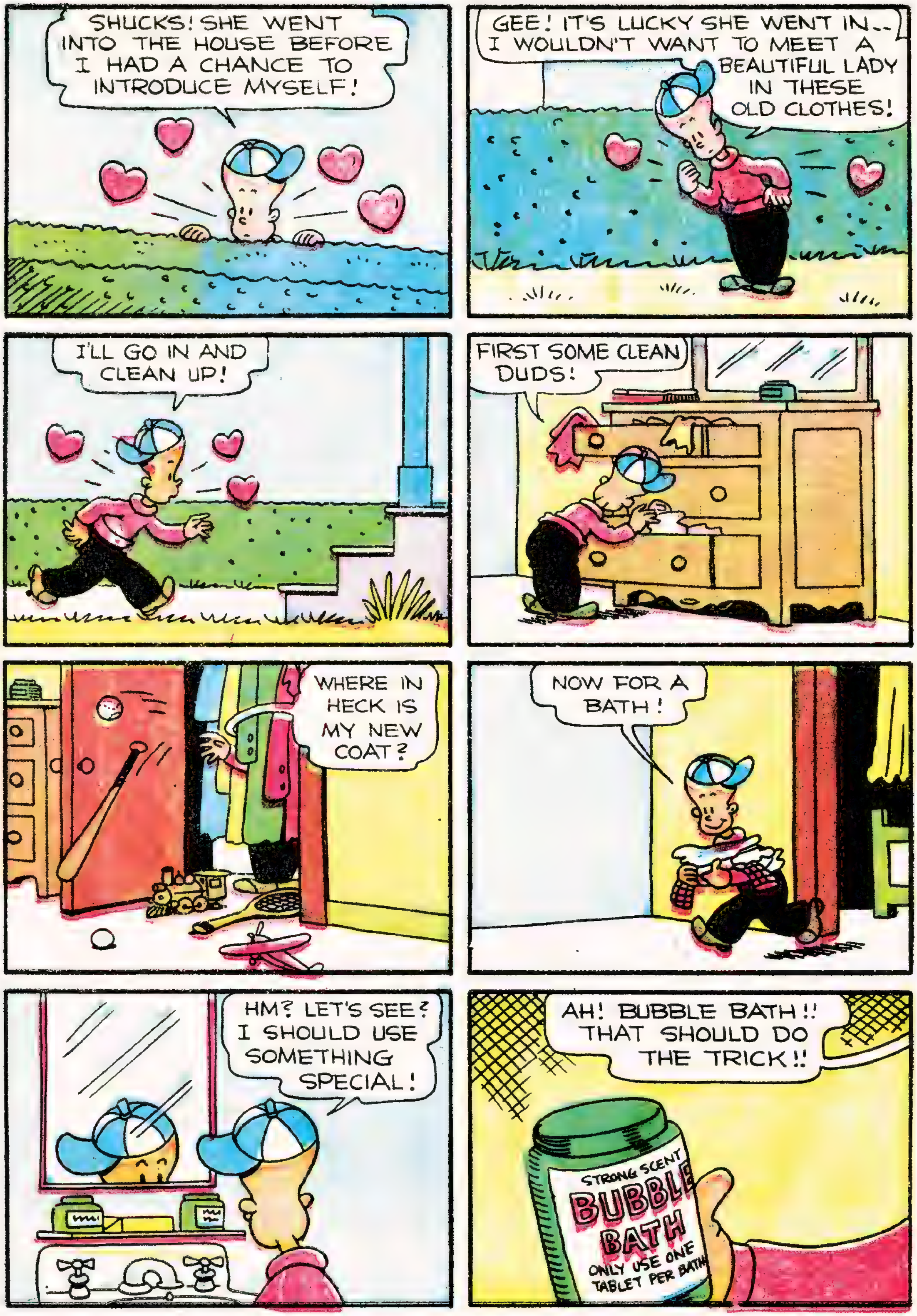

WHAT WAS THAT ?? IT SOUNDED LIKE A BEAR TO ME !!
ER--A--?
I TOLD YA I HAD A BEAR IN THE KITCHEN!
SEE!! HE WASN'T TELLING A FIB!! AND YOU BEAST, YOU WERE GOING TO SPANK HIM!
PHOOEY!
BAH!! I STILL SAYS THERE IS NO BEAR IN THE KITCHEN!
GR-R-R! HOW STUBBORN CAN YOU GET!
?
NEXT YOU'LL BE TRYING TO TELL ME THAT THERE IS AN INDIAN IN THERE, TOO!
HUH?
!
GORSH! HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT I HAD AN INDIAN IN THE KITCHEN?
?
?
PLOP
THIS IS GOING TOO FAR... NOW I WILL HAVE TO SPANK YOU FOR FIBBING!
BUT...
YES, SWEE'PEA_ AN INDIAN IS GOING TOO FAR!
BUT THERE IS AN INDIAN!
ZIP
PING

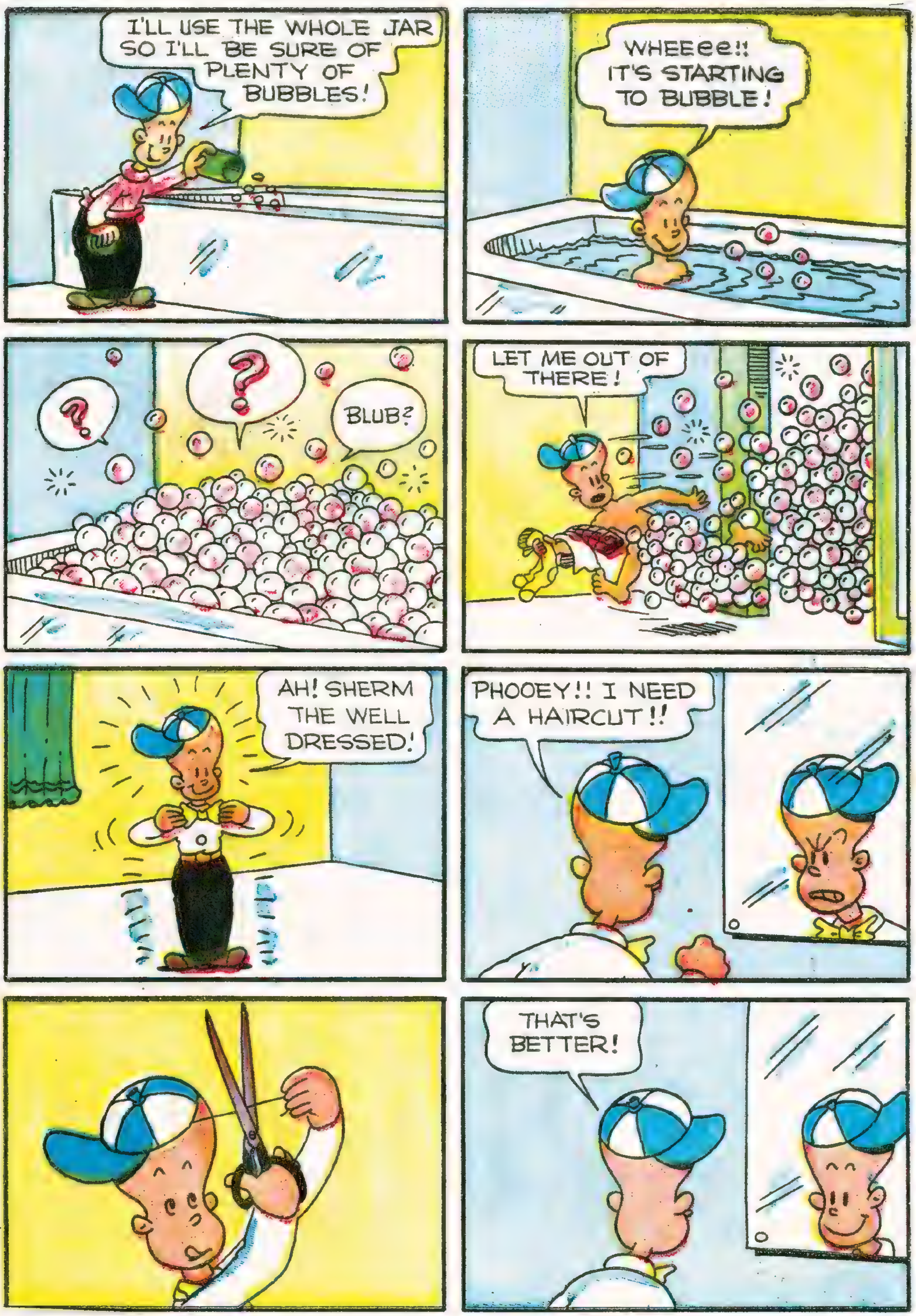

WHA - TH---??
THUNG
?
?
?
BLOW ME DOWN!?!
IT'S AN ARROW?
?
SEE!! I WASN'T FIBBING!!
BY GORSH! IT IS A REAL INDIAN ARROW!!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW?
I YAM GOING IN THE KITCHEN AND GET RID OF THAT INDIAN!
GEE! I HOPE HE DOESN'T MAKE MINNIE MAD!
IS MINNIE THE INDIAN?
NO..... MINNIE IS THE BEAR!
?
?
SMACK
GROWL

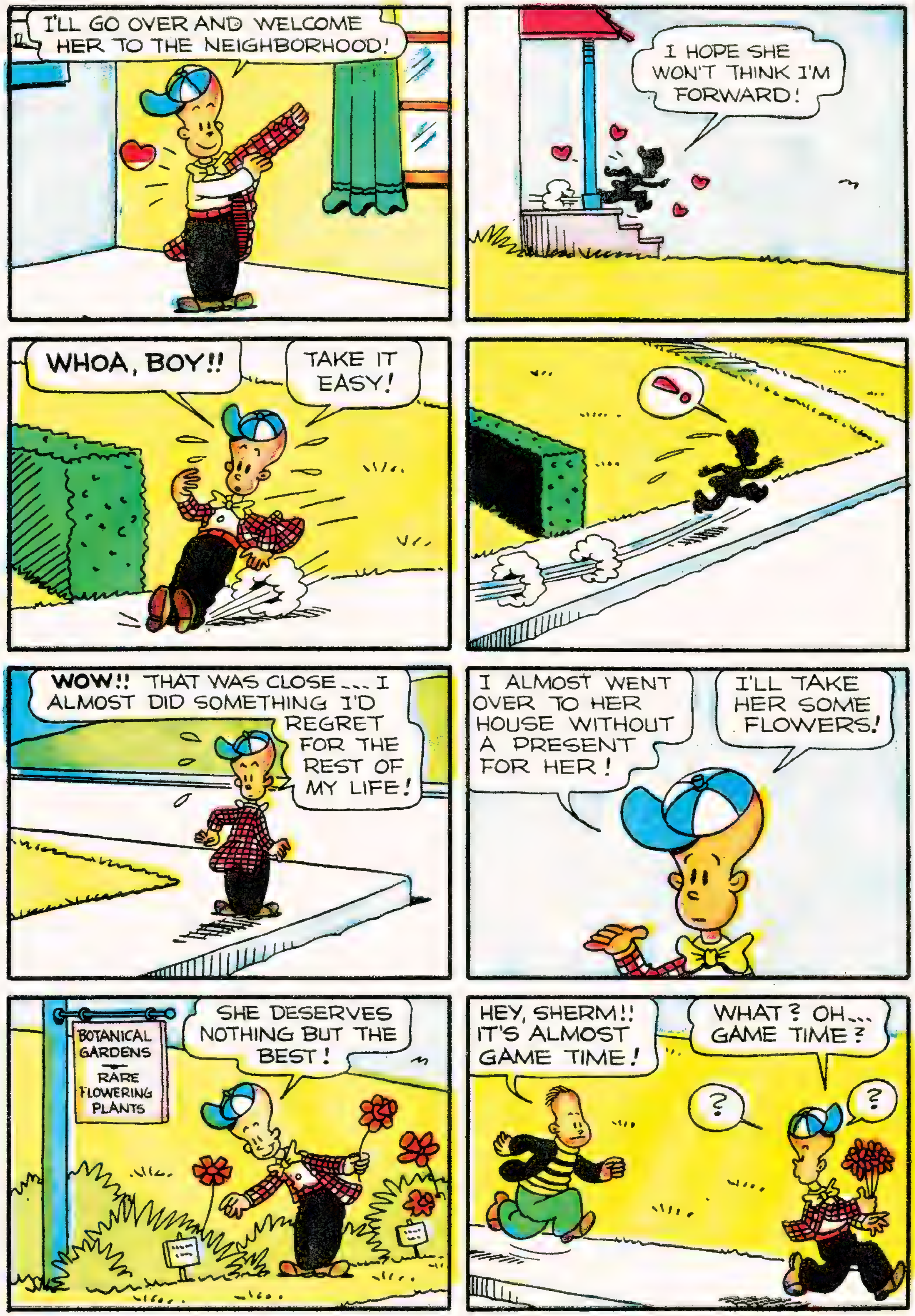


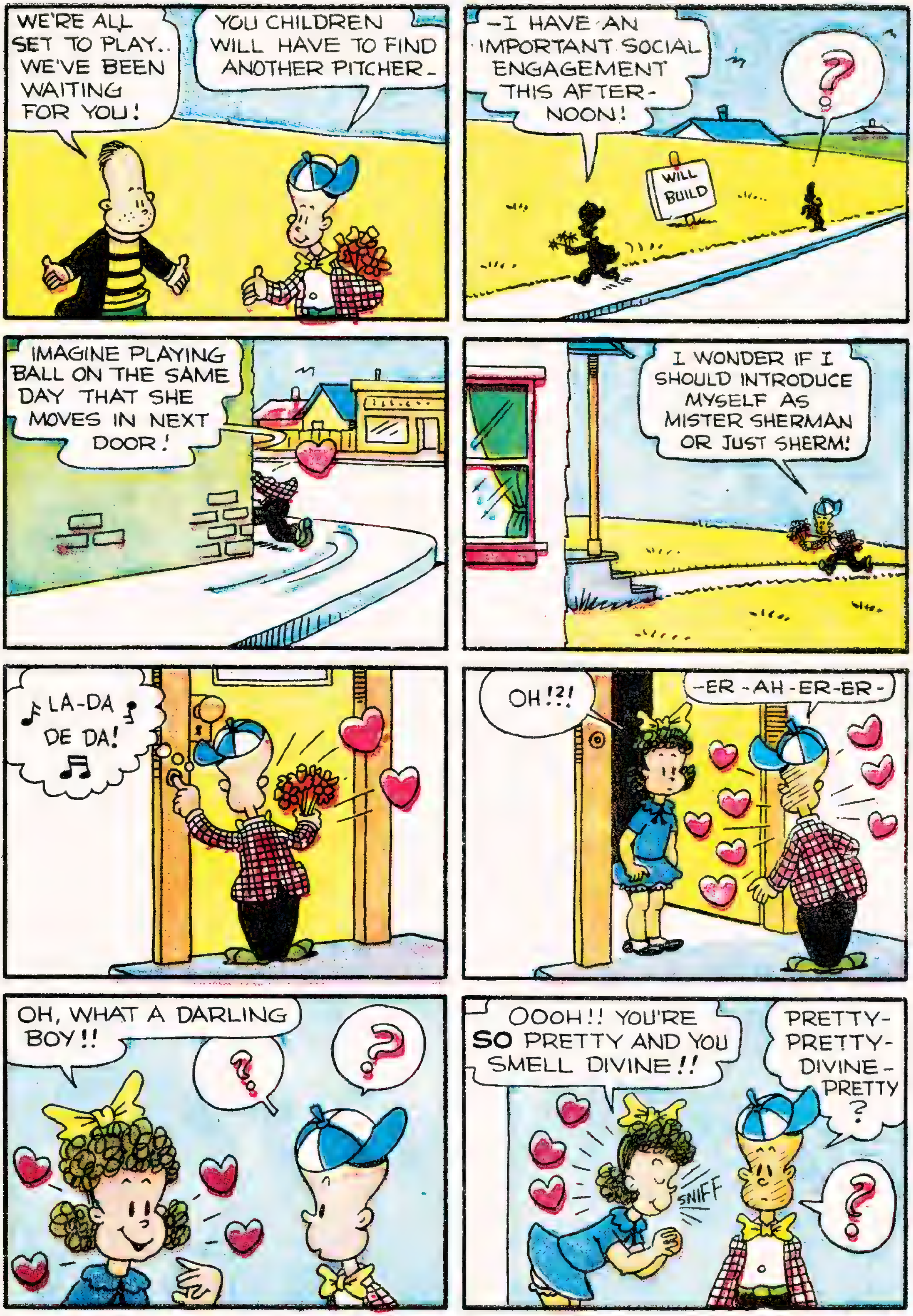
AHOY, OLIVE ... SWEE'PEA WAS RIGHT!
THERE IS A BEAR IN THERE!
SMACK
BE CAREFUL, POPEYE!
GR-RR
OH!! MY POOR SAILOR BOY!!
BAM!
CRASH!
GR--R-R
SPLAT!
?
UGH! THAT NO PLACE FOR LI'L INDIAN _UGH! HEEP MUCH FIGHT!
SPLAT
BAM
YEE-OUW
THE NEXT TIME YA GOES HUNTING, BE SURE YER WILD GAME IS SHOOTED B'FORE YA BRINGS IT IN THE HOUSE!
?

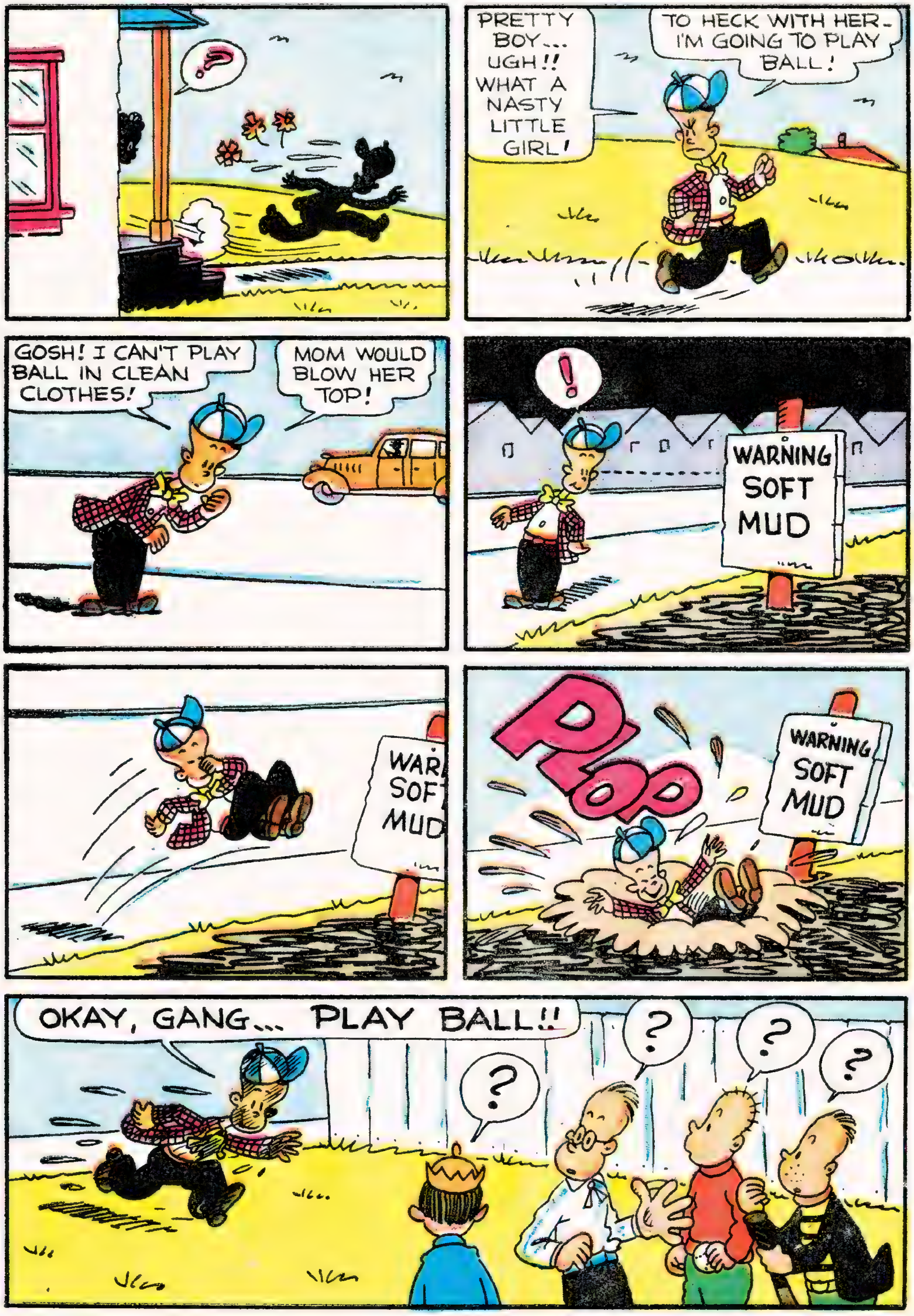

SHERM
IN
"AH LOVE!"
HURRY UP, SHERM... THE MEETING HAS STARTED!
CLUB HOUSE
KEEP OUT
THE PORT-HOLE GANG HAS CHALLENGED US TO A BALL GAME... WE'LL MEET AT SHERM'S HOUSE AT TWO O'CLOCK!
BOY! WE'LL MURDER THAT PORT-HOLE GANG!
I'LL FEED THEM MY "SHERMAN SINKER" AND THEY'LL GO DOWN ONE - TWO - THREE!!
GEE!! SOMEONE IS MOVING INTO THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR!
MOVING
WOW!
LOOK AT MY NEW NEIGHBOR!


SHUCKS! SHE WENT INTO THE HOUSE BEFORE I HAD A CHANCE TO INTRODUCE MYSELF!
GEE! IT'S LUCKY SHE WENT IN-- I WOULDN'T WANT TO MEET A BEAUTIFUL LADY IN THESE OLD CLOTHES!
I'LL GO IN AND CLEAN UP!
FIRST SOME CLEAN DUDS!
WHERE IN HECK IS MY NEW COAT?
NOW FOR A BATH!
HM? LET'S SEE? I SHOULD USE SOMETHING SPECIAL!
AH! BUBBLE BATH!! THAT SHOULD DO THE TRICK!!
STRONG SCENT
BUBBLE BATH
ONLY USE ONE TABLET PER BATH


I'LL USE THE WHOLE JAR SO I'LL BE SURE OF PLENTY OF BUBBLES!
WHEEEee!! IT'S STARTING TO BUBBLE!
?
?
BLUB?
LET ME OUT OF THERE!
AH! SHERM THE WELL DRESSED!
PHOOEY!! I NEED A HAIRCUT!!
THAT'S BETTER!


I'LL GO OVER AND WELCOME HER TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD!
I HOPE SHE WON'T THINK I'M FORWARD!
WHOA, BOY!!
TAKE IT EASY!
WOW!! THAT WAS CLOSE... I ALMOST DID SOMETHING I'D REGRET FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!
I ALMOST WENT OVER TO HER HOUSE WITHOUT A PRESENT FOR HER!
I'LL TAKE HER SOME FLOWERS!
BOTANICAL GARDENS
RARE FLOWERING PLANTS
SHE DESERVES NOTHING BUT THE BEST!
HEY, SHERM!! IT'S ALMOST GAME TIME!
WHAT? OH... GAME TIME?


WE'RE ALL SET TO PLAY.. WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!
YOU CHILDREN WILL HAVE TO FIND ANOTHER PITCHER-
-I HAVE AN IMPORTANT SOCIAL ENGAGEMENT THIS AFTER-NOON!
WILL BUILD
?
IMAGINE PLAYING BALL ON THE SAME DAY THAT SHE MOVES IN NEXT DOOR!
I WONDER IF I SHOULD INTRODUCE MYSELF AS MISTER SHERMAN OR JUST SHERM!
LA-DA DE DA!
OH!?!
-ER-AH-ER-ER-
OH, WHAT A DARLING BOY!!
?
?
OOOH!! YOU'RE SO PRETTY AND YOU SMELL DIVINE!!
PRETTY-PRETTY-DIVINE-PRETTY ?
SNIFF
?


?
PRETTY BOY... UGH!! WHAT A NASTY LITTLE GIRL!
TO HECK WITH HER- I'M GOING TO PLAY BALL!
GOSH! I CAN'T PLAY BALL IN CLEAN CLOTHES!
MOM WOULD BLOW HER TOP!
!
WARNING SOFT MUD
PLOP
WARNING SOFT MUD
OKAY, GANG... PLAY BALL!!
?
?
?
?

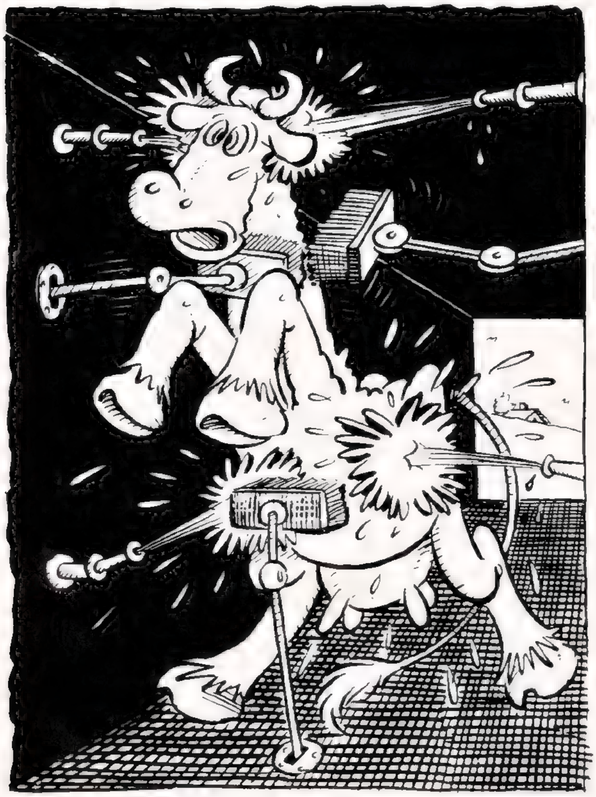
BREAD TIME

(Continued from inside front cover)

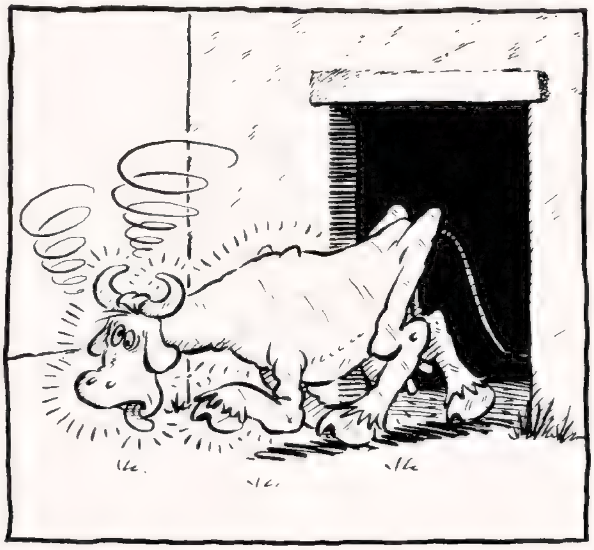
was the day the men came back to work. Harriet didn't see them arrive but she heard them working inside the building. The noise was almost deafening but she didn't mind. All she could think of was that today she would have hot bread again. She spent all day eating the most untasty grass that she could find so that the bread she was to have for dessert would taste extra good.

When Harriet heard the five o'clock whistle from the old mill on the other side of town, she trotted over to the door of the building to wait for her bread. She stood there in anxious anticipation. But no baker came. She waited and waited until it began to get dark and then in desperation she decided to go into the building and get the bread for herself.

As she passed through the open door she sniffed but there was no smell of bread. She took another step forward, sniffed again. Still no smell of bread. She was just about to turn and leave the building when two



strong metal arms grabbed her and shoved her deeper into the dark hall that led into the center of the building. There was a sudden snap and a swish and hot water began to hit her from all sides, the water stopped and big rough brushes came out of holes in

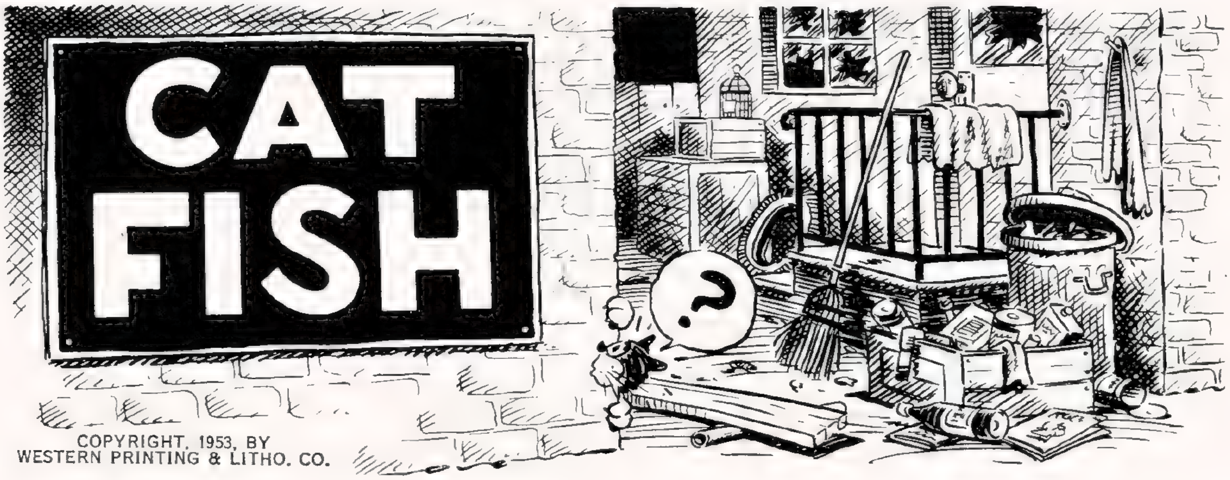


the walls and began to scrub her up and down. Then with a blast, hot air hit her and she could hardly breathe. The air cut off and as she stumbled forward an evil-smelling liquid was squirted at her and then large round whirling pads of soft cloth came out of the walls and began to twirl all over her.

When the whirling pads stopped,she found herself at the end of the hall and she stepped through the door out into the back yard of the building. With her last ounce of strength she dragged herself over into her field and flopped down on the grass. She had just been through a horrible experience and it is doubtful if she would have felt any better if she had realized that she was the cleanest and best polished cow in the world. For what she had just been through was not a bakery but an automatic car washing plant and she had been given the whole treatment. The bakery had made such good bread that they had found it necessary to find a larger building so they could make more bread. When they had moved they had rented their old building to the car washing firm.

The End

Popeye #26, October-December 1953



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"MEE-ROOOW!" Marty moaned as he scratched his left ear with his left rear foot, "I'm about the hungriest cat in the world today."

He had been up all night, searching the full length of the narrow alley for something to eat. All he had found was a small dried-up hunk of toast that some child had thrown out of one of the apartment windows above.

"OH! If I only had a nice big fish to nibble on,I would be so happy."

"Why don't you go fishing?" asked a black and white dog who was one of Marty's few friends and had come up behind the cat without his knowing it. "If you like fish so much, you should go get some for yourself."

"HI, Spot ," mewed Marty, "I'd love to go get a fish, but I haven't the slightest idea where to go. I don't even know what alley the fish live in."

"Fish don't live in alleys, you dumb cat," laughed Spot . "They live in the ocean."

"In the ocean? WOW! I didn't know that." Marty's face broke into a big cat grin and his whiskers began to twitch. "There's an ocean over on the other side of town. I'M GOING TO GO AND GET MYSELF A FISH!"

Before Spot could stop him, Marty had dashed across the street, between two trucks, and was headed across town.

"That dumb alley cat doesn't know a thing about the ocean and fishing. He'll get into trouble sure if I don't stop him." And Spot ran after Marty.

Marty was full of confidence and determination as he reached the sea wall on the other side of town. He had known the ocean was here because one of his cat friends had told him about it, but this was the first time he had seen it and its size was overwhelming to him.

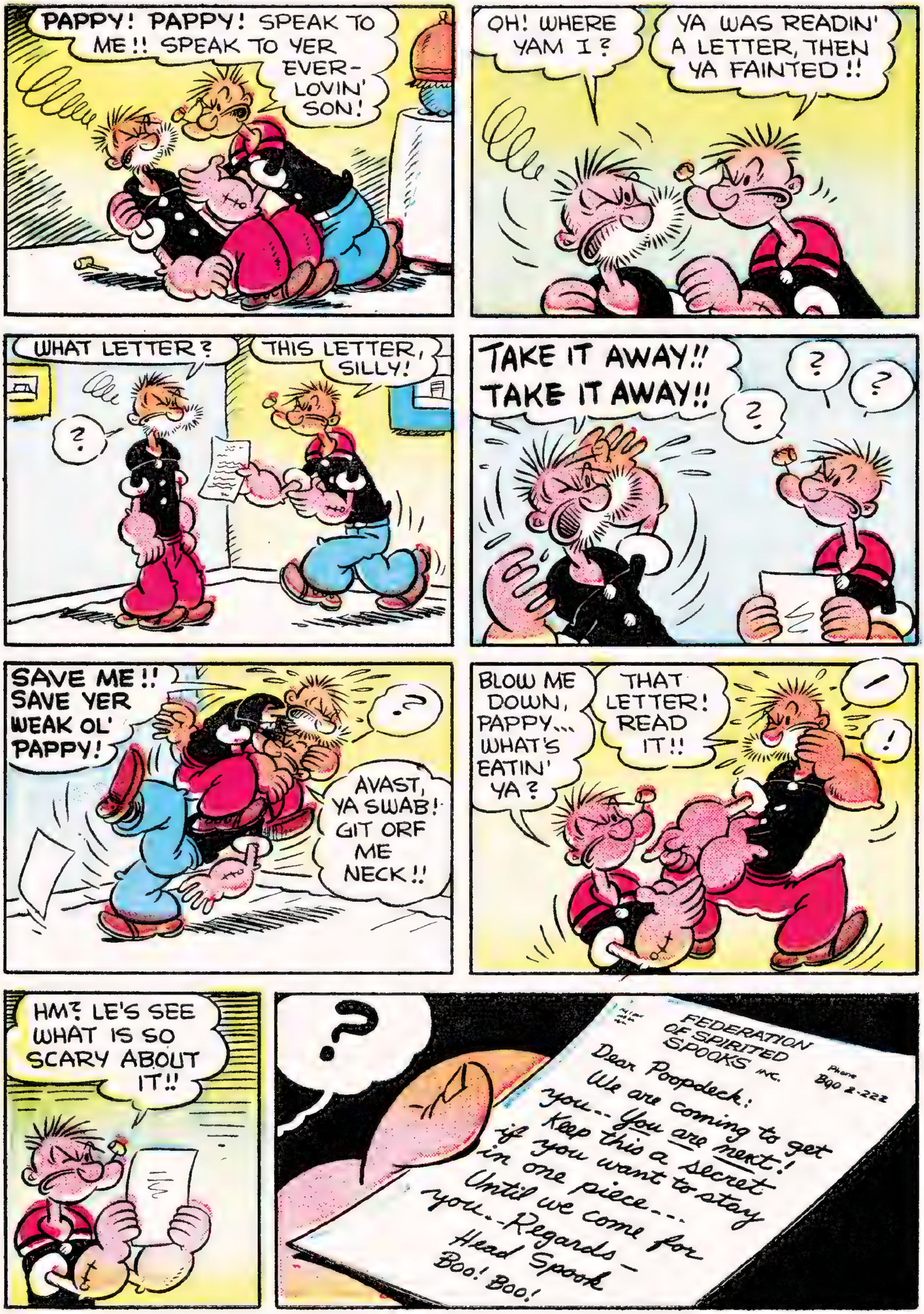
"Jumping fish bones!" he yelped as he stood atop the rock wall with the water whirling around below him. "Look at the size of it. I bet there are a hundred fish living in there."

He crept down the face of the wall and reached a paw down to the water and tried to brush it aside to look for a fish.

"How do you catch a fish when there is all of this ocean in the way?" he frowned to himself. The water just wouldn't stay brushed aside, but came right back together after his paw passed through it. "This stuff is impossible. I don't see how the fish can stand it."

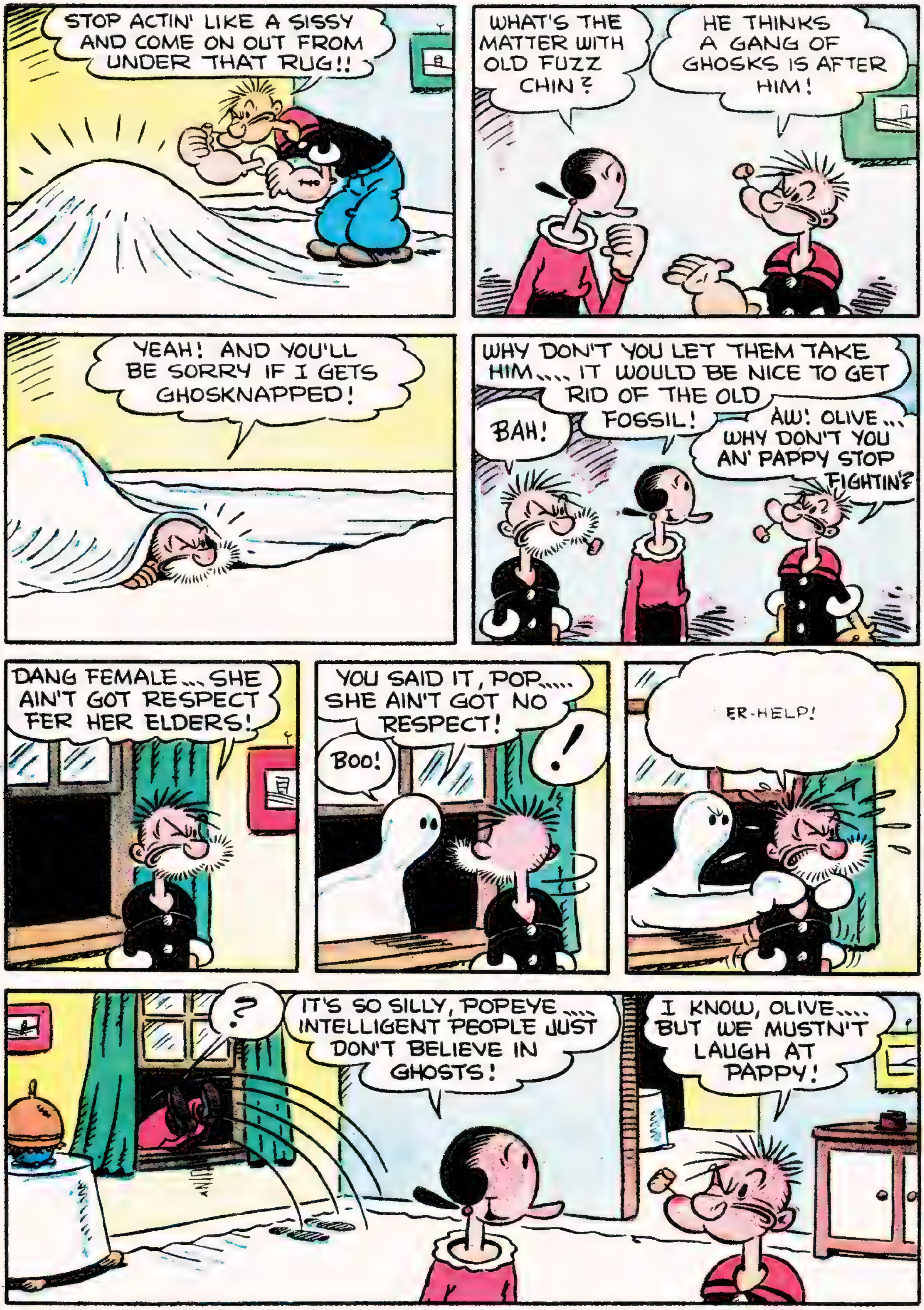
(Continued on inside back cover)

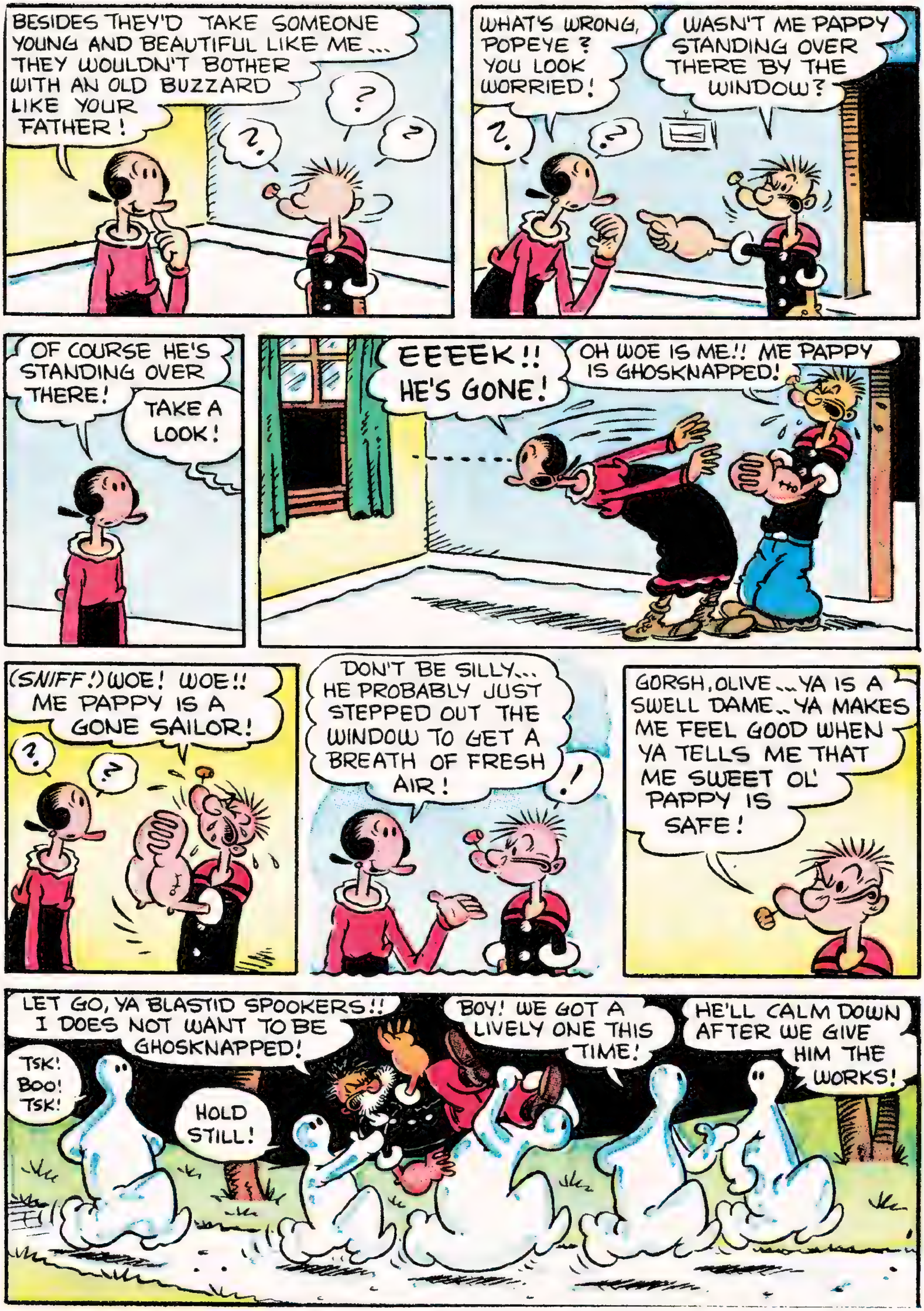
THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
POPEYE
AND THE GANG
IN
"SPOOKERS!"
BY BUD SAGENDORF
Boo!
Boo!
AND Boo! Boo!
AHOY, SON....... ANY MAIL FER YER HANDSOME PAPPY?
THERE'S A LETTER HERE ON THE TABLE!
IT'S PROBABLY A LOVE NOTE FROM ME SWEETPATOOTIE!
LA-DE DA-DA
RIP!
HM?
?
DOESN'T LOOK LIKE HER SCRATCHIN'!
WHA--- TH---??
?
?
AWK!! (GULP!!)
PLOP!
PAPPY!!
POPEYE #26-539

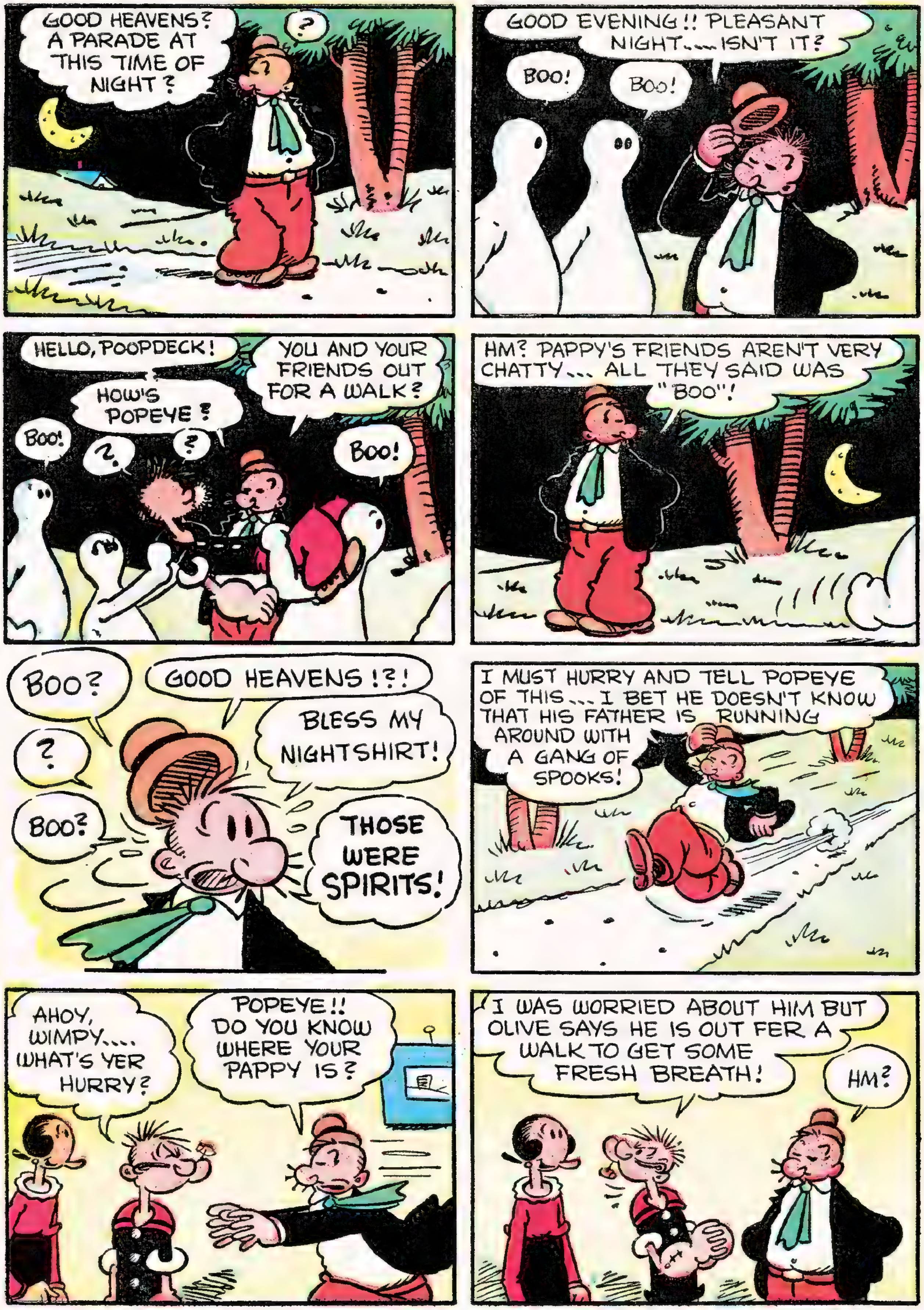


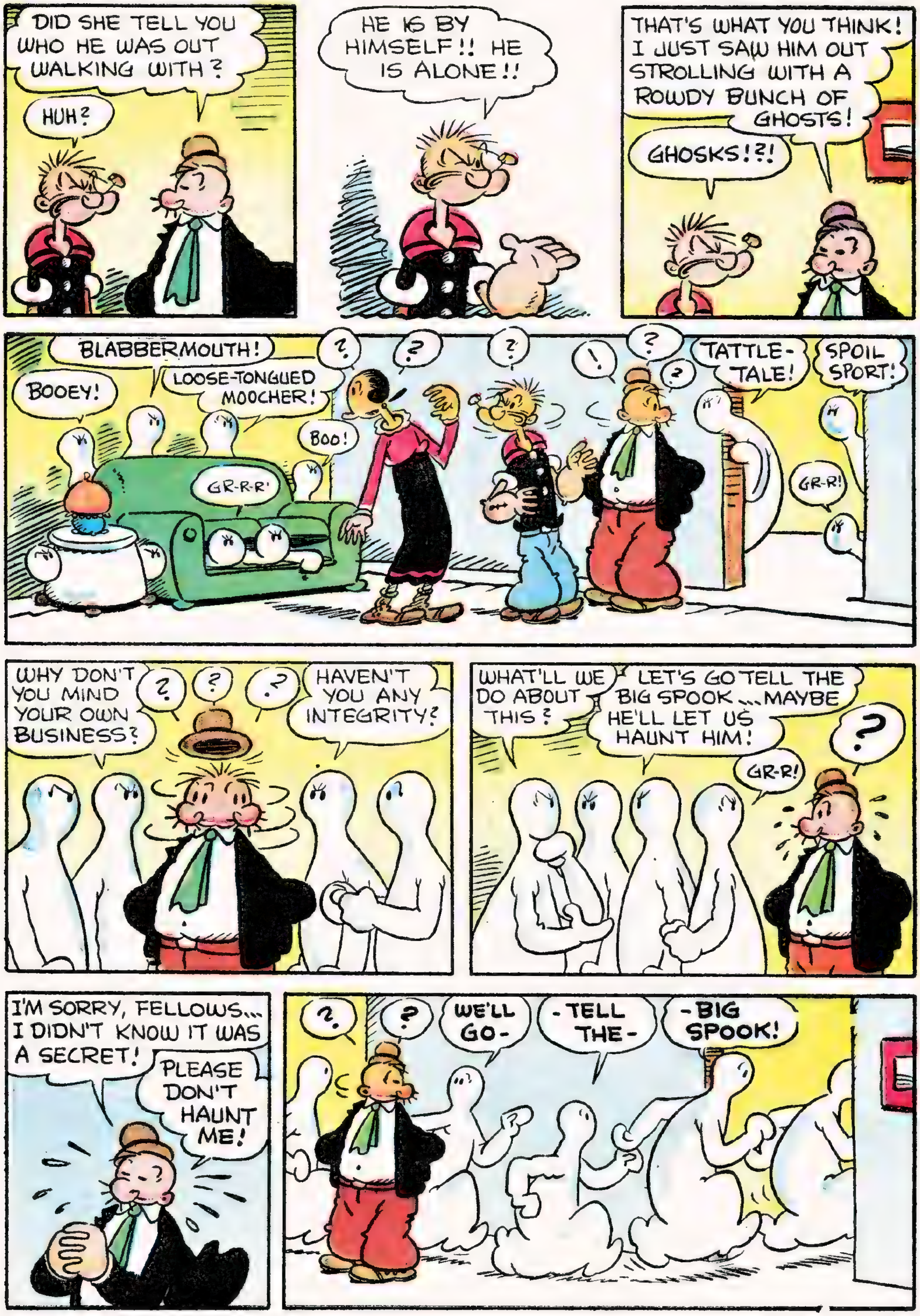
PAPPY! PAPPY! SPEAK TO ME!! SPEAK TO YER EVER-LOVIN' SON!
OH! WHERE YAM I?
YA WAS READIN' A LETTER, THEN YA FAINTED!!
WHAT LETTER?
THIS LETTER, SILLY!
?
TAKE IT AWAY!! TAKE IT AWAY!!
?
?
?
SAVE ME!! SAVE YER WEAK OL' PAPPY!
?
AVAST, YA SWAB! GIT ORF ME NECK!!
BLOW ME DOWN, PAPPY... WHAT'S EATIN' YA?
THAT LETTER! READ IT!!
!
!
HM? LE'S SEE WHAT IS SO SCARY ABOUT IT!!
?
FEDERATION OF SPIRITED SPOOKS INC.
Phone Boo 2-222
Dear Poopdeck:
We are coming to get you... You are next!
Keep this a secret if you want to stay in one piece... Until we come for you...Regards—
Head Spook
Boo! Boo!

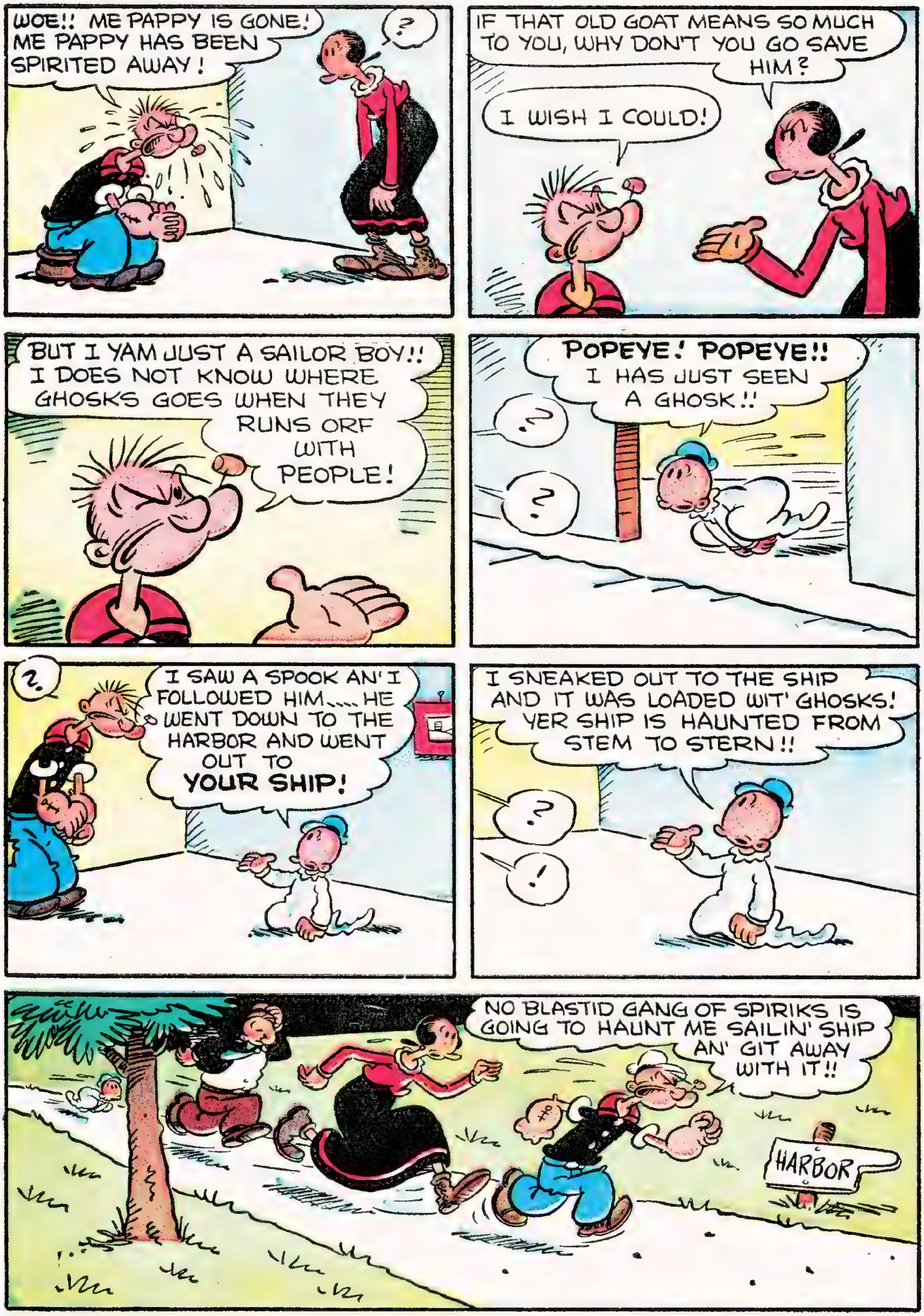
THIS MUST BE A JOKE! SPOOKS DON'T WRITE LETTERS!
(GULP!) MAYBE THEY IS EDUCATED SPOOKERS!!
YOU JUST SIT DOWN AN' RELAX!
KEEP TELLING YERSELF THAT YA IS NOT AFRAID!
OKAY, SON!
I YAM NOT AFRAID! I YAM NOT AFRAID! I YAM NOT.....
I YAM NOT AFRAID! I YAM NOT!!! I YAM NOT!!
I YAM THE BIGGEST FIBBER IN'A WORLD!!
AWK!! (GULP!!) THEY HAS COMED FER ME!
HM? SOMEONE IS KNOCKING AT THE DOOR!
?
KNOCK!
KNOCK!
AHOY, OLIVE... COME ON IN!
AHOY, PAPPY... IT IS OKAY.... IT IS JUST OLIVE!
WHA--TH--?
GOOD HEAVENS!?! WHAT'S THE OLD GOAT DOING-- HUNTING FOR TERMITES?

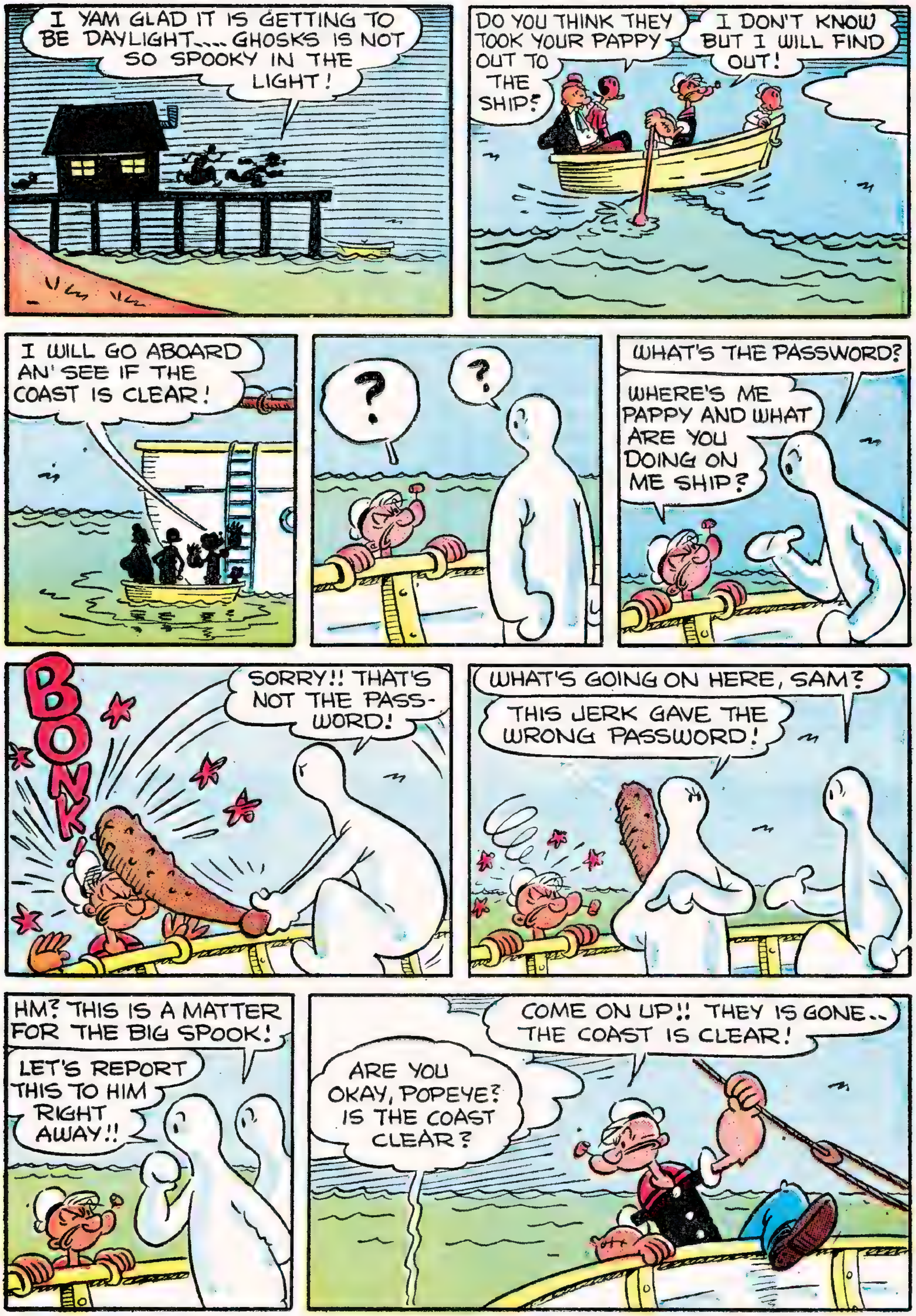

STOP ACTIN' LIKE A SISSY AND COME ON OUT FROM UNDER THAT RUG!!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH OLD FUZZ CHIN?
HE THINKS A GANG OF GHOSKS IS AFTER HIM!
YEAH! AND YOU'LL BE SORRY IF I GETS GHOSKNAPPED!
WHY DON'T YOU LET THEM TAKE HIM.... IT WOULD BE NICE TO GET RID OF THE OLD FOSSIL!
BAH!
AW! OLIVE... WHY DON'T YOU AN' PAPPY STOP FIGHTIN'?
DANG FEMALE... SHE AIN'T GOT RESPECT FER HER ELDERS!
YOU SAID IT, POP..... SHE AIN'T GOT NO RESPECT!
BOO!
!
ER-HELP!
?
IT'S SO SILLY, POPEYE.... INTELLIGENT PEOPLE JUST DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS!
I KNOW, OLIVE.... BUT WE MUSTN'T LAUGH AT PAPPY!

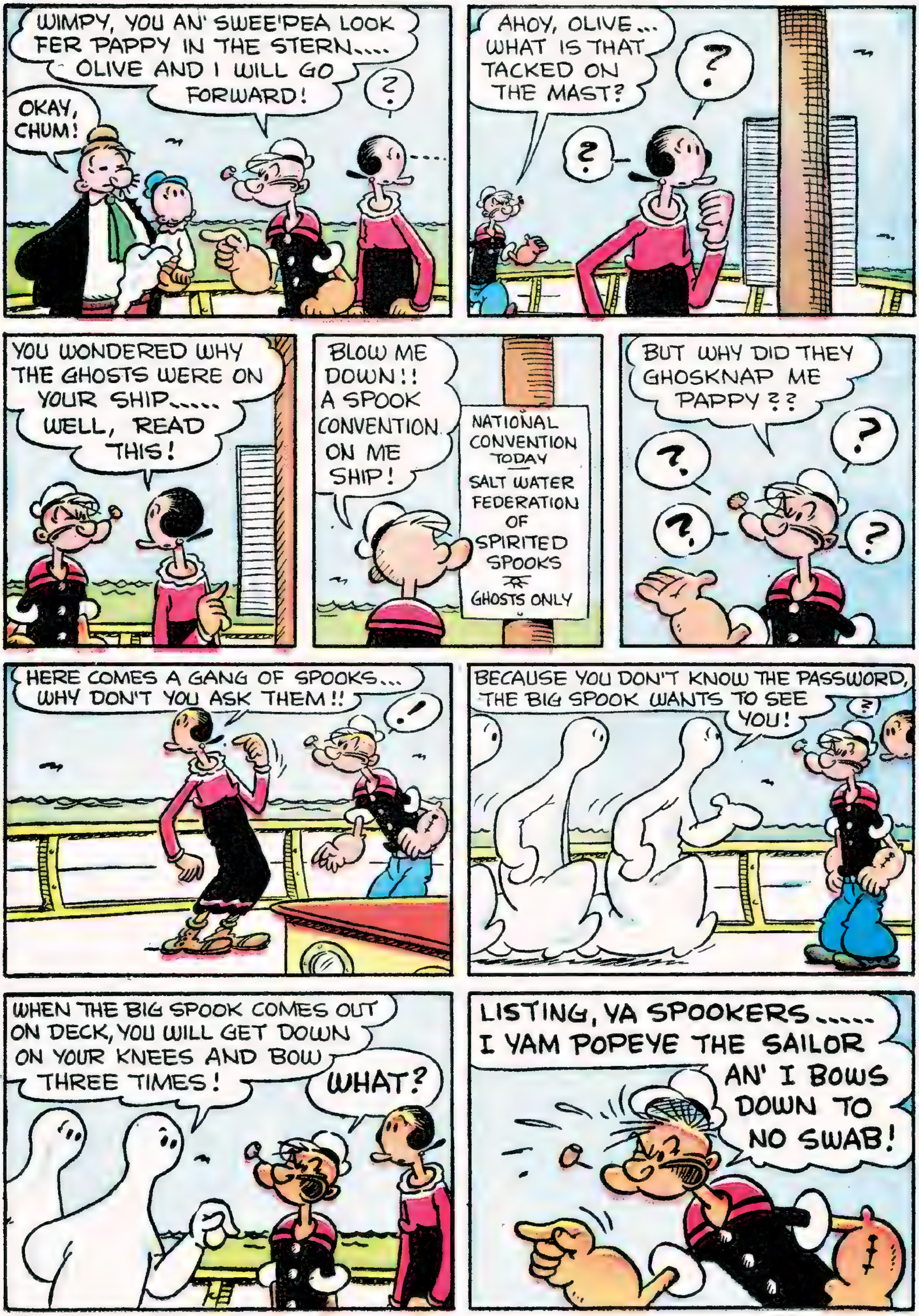

BESIDES THEY'D TAKE SOMEONE YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL LIKE ME... THEY WOULDN'T BOTHER WITH AN OLD BUZZARD LIKE YOUR FATHER!
?
?
?
WHAT'S WRONG, POPEYE? YOU LOOK WORRIED!
WASN'T ME PAPPY STANDING OVER THERE BY THE WINDOW?
?
?
OF COURSE HE'S STANDING OVER THERE!
TAKE A LOOK!
EEEEK!! HE'S GONE!
OH WOE IS ME!! ME PAPPY IS GHOSKNAPPED!
(SNIFF!) WOE! WOE!! ME PAPPY IS A GONE SAILOR!
?
?
DON'T BE SILLY... HE PROBABLY JUST STEPPED OUT THE WINDOW TO GET A BREATH OF FRESH AIR!
!
GORSH, OLIVE... YA IS A SWELL DAME.. YA MAKES ME FEEL GOOD WHEN YA TELLS ME THAT ME SWEET OL' PAPPY IS SAFE!
LET GO, YA BLASTID SPOOKERS!! I DOES NOT WANT TO BE GHOSKNAPPED!
TSK! BOO! TSK!
HOLD STILL!
BOY! WE GOT A LIVELY ONE THIS TIME!
HE'LL CALM DOWN AFTER WE GIVE HIM THE WORKS!

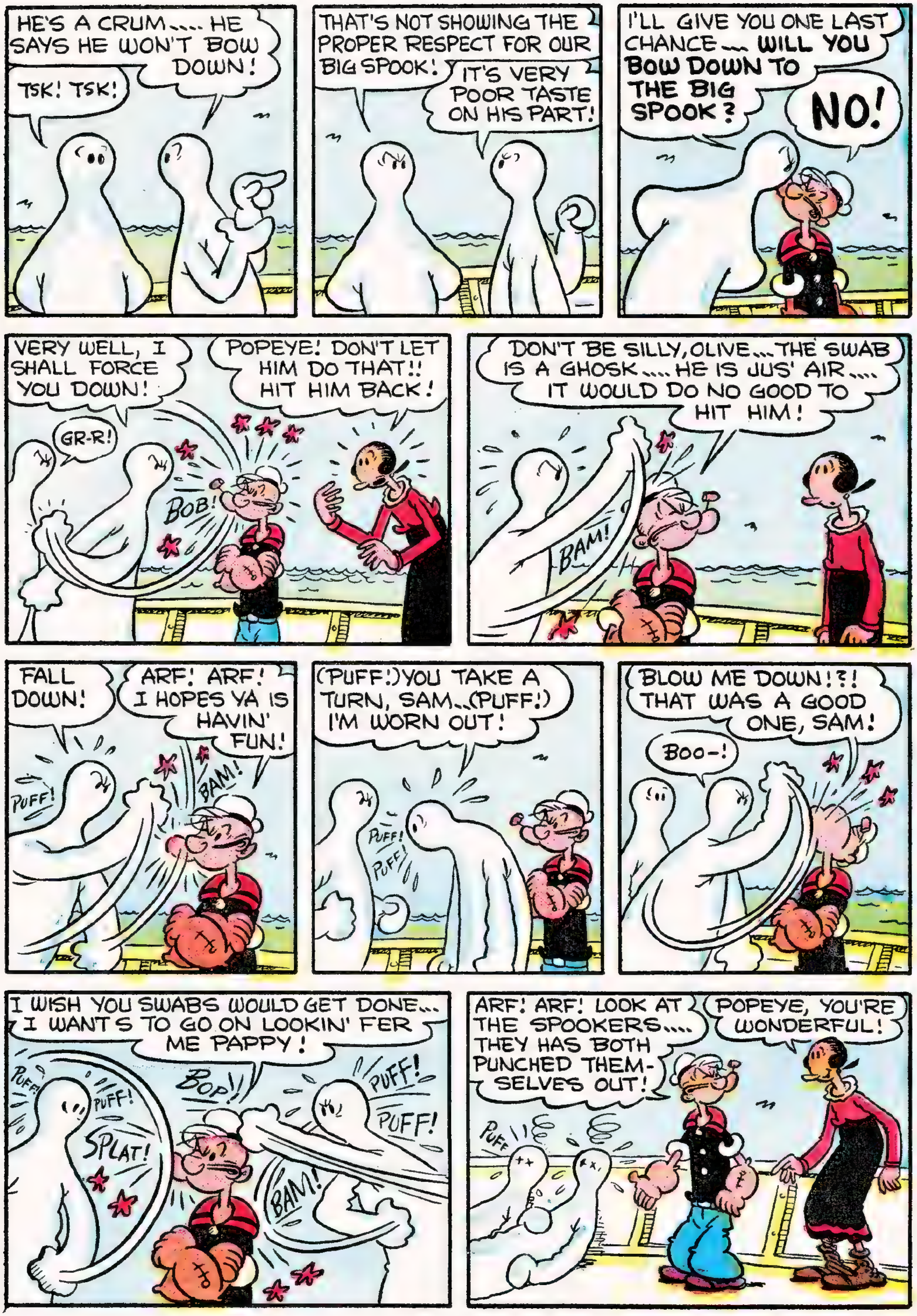

GOOD HEAVENS? A PARADE AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?
?
GOOD EVENING!! PLEASANT NIGHT.... ISN'T IT?
BOO!
BOO!
HELLO, POOPDECK!
HOW'S POPEYE?
BOO!
?
?
YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS OUT FOR A WALK?
BOO!
HM? PAPPY'S FRIENDS AREN'T VERY CHATTY... ALL THEY SAID WAS "BOO"!
BOO?
?
BOO?
GOOD HEAVENS!?!
BLESS MY NIGHTSHIRT!
THOSE WERE SPIRITS!
I MUST HURRY AND TELL POPEYE OF THIS... I BET HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT HIS FATHER IS RUNNING AROUND WITH A GANG OF SPOOKS!
AHOY, WIMPY.... WHAT'S YER HURRY?
POPEYE!! DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR PAPPY IS?
I WAS WORRIED ABOUT HIM BUT OLIVE SAYS HE IS OUT FER A WALK TO GET SOME FRESH BREATH!
HM?

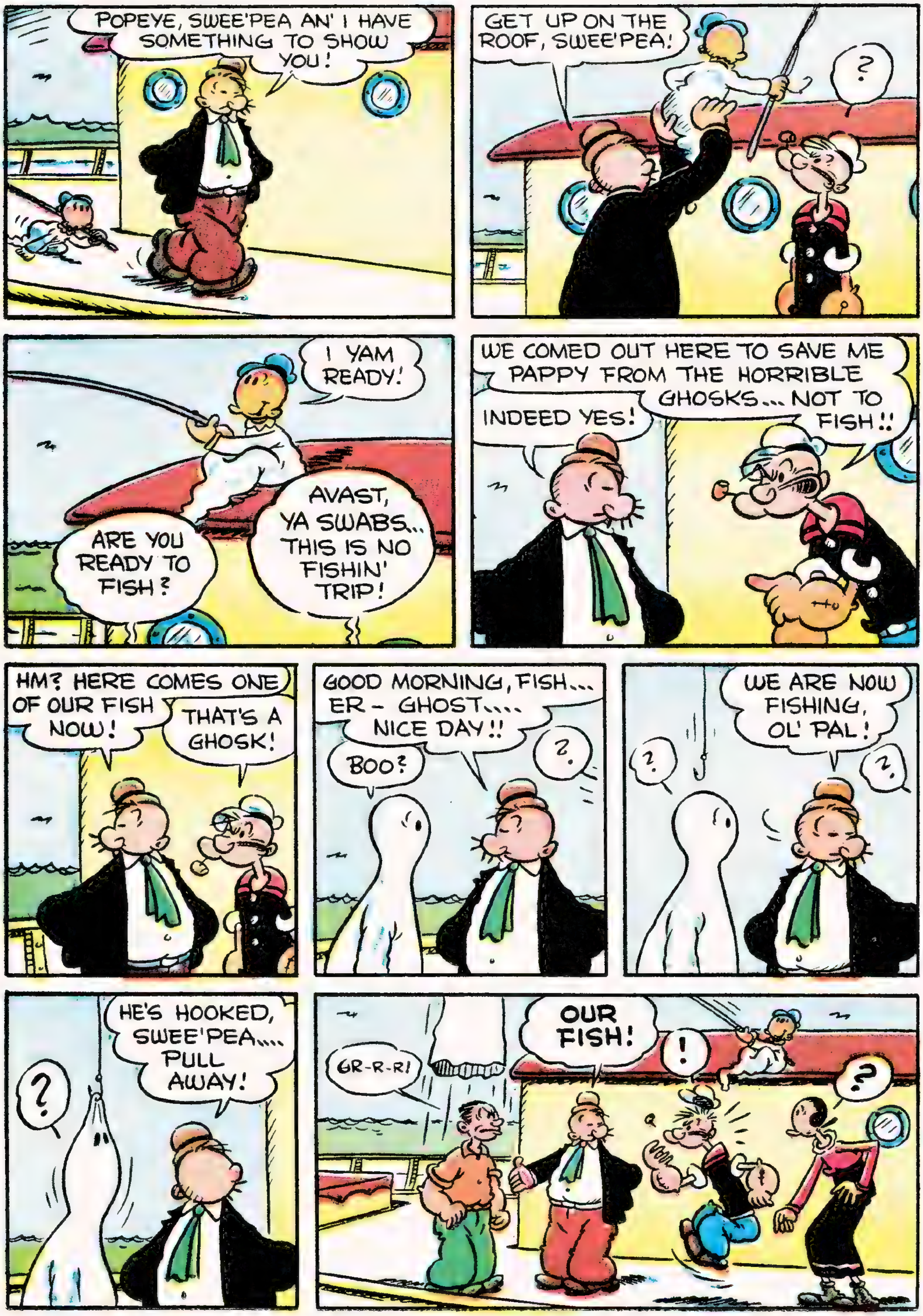

DID SHE TELL YOU WHO HE WAS OUT WALKING WITH?
HUH?
HE IS BY HIMSELF!! HE IS ALONE!!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! I JUST SAW HIM OUT STROLLING WITH A ROWDY BUNCH OF GHOSTS!
GHOSKS!?!
BOOEY!
BLABBERMOUTH!
LOOSE-TONGUED MOOCHER!
?
?
?
!
?
?
TATTLE-TALE!
SPOIL SPORT!
BOO!
GR-R-R'
GR-R!
WHY DON'T YOU MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS?
?
?
?
HAVEN'T YOU ANY INTEGRITY?
WHAT'LL WE DO ABOUT THIS?
LET'S GO TELL THE BIG SPOOK....MAYBE HE'LL LET US HAUNT HIM!
?
GR-R!
I'M SORRY, FELLOWS... I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS A SECRET!
PLEASE DON'T HAUNT ME!
?
?
WE'LL GO-
-TELL THE-
-BIG SPOOK!


WOE!! ME PAPPY IS GONE! ME PAPPY HAS BEEN SPIRITED AWAY!
?
IF THAT OLD GOAT MEANS SO MUCH TO YOU, WHY DON'T YOU GO SAVE HIM?
I WISH I COULD!
BUT I YAM JUST A SAILOR BOY!! I DOES NOT KNOW WHERE GHOSKS GOES WHEN THEY RUNS ORF WITH PEOPLE!
POPEYE! POPEYE!! I HAS JUST SEEN A GHOSK!!
?
?
?
I SAW A SPOOK AN' I FOLLOWED HIM.... HE WENT DOWN TO THE HARBOR AND WENT OUT TO YOUR SHIP!
I SNEAKED OUT TO THE SHIP AND IT WAS LOADED WIT' GHOSKS! YER SHIP IS HAUNTED FROM STEM TO STERN!!
?
!
NO BLASTID GANG OF SPIRIKS IS GOING TO HAUNT ME SAILIN' SHIP AN' GIT AWAY WITH IT!!
HARBOR

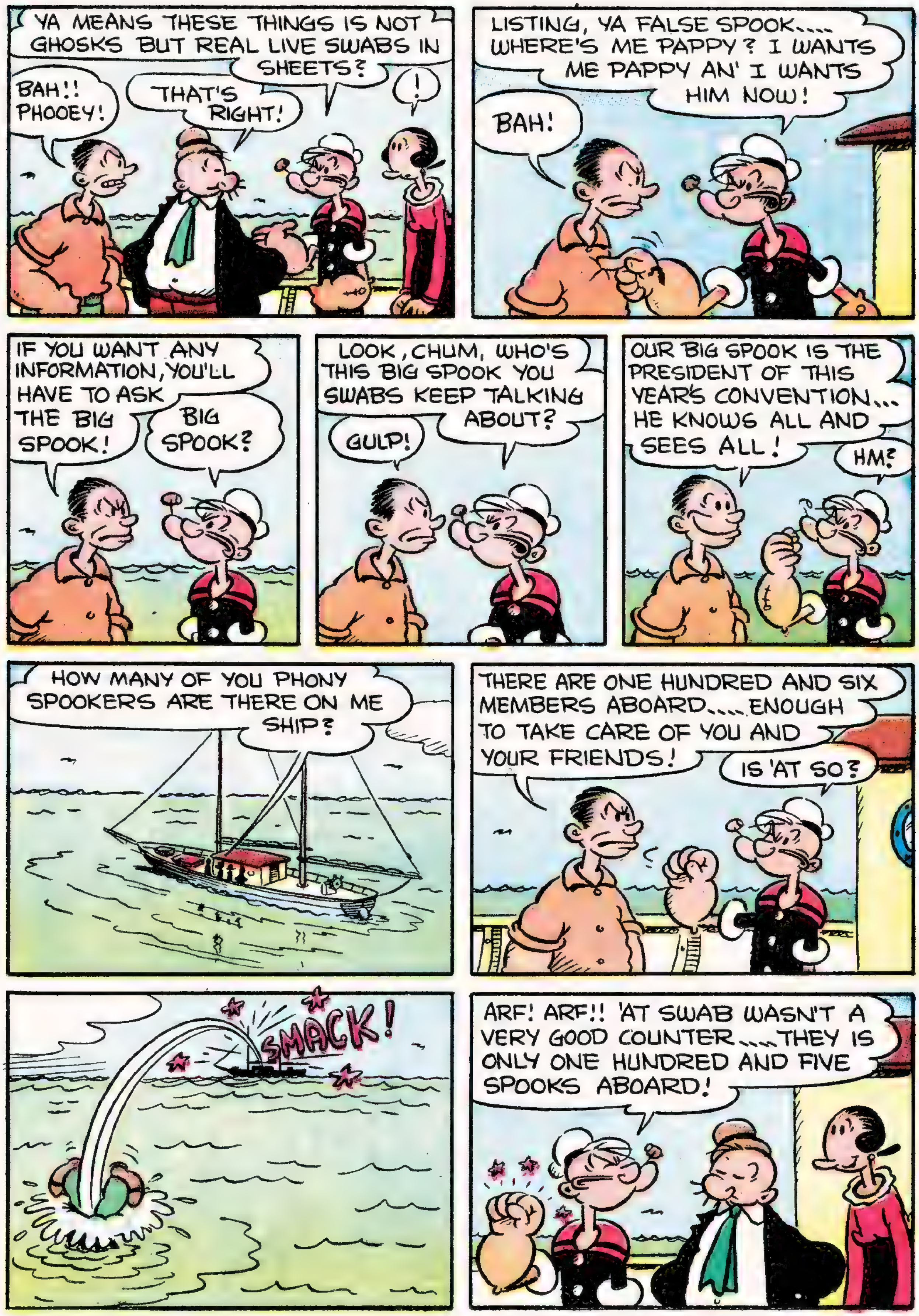

I YAM GLAD IT IS GETTING TO BE DAYLIGHT.... GHOSKS IS NOT SO SPOOKY IN THE LIGHT!
DO YOU THINK THEY TOOK YOUR PAPPY OUT TO THE SHIP?
I DON'T KNOW BUT I WILL FIND OUT!
I WILL GO ABOARD AN' SEE IF THE COAST IS CLEAR!
?
?
WHAT'S THE PASSWORD?
WHERE'S ME PAPPY AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON ME SHIP?
BONK!
SORRY!! THAT'S NOT THE PASS-WORD!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, SAM?
THIS JERK GAVE THE WRONG PASSWORD!
HM? THIS IS A MATTER FOR THE BIG SPOOK!
LET'S REPORT THIS TO HIM RIGHT AWAY!!
COME ON UP!! THEY IS GONE.. THE COAST IS CLEAR!
ARE YOU OKAY, POPEYE? IS THE COAST CLEAR?


WIMPY, YOU AN' SWEE'PEA LOOK FER PAPPY IN THE STERN.... OLIVE AND I WILL GO FORWARD!
OKAY, CHUM!
?
AHOY, OLIVE... WHAT IS THAT TACKED ON THE MAST?
?
?
YOU WONDERED WHY THE GHOSTS WERE ON YOUR SHIP..... WELL, READ THIS!
BLOW ME DOWN!! A SPOOK CONVENTION ON ME SHIP!
NATIONAL CONVENTION TODAY
SALT WATER FEDERATION OF SPIRITED SPOOKS
GHOSTS ONLY
BUT WHY DID THEY GHOSKNAP ME PAPPY??
?
?
?
?
HERE COMES A GANG OF SPOOKS... WHY DON'T YOU ASK THEM!!
!
BECAUSE YOU DON'T KNOW THE PASSWORD, THE BIG SPOOK WANTS TO SEE YOU!
?
WHEN THE BIG SPOOK COMES OUT ON DECK, YOU WILL GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEES AND BOW THREE TIMES!
WHAT?
LISTING, YA SPOOKERS..... I YAM POPEYE THE SAILOR AN' I BOWS DOWN TO NO SWAB!

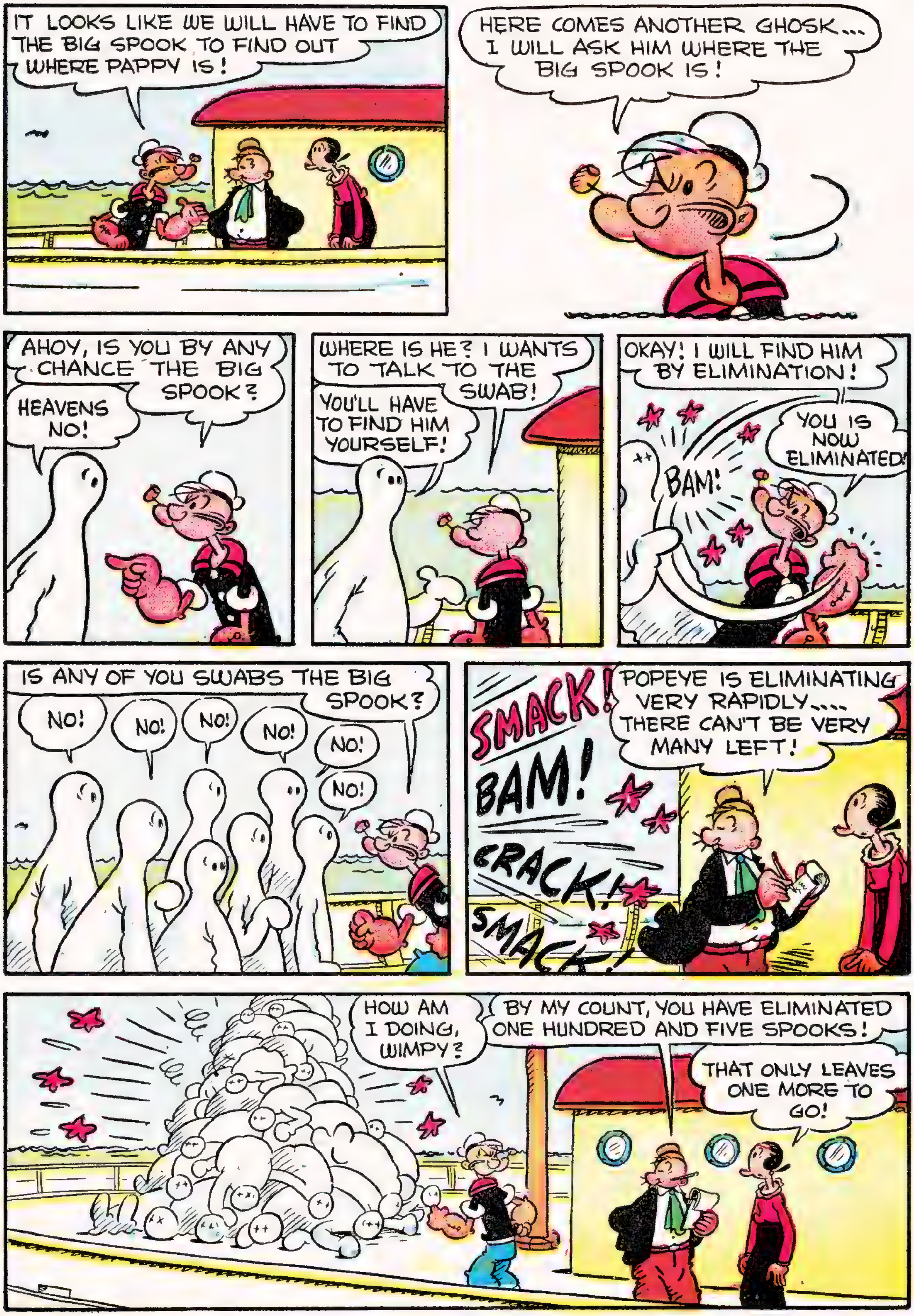

HE'S A CRUM.... HE SAYS HE WON'T BOW DOWN!
TSK! TSK!
THAT'S NOT SHOWING THE PROPER RESPECT FOR OUR BIG SPOOK!
IT'S VERY POOR TASTE ON HIS PART!
I'LL GIVE YOU ONE LAST CHANCE... WILL YOU BOW DOWN TO THE BIG SPOOK?
NO!
VERY WELL, I SHALL FORCE YOU DOWN!
GR-R!
BOB!
POPEYE! DON'T LET HIM DO THAT!! HIT HIM BACK!
DON'T BE SILLY, OLIVE... THE SWAB IS A GHOSK.... HE IS JUS' AIR.... IT WOULD DO NO GOOD TO HIT HIM!
BAM!
FALL DOWN!
ARF! ARF! I HOPES YA IS HAVIN' FUN!
PUFF!
BAM!
(PUFF!) YOU TAKE A TURN, SAM...(PUFF!) I'M WORN OUT!
PUFF!
PUFF!
BLOW ME DOWN!?! THAT WAS A GOOD ONE, SAM!
BOO-!
I WISH YOU SWABS WOULD GET DONE... I WANTS TO GO ON LOOKIN' FER ME PAPPY!
PUFF!
PUFF!
BOP!
PUFF!
PUFF!
SPLAT!
BAM!
ARF! ARF! LOOK AT THE SPOOKERS.... THEY HAS BOTH PUNCHED THEMSELVES OUT!
POPEYE, YOU'RE WONDERFUL!
PUFF

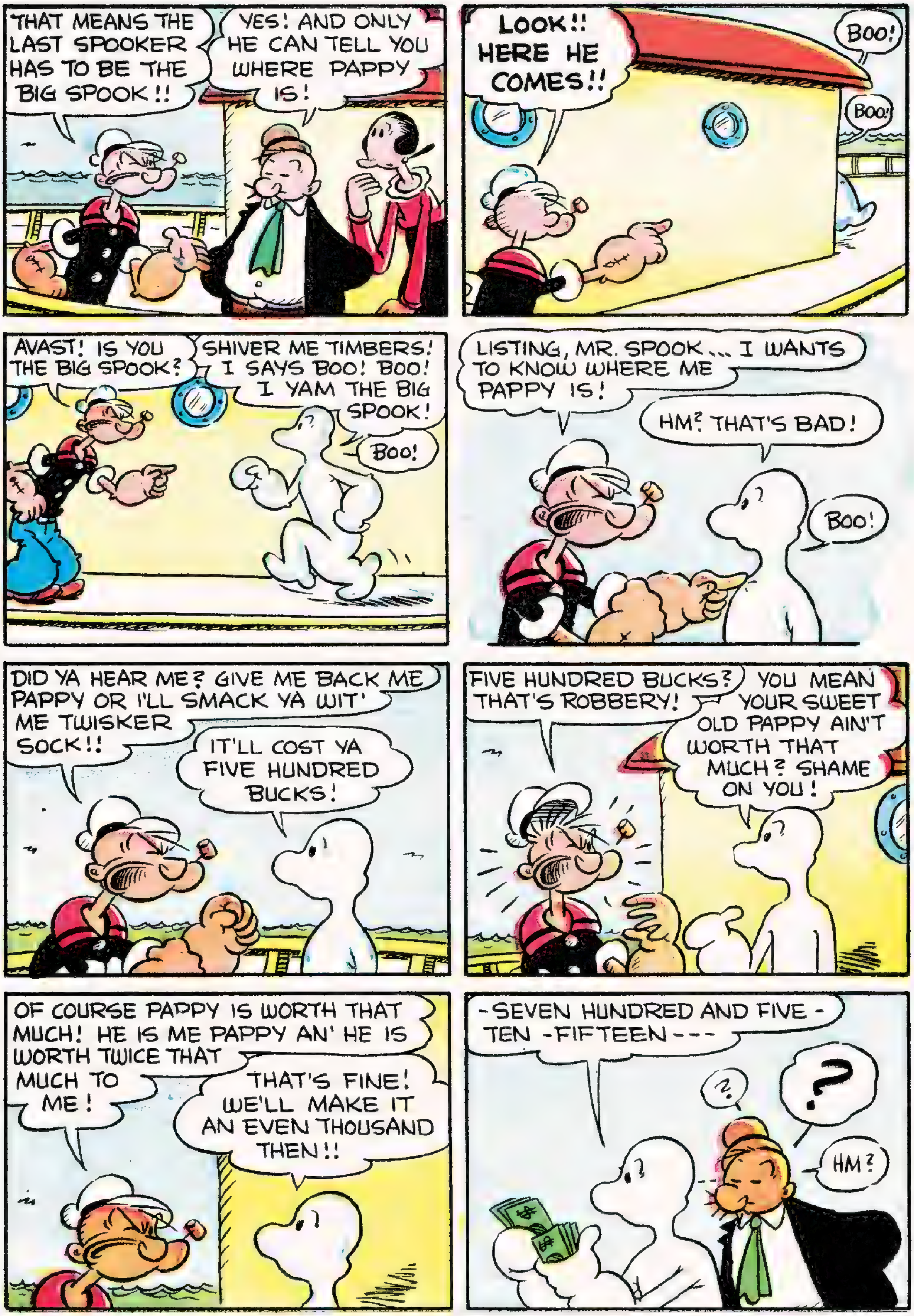


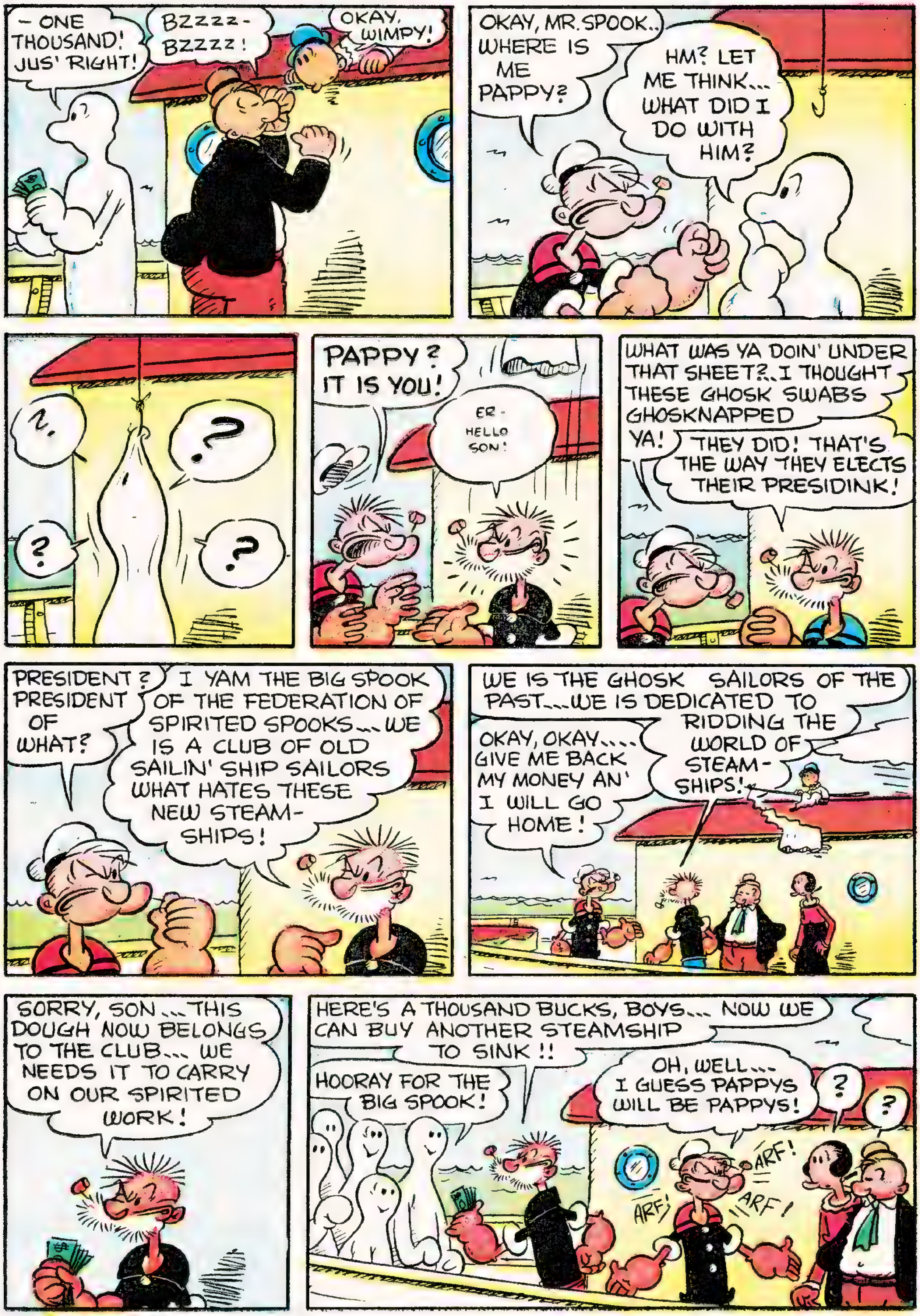
POPEYE, SWEE'PEA AN' I HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU!
GET UP ON THE ROOF, SWEE'PEA!
?
I YAM READY!
ARE YOU READY TO FISH?
AVAST, YA SWABS... THIS IS NO FISHIN' TRIP!
WE COMED OUT HERE TO SAVE ME PAPPY FROM THE HORRIBLE GHOSKS... NOT TO FISH!!
INDEED YES!
HM? HERE COMES ONE OF OUR FISH NOW!
THAT'S A GHOSK!
GOOD MORNING, FISH... ER - GHOST.... NICE DAY!!
BOO?
?
?
WE ARE NOW FISHING, OL' PAL!
?
?
HE'S HOOKED, SWEE'PEA.... PULL AWAY!
GR-R-R!
OUR FISH!
!
?



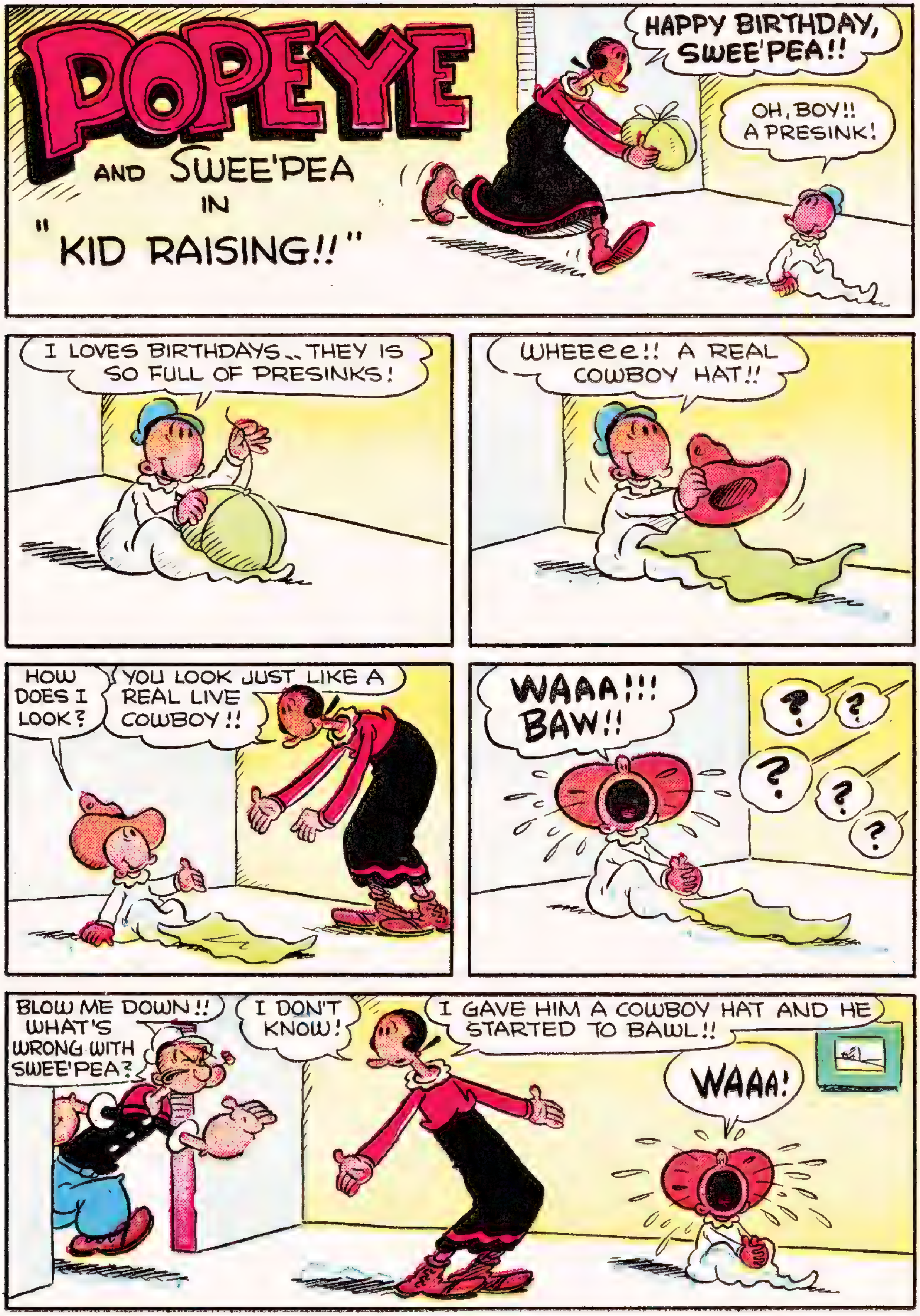
YA MEANS THESE THINGS IS NOT GHOSKS BUT REAL LIVE SWABS IN SHEETS?
BAH!! PHOOEY!
THAT'S RIGHT!
!
LISTING, YA FALSE SPOOK.... WHERE'S ME PAPPY? I WANTS ME PAPPY AN' I WANTS HIM NOW!
BAH!
IF YOU WANT ANY INFORMATION, YOU'LL HAVE TO ASK THE BIG SPOOK!
BIG SPOOK?
LOOK, CHUM, WHO'S THIS BIG SPOOK YOU SWABS KEEP TALKING ABOUT?
GULP!
OUR BIG SPOOK IS THE PRESIDENT OF THIS YEAR'S CONVENTION... HE KNOWS ALL AND SEES ALL!
HM?
HOW MANY OF YOU PHONY SPOOKERS ARE THERE ON ME SHIP?
THERE ARE ONE HUNDRED AND SIX MEMBERS ABOARD.... ENOUGH TO TAKE CARE OF YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS!
IS 'AT SO?
SMACK!
ARF! ARF!! 'AT SWAB WASN'T A VERY GOOD COUNTER.... THEY IS ONLY ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE SPOOKS ABOARD!

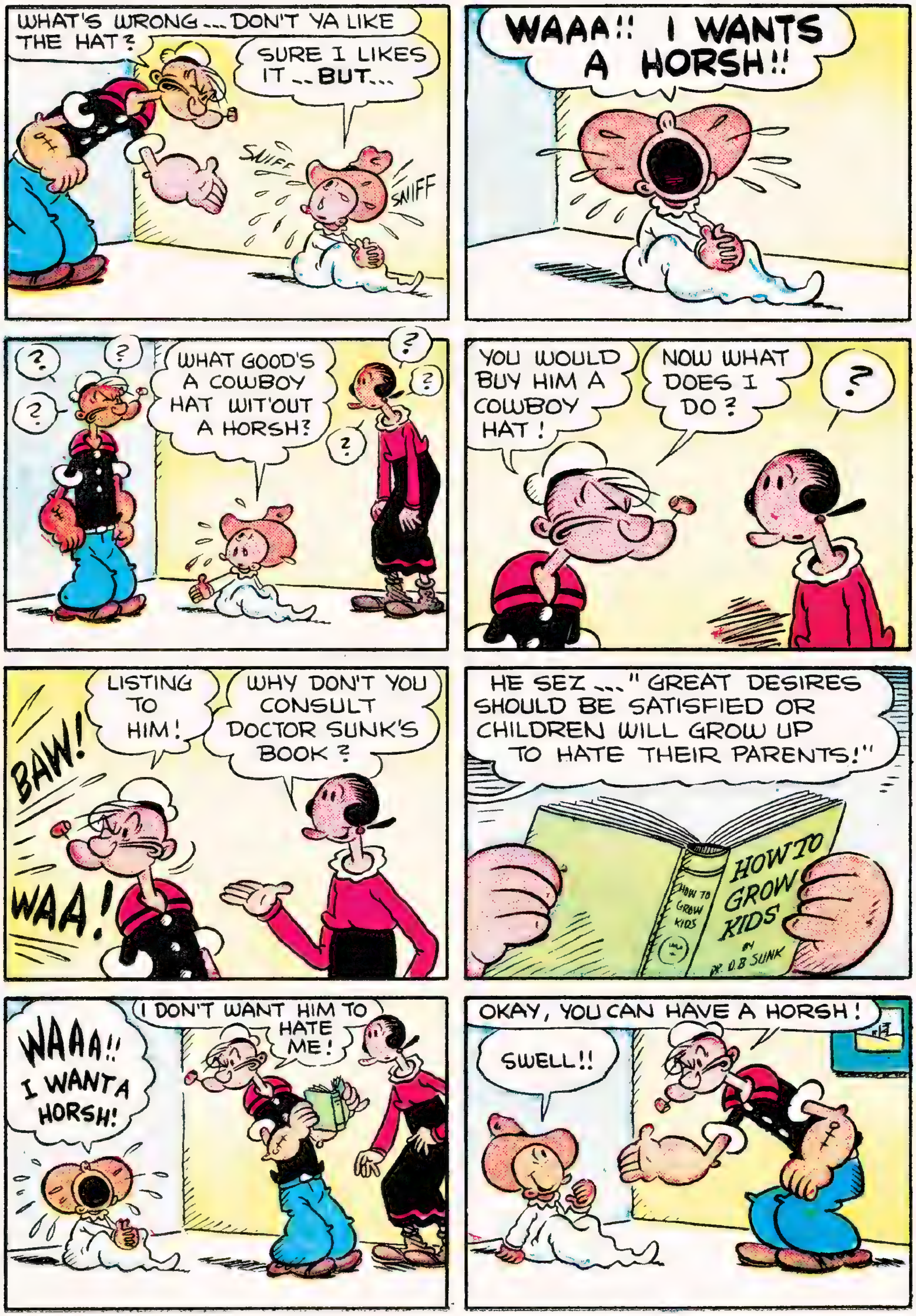

IT LOOKS LIKE WE WILL HAVE TO FIND THE BIG SPOOK TO FIND OUT WHERE PAPPY IS!
HERE COMES ANOTHER GHOSK... I WILL ASK HIM WHERE THE BIG SPOOK IS!
AHOY, IS YOU BY ANY CHANCE THE BIG SPOOK?
HEAVENS NO!
WHERE IS HE? I WANTS TO TALK TO THE SWAB!
YOU'LL HAVE TO FIND HIM YOURSELF!
OKAY! I WILL FIND HIM BY ELIMINATION!
BAM!
YOU IS NOW ELIMINATED!
IS ANY OF YOU SWABS THE BIG SPOOK?
NO!
NO!
NO!
NO!
NO!
NO!
SMACK!
BAM!
CRACK!
SMACK!
POPEYE IS ELIMINATING VERY RAPIDLY... THERE CAN'T BE VERY MANY LEFT!
HOW AM I DOING, WIMPY?
BY MY COUNT, YOU HAVE ELIMINATED ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE SPOOKS!
THAT ONLY LEAVES ONE MORE TO GO!


THAT MEANS THE LAST SPOOKER HAS TO BE THE BIG SPOOK!!
YES! AND ONLY HE CAN TELL YOU WHERE PAPPY IS!
LOOK!! HERE HE COMES!!
BOO!
BOO!
AVAST! IS YOU THE BIG SPOOK?
SHIVER ME TIMBERS! I SAYS BOO! BOO! I YAM THE BIG SPOOK!
BOO!
LISTING, MR. SPOOK... I WANTS TO KNOW WHERE ME PAPPY IS!
HM? THAT'S BAD!
BOO!
DID YA HEAR ME? GIVE ME BACK ME PAPPY OR I'LL SMACK YA WIT' ME TWISKER SOCK!!
IT'LL COST YA FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS!
FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS? THAT'S ROBBERY!
YOU MEAN YOUR SWEET OLD PAPPY AIN'T WORTH THAT MUCH? SHAME ON YOU!
OF COURSE PAPPY IS WORTH THAT MUCH! HE IS ME PAPPY AN' HE IS WORTH TWICE THAT MUCH TO ME!
THAT'S FINE! WE'LL MAKE IT AN EVEN THOUSAND THEN!!
-SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIVE - TEN -FIFTEEN---
?
?
HM?

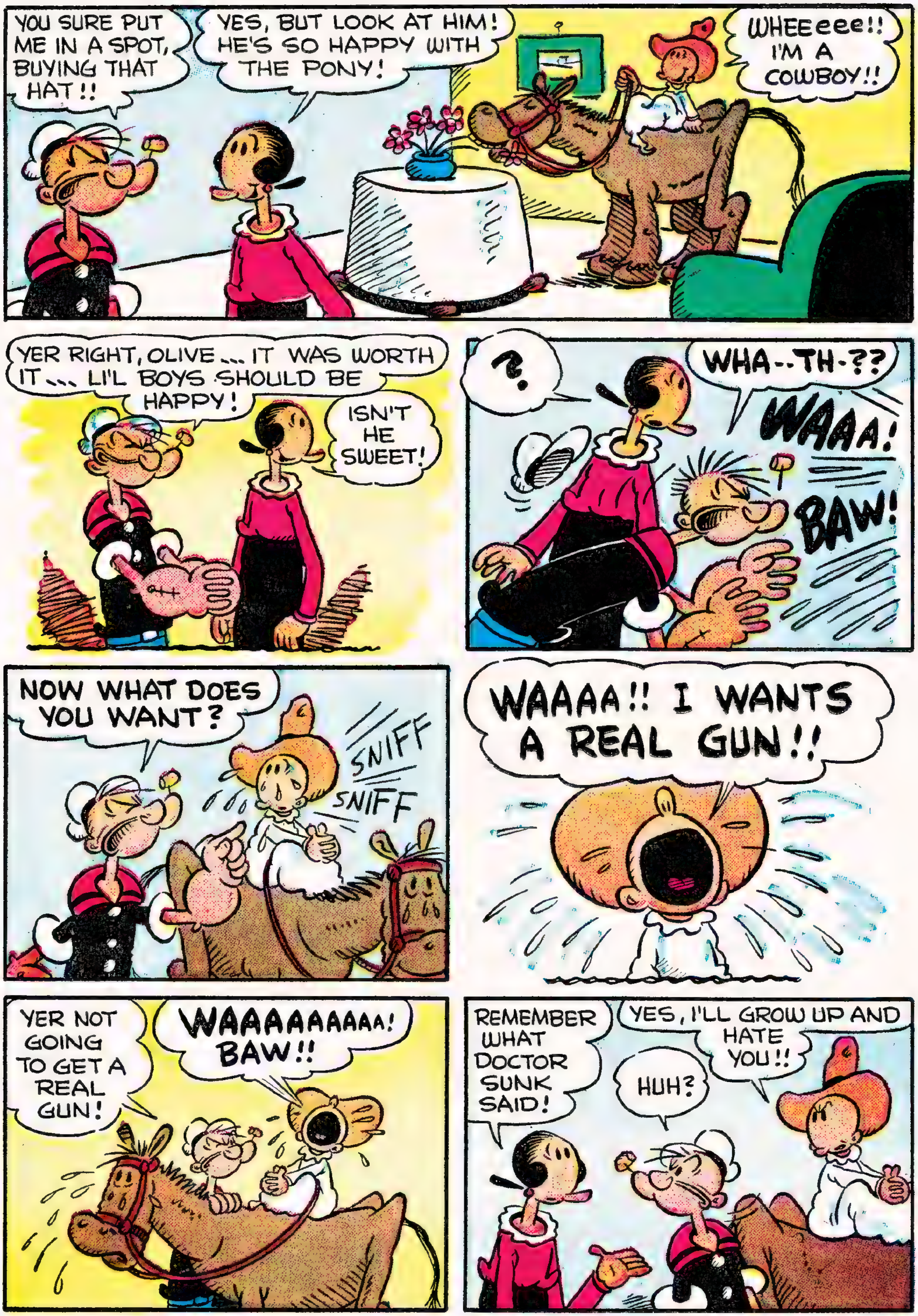


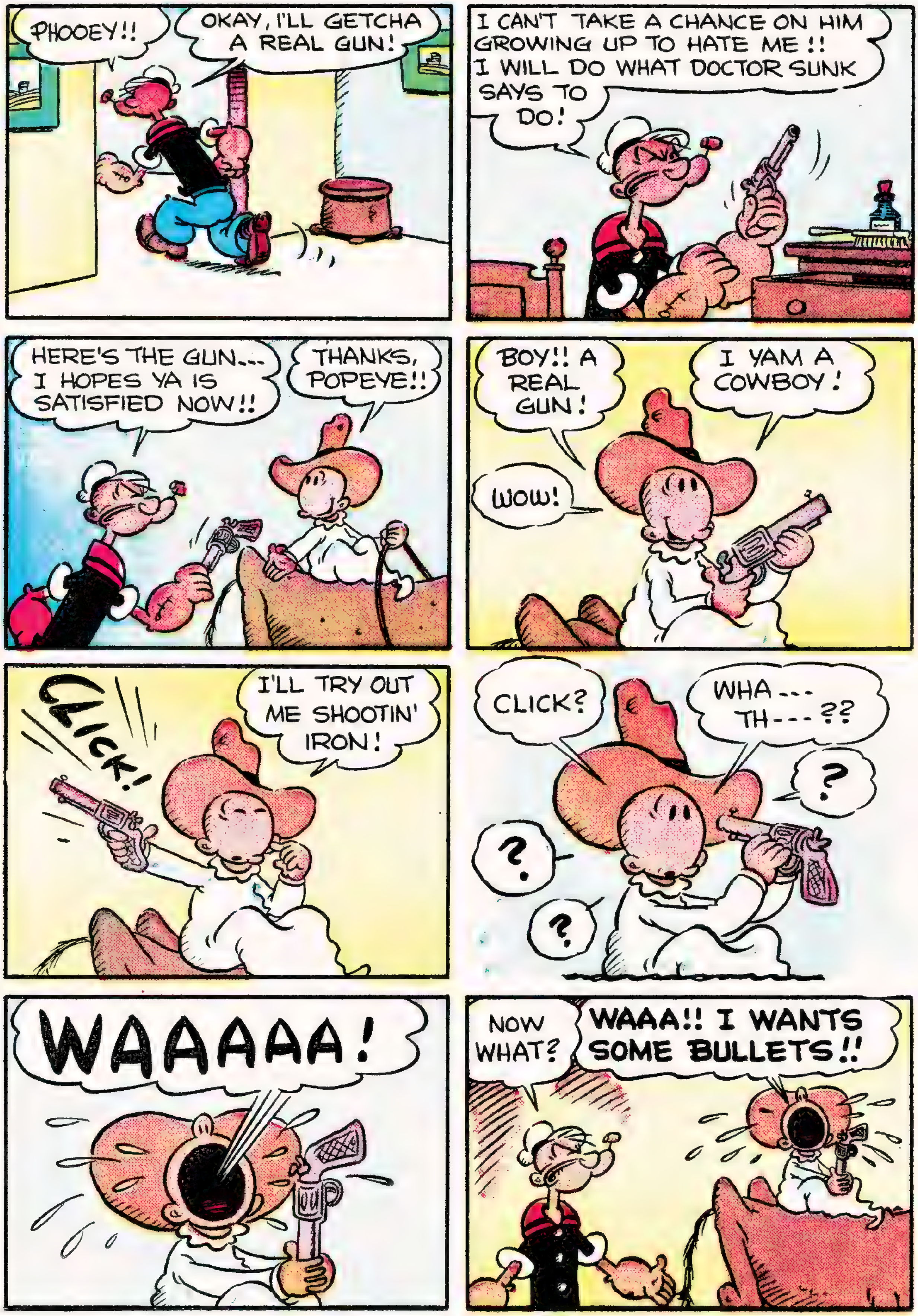
- ONE THOUSAND! JUS' RIGHT!
BZZZZ- BZZZZ!
OKAY, WIMPY!
OKAY, MR. SPOOK.. WHERE IS ME PAPPY?
HM? LET ME THINK... WHAT DID I DO WITH HIM?
?
?
?
?
PAPPY? IT IS YOU!
ER- HELLO SON!
WHAT WAS YA DOIN' UNDER THAT SHEET?..I THOUGHT THESE GHOSK SWABS GHOSKNAPPED YA!
THEY DID! THAT'S THE WAY THEY ELECTS THEIR PRESIDINK!
PRESIDENT? PRESIDENT OF WHAT?
I YAM THE BIG SPOOK OF THE FEDERATION OF SPIRITED SPOOKS... WE IS A CLUB OF OLD SAILIN' SHIP SAILORS WHAT HATES THESE NEW STEAM-SHIPS!
WE IS THE GHOSK SAILORS OF THE PAST...WE IS DEDICATED TO RIDDING THE WORLD OF STEAM-SHIPS!
OKAY, OKAY.... GIVE ME BACK MY MONEY AN' I WILL GO HOME!
SORRY, SON...THIS DOUGH NOW BELONGS TO THE CLUB... WE NEEDS IT TO CARRY ON OUR SPIRITED WORK!
HERE'S A THOUSAND BUCKS, BOYS... NOW WE CAN BUY ANOTHER STEAMSHIP TO SINK!!
HOORAY FOR THE BIG SPOOK!
OH, WELL... I GUESS PAPPYS WILL BE PAPPYS!
?
?
ARF!
ARF!
ARF!

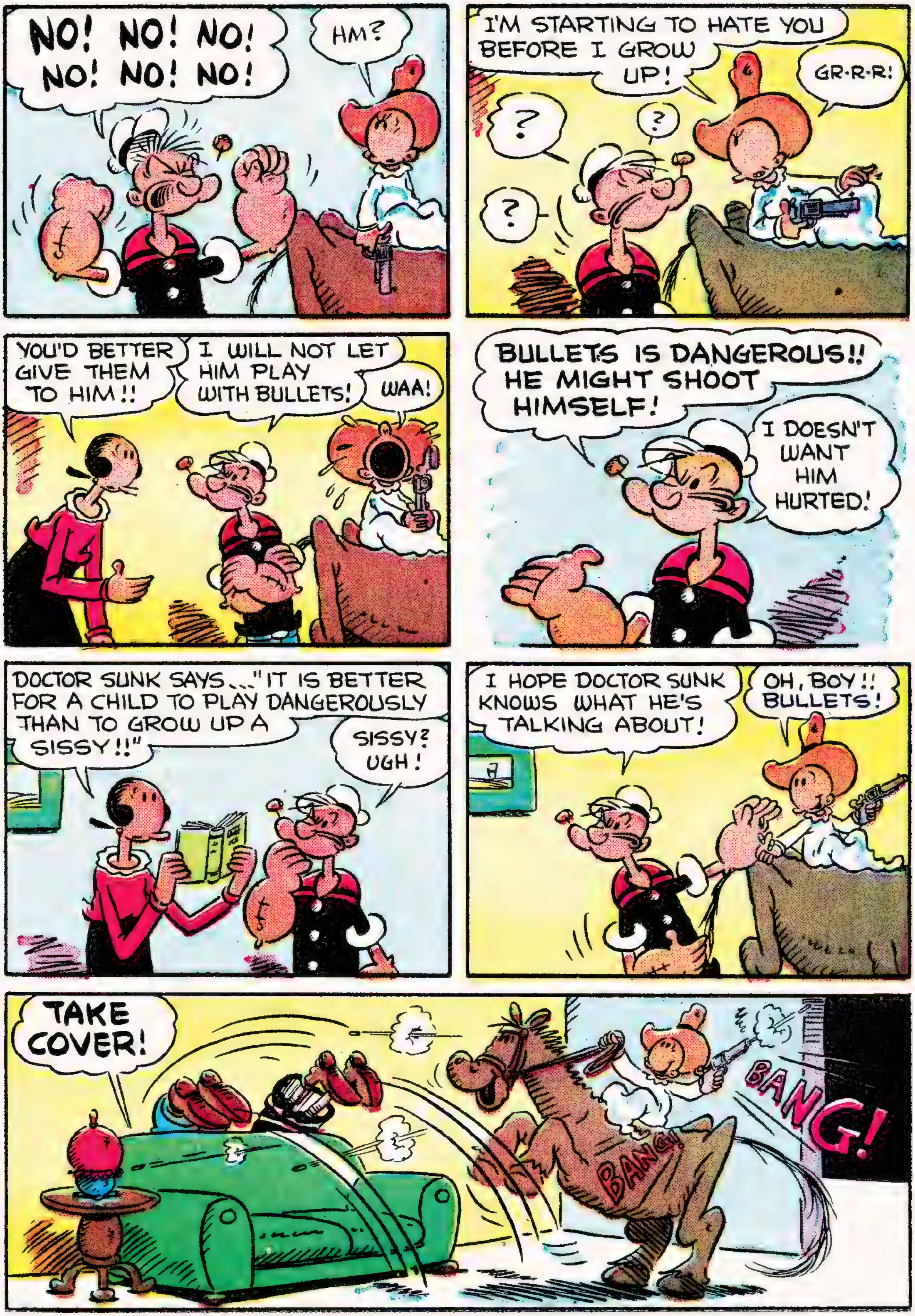

POPEYE
AND SWEE'PEA
IN
"KID RAISING!!"
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, SWEE'PEA!!
OH, BOY!! A PRESINK!
I LOVES BIRTHDAYS.. THEY IS SO FULL OF PRESINKS!
WHEEeee!! A REAL COWBOY HAT!!
HOW DOES I LOOK?
YOU LOOK JUST LIKE A REAL LIVE COWBOY!!
WAAA!!! BAW!!
BLOW ME DOWN!! WHAT'S WRONG WITH SWEE'PEA?
I DON'T KNOW!
I GAVE HIM A COWBOY HAT AND HE STARTED TO BAWL!!
WAAA!

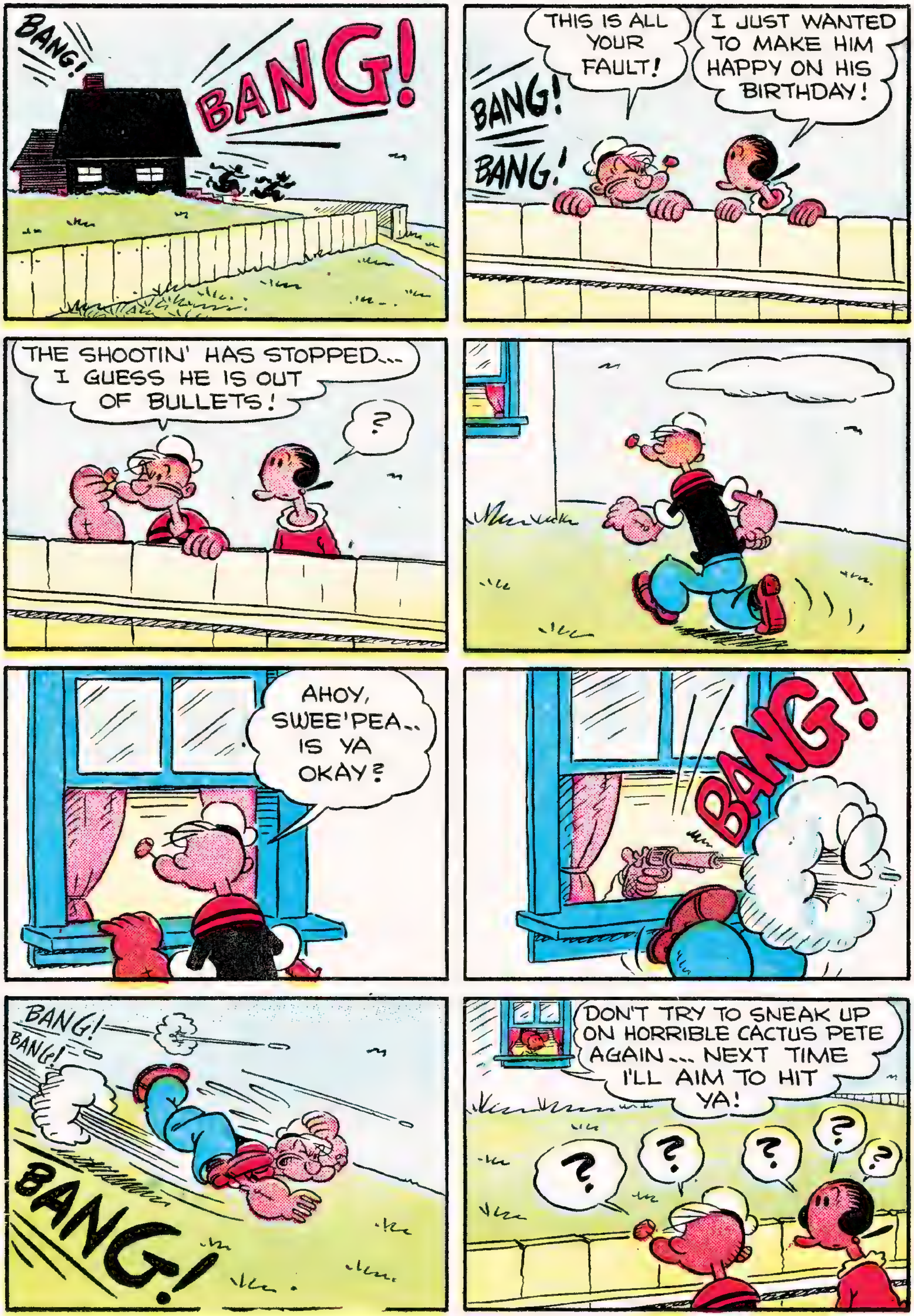


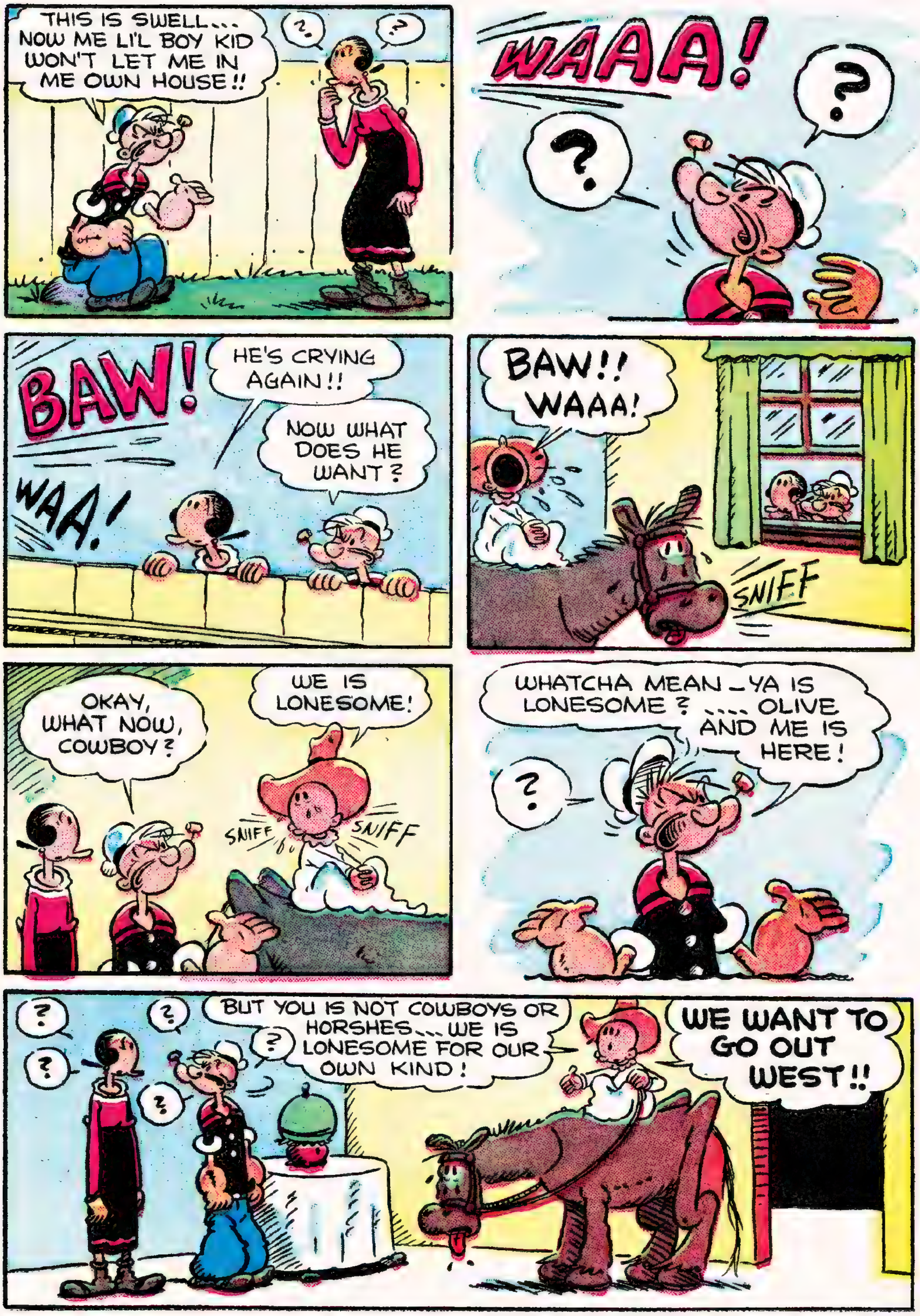
WHAT'S WRONG ... DON'T YA LIKE THE HAT?
SURE I LIKES IT ... BUT...
SNIFF
SNIFF
WAAA!! I WANTS A HORSH!!
WHAT GOOD'S A COWBOY HAT WIT'OUT A HORSH?
YOU WOULD BUY HIM A COWBOY HAT!
NOW WHAT DOES I DO?
BAW!
WAA!
LISTING TO HIM!
WHY DON'T YOU CONSULT DOCTOR SUNK'S BOOK?
HE SEZ ... "GREAT DESIRES SHOULD BE SATISFIED OR CHILDREN WILL GROW UP TO HATE THEIR PARENTS!"
HOW TO GROW KIDS
BY DR. D.B. SUNK
WAAA!! I WANT A HORSH!
I DON'T WANT HIM TO HATE ME!
OKAY, YOU CAN HAVE A HORSH!
SWELL!!

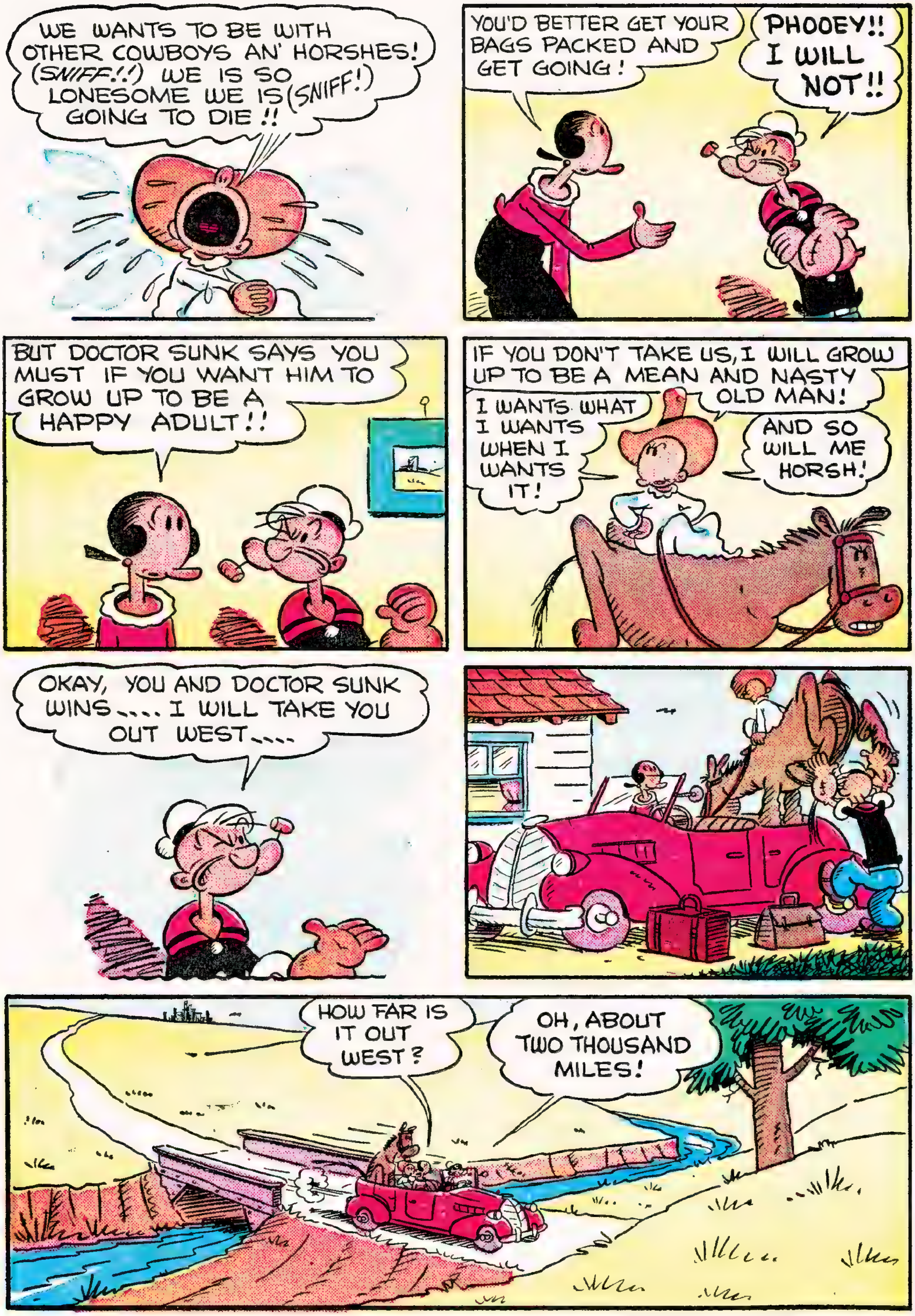

YOU SURE PUT ME IN A SPOT, BUYING THAT HAT!!
YES, BUT LOOK AT HIM! HE'S SO HAPPY WITH THE PONY!
WHEEeee!! I'M A COWBOY!!
YER RIGHT, OLIVE ... IT WAS WORTH IT ... LI'L BOYS SHOULD BE HAPPY!
ISN'T HE SWEET!
?
WHA--TH-??
WAAA!
BAW!
NOW WHAT DOES YOU WANT?
SNIFF
SNIFF
WAAAA!! I WANTS A REAL GUN!!
YER NOT GOING TO GET A REAL GUN!
WAAAAAAAAA! BAW!!
REMEMBER WHAT DOCTOR SUNK SAID!
YES, I'LL GROW UP AND HATE YOU!!
HUH?


PHOOEY!!
OKAY, I'LL GETCHA A REAL GUN!
I CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE ON HIM GROWING UP TO HATE ME!! I WILL DO WHAT DOCTOR SUNK SAYS TO DO!
HERE'S THE GUN--- I HOPES YA IS SATISFIED NOW!!
THANKS, POPEYE!!
BOY!! A REAL GUN!
I YAM A COWBOY!
WOW!
CLICK!
I'LL TRY OUT ME SHOOTIN' IRON!
CLICK?
WHA--- TH---??
?
?
?
WAAAAA!
NOW WHAT?
WAAA!! I WANTS SOME BULLETS!!

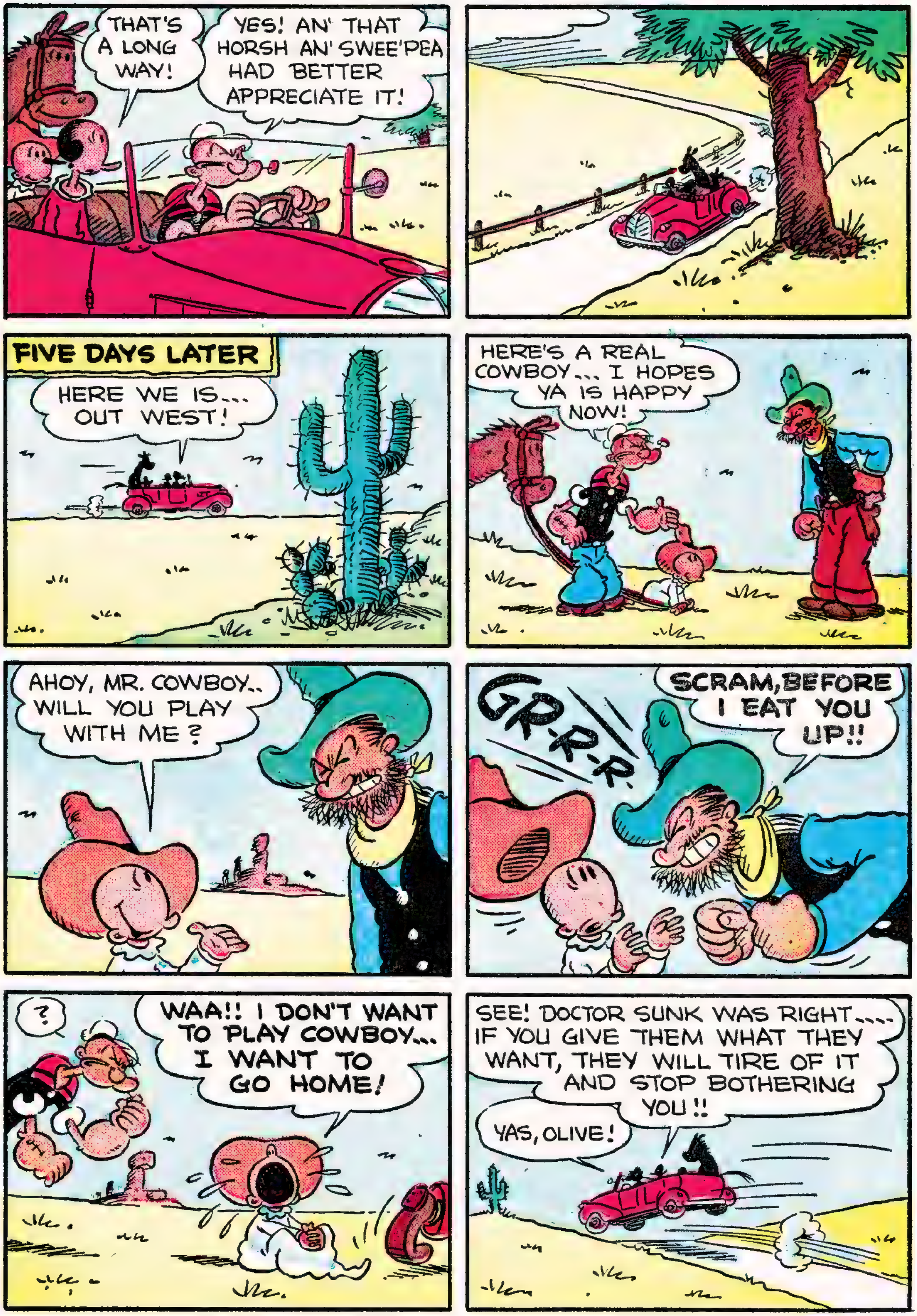

NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! NO!
HM?
I'M STARTING TO HATE YOU BEFORE I GROW UP!
GR-R-R!
?
?
?
YOU'D BETTER GIVE THEM TO HIM!!
I WILL NOT LET HIM PLAY WITH BULLETS!
WAA!
BULLETS IS DANGEROUS!! HE MIGHT SHOOT HIMSELF!
I DOESN'T WANT HIM HURTED!
DOCTOR SUNK SAYS..."IT IS BETTER FOR A CHILD TO PLAY DANGEROUSLY THAN TO GROW UP A SISSY!!"
SISSY? UGH!
I HOPE DOCTOR SUNK KNOWS WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT!
OH, BOY!! BULLETS!
TAKE COVER!
BANG!
BANG!


BANG!
BANG!
THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!
I JUST WANTED TO MAKE HIM HAPPY ON HIS BIRTHDAY!
BANG!
BANG!
THE SHOOTIN' HAS STOPPED... I GUESS HE IS OUT OF BULLETS!
?
AHOY, SWEE'PEA.. IS YA OKAY?
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
DON'T TRY TO SNEAK UP ON HORRIBLE CACTUS PETE AGAIN... NEXT TIME I'LL AIM TO HIT YA!
?
?
?
?
?

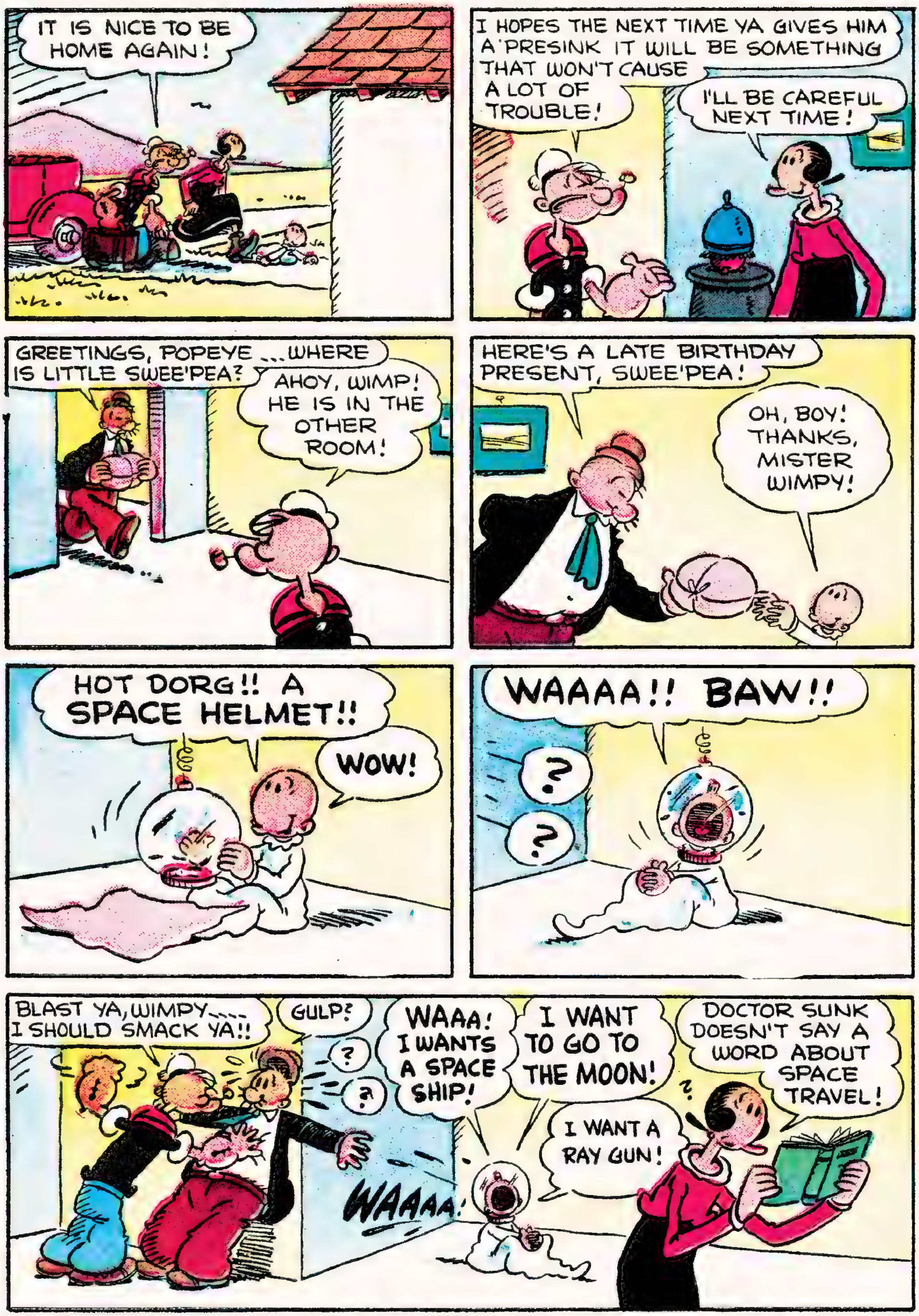

THIS IS SWELL... NOW ME LI'L BOY KID WON'T LET ME IN ME OWN HOUSE!!
?
?
WAAA!
?
?
BAW!
HE'S CRYING AGAIN!!
NOW WHAT DOES HE WANT?
WAA!
BAW!! WAAA!
SNIFF
OKAY, WHAT NOW, COWBOY?
WE IS LONESOME!
SNIFF
SNIFF
WHATCHA MEAN - YA IS LONESOME? .... OLIVE AND ME IS HERE!
?
?
?
?
BUT YOU IS NOT COWBOYS OR HORSHES... WE IS LONESOME FOR OUR OWN KIND!
?
?
WE WANT TO GO OUT WEST!!



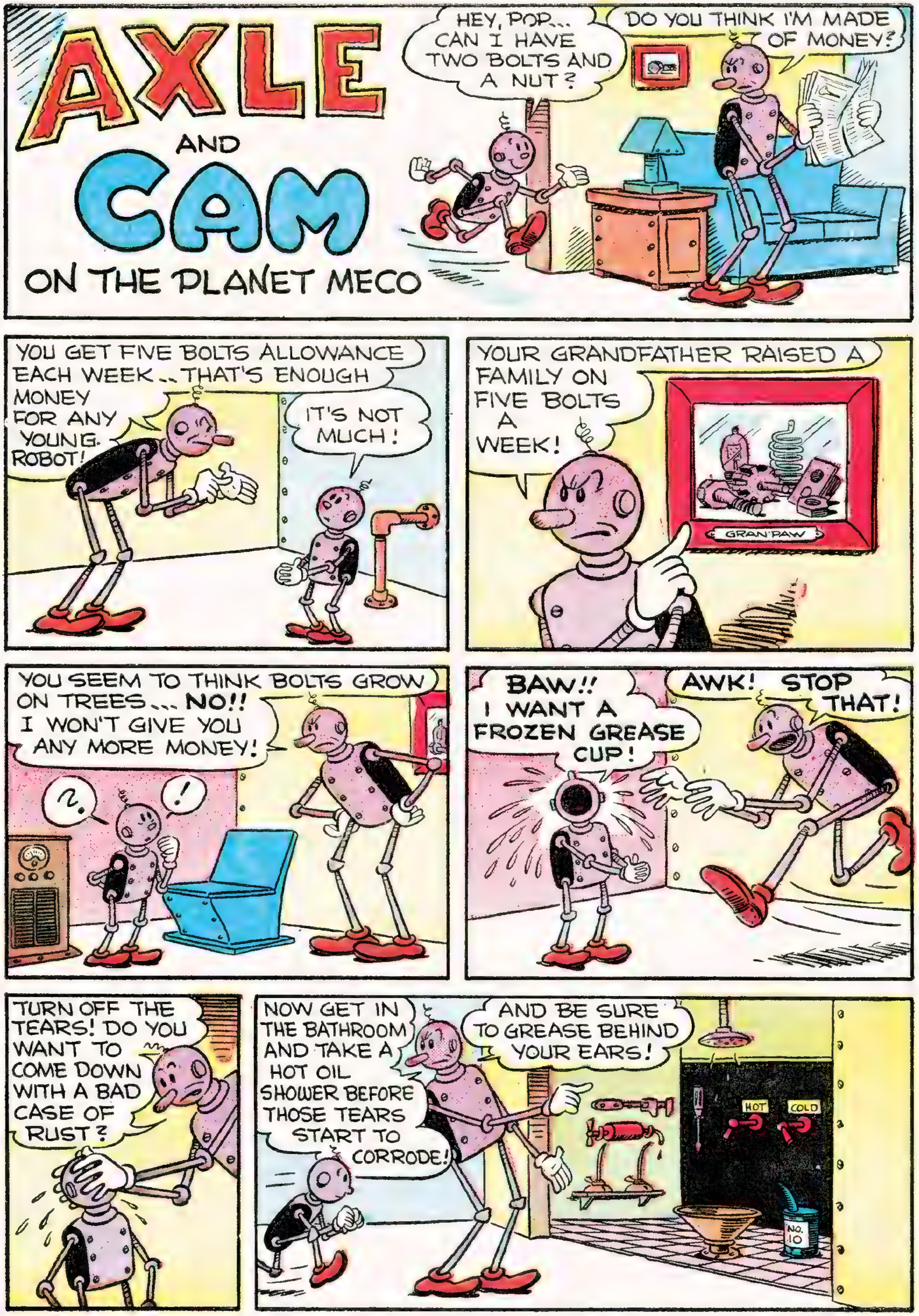
WE WANTS TO BE WITH OTHER COWBOYS AN' HORSHES! (SNIFF!!) WE IS SO LONESOME WE IS (SNIFF!) GOING TO DIE!!
YOU'D BETTER GET YOUR BAGS PACKED AND GET GOING!
PHOOEY!! I WILL NOT!!
BUT DOCTOR SUNK SAYS YOU MUST IF YOU WANT HIM TO GROW UP TO BE A HAPPY ADULT!!
IF YOU DON'T TAKE US, I WILL GROW UP TO BE A MEAN AND NASTY OLD MAN!
I WANTS WHAT I WANTS WHEN I WANTS IT!
AND SO WILL ME HORSH!
OKAY, YOU AND DOCTOR SUNK WINS.... I WILL TAKE YOU OUT WEST....
HOW FAR IS IT OUT WEST?
OH, ABOUT TWO THOUSAND MILES!

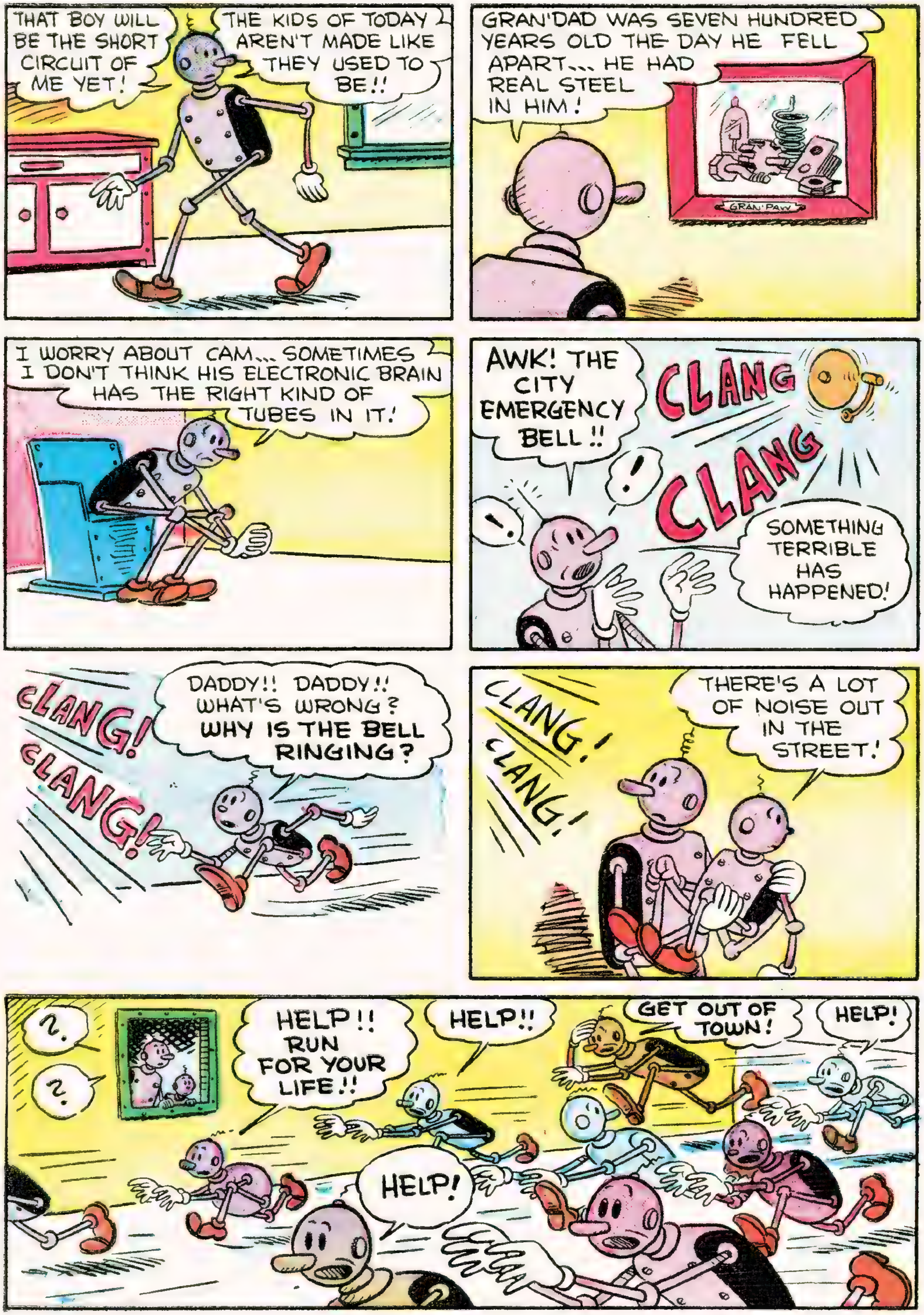


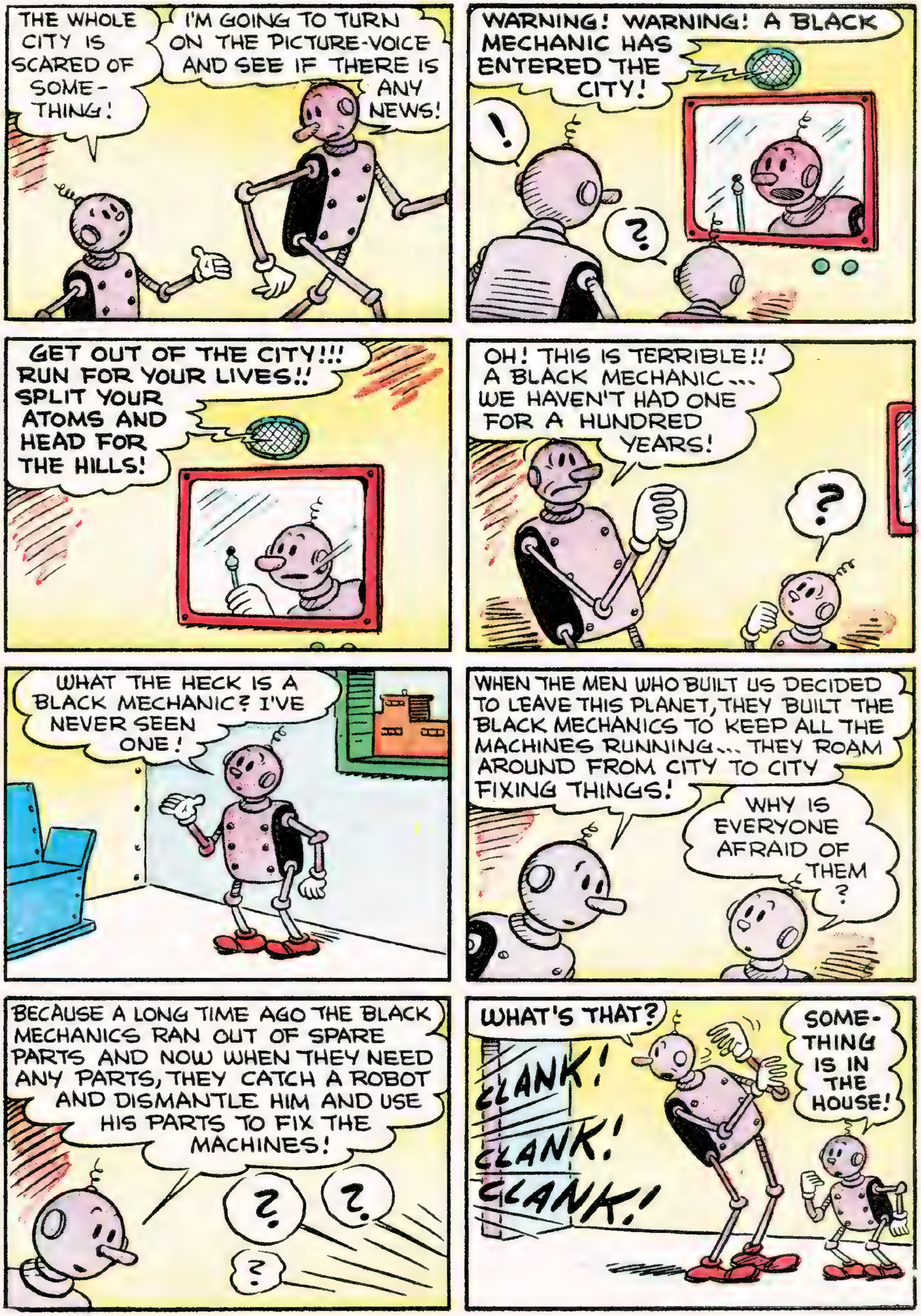
THAT'S A LONG WAY!
YES! AN' THAT HORSH AN' SWEE'PEA HAD BETTER APPRECIATE IT!
FIVE DAYS LATER
HERE WE IS... OUT WEST!
HERE'S A REAL COWBOY... I HOPES YA IS HAPPY NOW!
AHOY, MR. COWBOY.. WILL YOU PLAY WITH ME?
GR-R-R.
SCRAM, BEFORE I EAT YOU UP!!
?
WAA!! I DON'T WANT TO PLAY COWBOY... I WANT TO GO HOME!
SEE! DOCTOR SUNK WAS RIGHT.... IF YOU GIVE THEM WHAT THEY WANT, THEY WILL TIRE OF IT AND STOP BOTHERING YOU!!
YAS, OLIVE!

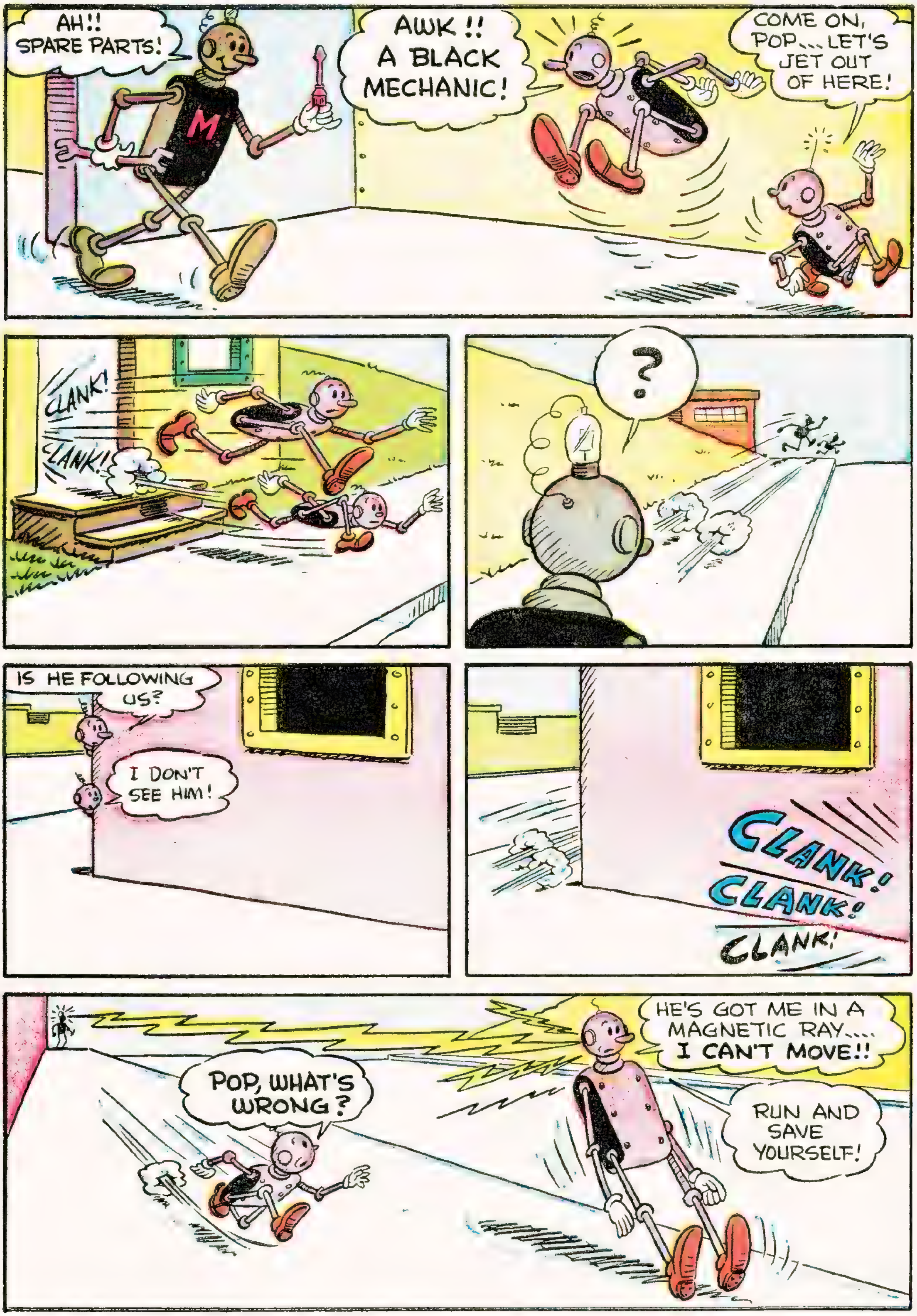


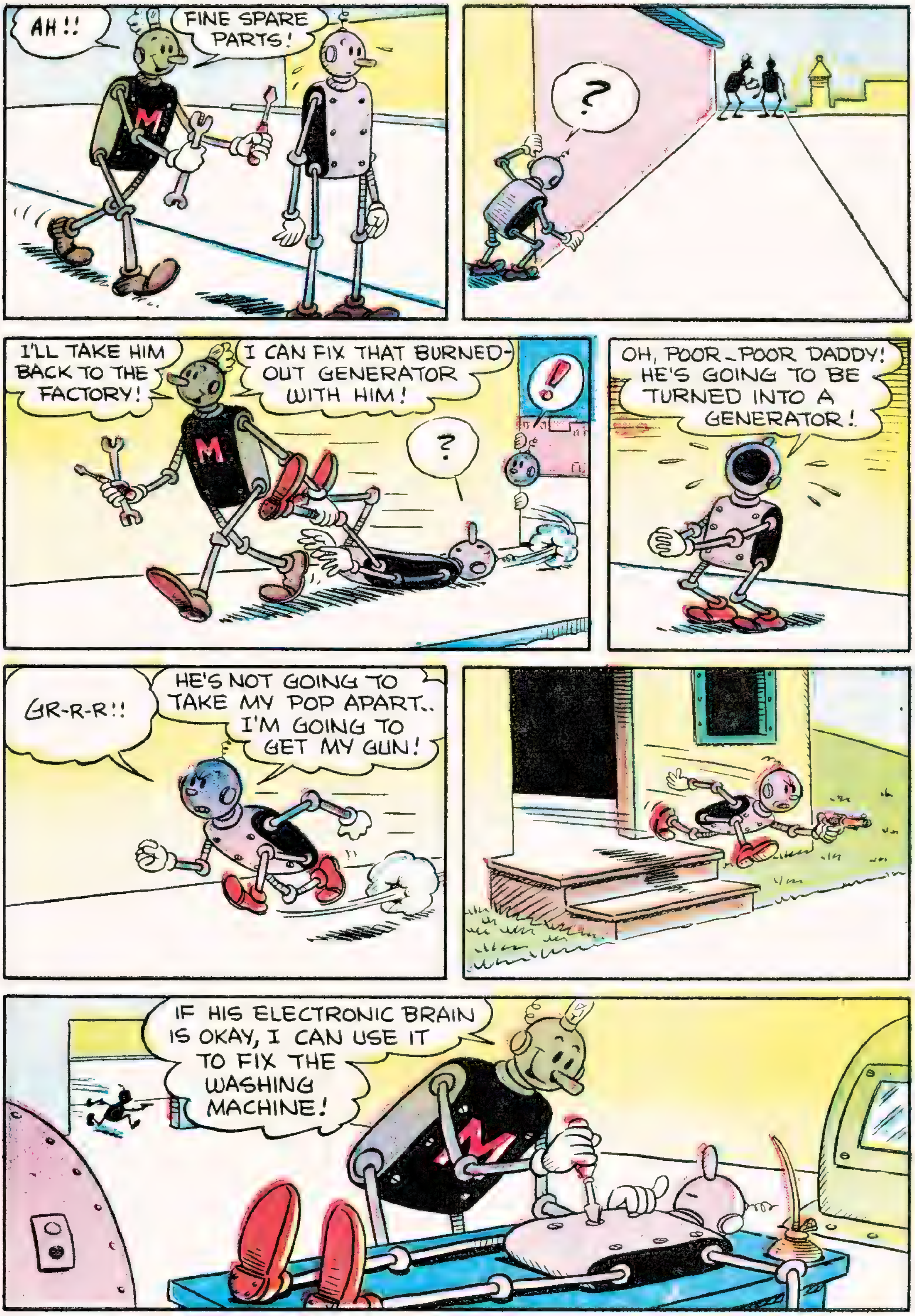
IT IS NICE TO BE HOME AGAIN!
I HOPES THE NEXT TIME YA GIVES HIM A 'PRESINK IT WILL BE SOMETHING THAT WON'T CAUSE A LOT OF TROUBLE!
I'LL BE CAREFUL NEXT TIME!
GREETINGS, POPEYE ... WHERE IS LITTLE SWEE'PEA?
AHOY, WIMP! HE IS IN THE OTHER ROOM!
HERE'S A LATE BIRTHDAY PRESENT, SWEE'PEA!
OH, BOY! THANKS, MISTER WIMPY!
HOT DORG!! A SPACE HELMET!!
WOW!
WAAAA!! BAW!!
?
?
BLAST YA, WIMPY.... I SHOULD SMACK YA!!
GULP!
?
?
WAAA! I WANTS A SPACE SHIP!
I WANT TO GO TO THE MOON!
I WANT A RAY GUN!
WAAAA!
DOCTOR SUNK DOESN'T SAY A WORD ABOUT SPACE TRAVEL!

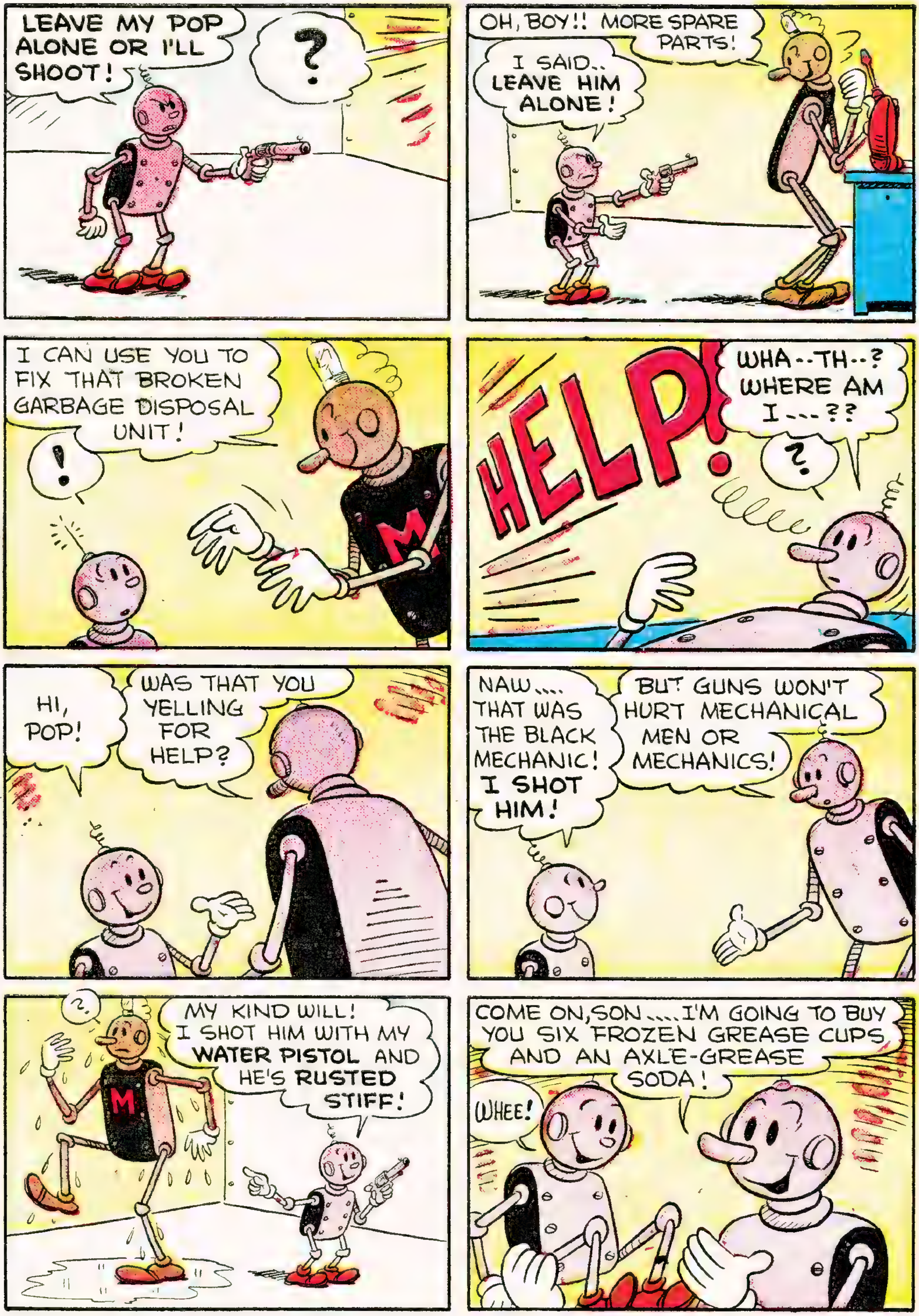

AXLE AND CAM ON THE PLANET MECO
HEY, POP... CAN I HAVE TWO BOLTS AND A NUT?
DO YOU THINK I'M MADE OF MONEY?
YOU GET FIVE BOLTS ALLOWANCE EACH WEEK... THAT'S ENOUGH MONEY FOR ANY YOUNG ROBOT!
IT'S NOT MUCH!
YOUR GRANDFATHER RAISED A FAMILY ON FIVE BOLTS A WEEK!
GRAN'PAW
YOU SEEM TO THINK BOLTS GROW ON TREES... NO!! I WON'T GIVE YOU ANY MORE MONEY!
?
!
BAW!! I WANT A FROZEN GREASE CUP!
AWK! STOP THAT!
TURN OFF THE TEARS! DO YOU WANT TO COME DOWN WITH A BAD CASE OF RUST?
NOW GET IN THE BATHROOM AND TAKE A HOT OIL SHOWER BEFORE THOSE TEARS START TO CORRODE!
AND BE SURE TO GREASE BEHIND YOUR EARS!
HOT
COLD
NO. 10


THAT BOY WILL BE THE SHORT CIRCUIT OF ME YET!
THE KIDS OF TODAY AREN'T MADE LIKE THEY USED TO BE!!
GRAN'DAD WAS SEVEN HUNDRED YEARS OLD THE DAY HE FELL APART... HE HAD REAL STEEL IN HIM!
GRAN'PAW
I WORRY ABOUT CAM... SOMETIMES I DON'T THINK HIS ELECTRONIC BRAIN HAS THE RIGHT KIND OF TUBES IN IT!
AWK! THE CITY EMERGENCY BELL!!
CLANG
CLANG
SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED!
CLANG!
CLANG!
DADDY!! DADDY!! WHAT'S WRONG? WHY IS THE BELL RINGING?
CLANG!
CLANG!
THERE'S A LOT OF NOISE OUT IN THE STREET!
HELP!! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!!
HELP!!
GET OUT OF TOWN!
HELP!
HELP!


THE WHOLE CITY IS SCARED OF SOME-THING!
I'M GOING TO TURN ON THE PICTURE-VOICE AND SEE IF THERE IS ANY NEWS!
WARNING! WARNING! A BLACK MECHANIC HAS ENTERED THE CITY!
!
?
GET OUT OF THE CITY!!! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!! SPLIT YOUR ATOMS AND HEAD FOR THE HILLS!
OH! THIS IS TERRIBLE!! A BLACK MECHANIC... WE HAVEN'T HAD ONE FOR A HUNDRED YEARS!
?
WHAT THE HECK IS A BLACK MECHANIC? I'VE NEVER SEEN ONE!
WHEN THE MEN WHO BUILT US DECIDED TO LEAVE THIS PLANET, THEY BUILT THE BLACK MECHANICS TO KEEP ALL THE MACHINES RUNNING... THEY ROAM AROUND FROM CITY TO CITY FIXING THINGS!
WHY IS EVERYONE AFRAID OF THEM?
BECAUSE A LONG TIME AGO THE BLACK MECHANICS RAN OUT OF SPARE PARTS AND NOW WHEN THEY NEED ANY PARTS, THEY CATCH A ROBOT AND DISMANTLE HIM AND USE HIS PARTS TO FIX THE MACHINES!
?
?
?
WHAT'S THAT?
CLANK!
CLANK!
CLANK!
SOME-THING IS IN THE HOUSE!


AH!! SPARE PARTS!
AWK!! A BLACK MECHANIC!
COME ON, POP... LET'S JET OUT OF HERE!
CLANK!
CLANK!
?
IS HE FOLLOWING US?
I DON'T SEE HIM!
CLANK!
CLANK!
CLANK!
HE'S GOT ME IN A MAGNETIC RAY.... I CAN'T MOVE!!
POP, WHAT'S WRONG?
RUN AND SAVE YOURSELF!


AH!!
FINE SPARE PARTS!
?
I'LL TAKE HIM BACK TO THE FACTORY!
I CAN FIX THAT BURNED-OUT GENERATOR WITH HIM!
!
?
OH, POOR-POOR DADDY! HE'S GOING TO BE TURNED INTO A GENERATOR!
GR-R-R!!
HE'S NOT GOING TO TAKE MY POP APART.. I'M GOING TO GET MY GUN!
IF HIS ELECTRONIC BRAIN IS OKAY, I CAN USE IT TO FIX THE WASHING MACHINE!


LEAVE MY POP ALONE OR I'LL SHOOT!
?
OH, BOY!! MORE SPARE PARTS!
I SAID.. LEAVE HIM ALONE!
I CAN USE YOU TO FIX THAT BROKEN GARBAGE DISPOSAL UNIT!
!
HELP!
WHA--TH--? WHERE AM I---??
?
HI, POP!
WAS THAT YOU YELLING FOR HELP?
NAW.... THAT WAS THE BLACK MECHANIC! I SHOT HIM!
BUT GUNS WON'T HURT MECHANICAL MEN OR MECHANICS!
?
MY KIND WILL! I SHOT HIM WITH MY WATER PISTOL AND HE'S RUSTED STIFF!
COME ON, SON.....I'M GOING TO BUY YOU SIX FROZEN GREASE CUPS AND AN AXLE-GREASE SODA!
WHEE!

(Continued from inside front cover)

He pulled himself back to the top of the wall and gazed out over the ocean.

"There must be some way to get to the fish under all of that ocean." He tried to remember everything he had ever heard about the ocean and fishing. "All I know is that there are fish under there, so I guess the only way to hunt for them is to go in and get them."

So saying, he sprang as far out from the wall as he could and fell with a large splash into the ocean, expecting to break through

the ocean and get to the place under it where the fish lived.

Spot reached the wall just in time to see the tip of Marty's tail disappear beneath the surface of the water.

"OH! Poor Marty! He'll drown for sure."

Marty, with the salt water burning his eyes, sank down through the water without trying to struggle in any way. He was holding his breath and waiting until he got through the ocean and into the place beneath where the fish lived. He sank deeper and deeper and his lungs were about to burst.

"Isn't there any end to this ocean?" he gasped to himself and then as he realized that he couldn't hold his breath any longer, he began to struggle to reach the surface and air. He thrashed about and his effort was helped along by a very sharp pain in the end of his tail.

Spot, who was dashing up and down the sea wall trying to see his friend, was almost bowled over as Marty came shooting out of the water with a large fish firmly attached to his tail. Cat and fish sailed through the air and landed on the other side of the sea wall, fifty feet from the water.

"WOW! HOORAY! YOU DID IT, MARTY," barked Spot as he ran up to the exhausted cat who was lying outstretched on the ground panting for breath.

"Did what?" mewed Marty with a very wet voice. "What did I do but almost drown?"

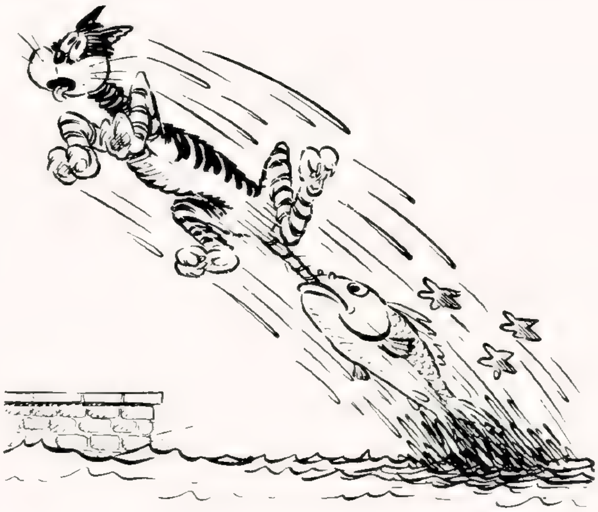
"You caught a fish," exclaimed Spot, and he picked the fish up and carried it around to where Marty could see it.

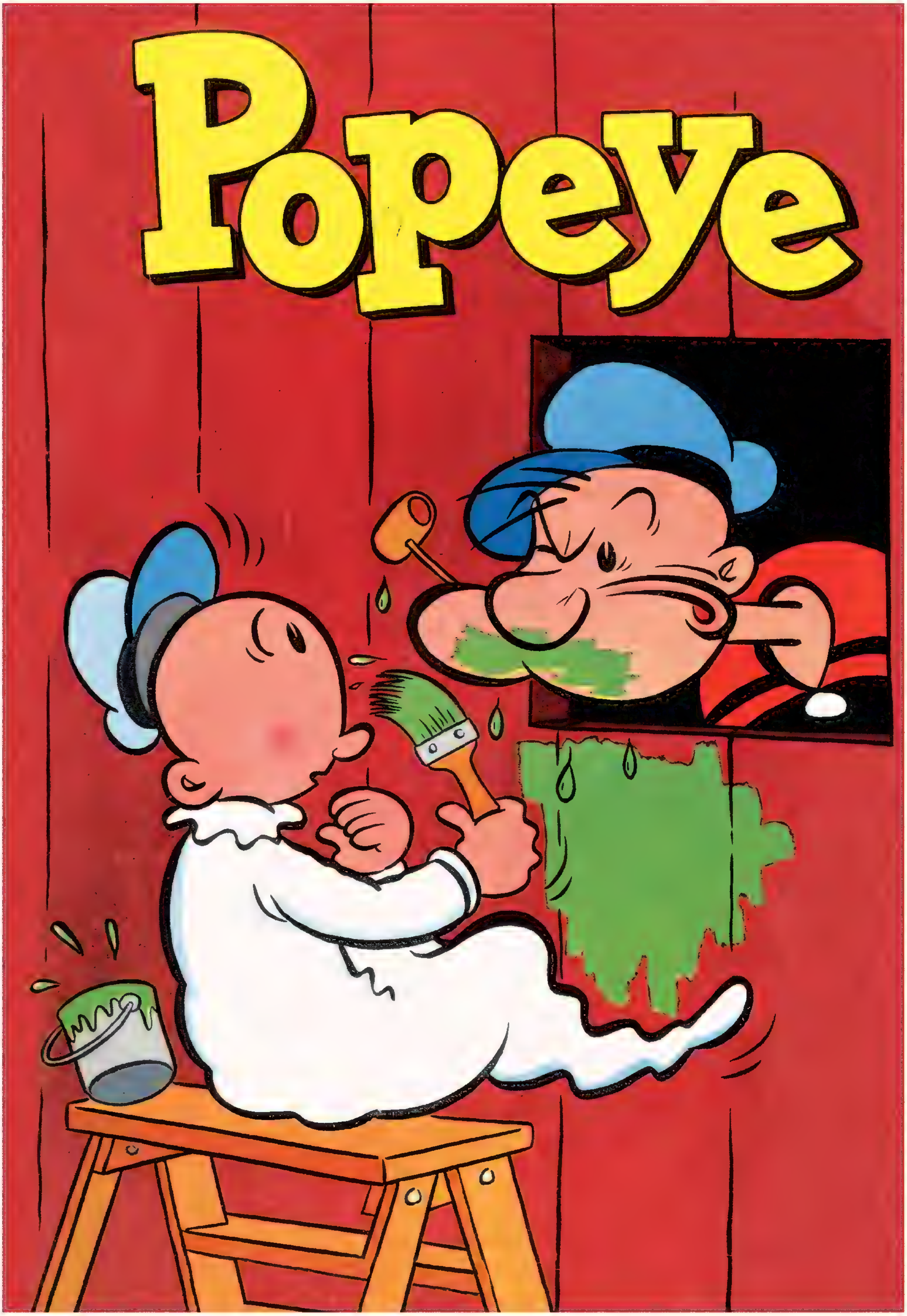
"TAKE IT AWAY! TAKE IT AWAY!" screamed the cat. "I NEVER WANT TO SEE ANOTHER FISH AS LONG AS I LIVE! FISH LIVE IN THE OCEAN AND THE OCEAN IS HORRIBLE!"

Spot stood with the fish in his mouth as his friend headed back across town to the safety and the dryness of his own alley.

"Good heavens! If I could fish as good as he can, I'd live on fish." Spot followed his friend with his eyes as far as he could and then sat down and began to eat the fish.

Marty crawled back to his alley and spent the rest of the day looking for another piece of dried toast.





Popeye #27, January-March 1954

Far out beyond the moon, in the black depths of space, a small ball-shaped space ship spun lazily along while the two strange creatures aboard discussed the blue-green planet they were watching through an electronic telescope.

"It looks as if our search for a new home has come to an end," stated the leader of the two, as he turned from the eyepiece of the telescope and walked over to the chart desk.

"I hope so," answered his companion, "I'm tired of flitting from one star to another trying to find a planet suitable for our people to move to."

The other space creature looked troubled and when the commander asked what was bothering him, he said, "Are you sure our weapons will be strong enough to defeat the builders of those cities? After all, we don't know what type of life they are."

"Our ray guns and atomic cannons will take care of anything living in the Milky Way. But before we report to our home planet, I think it would be wise to land and check on the inhabitants, to be sure. Besides, I would like to walk on land again. Five hundred years in this metal ball has made me stiff."

As the space ship approached the planet Earth, there was only one earth creature aware of its coming. This was the Smiths' big black tomcat, Thomas, the terrible, who was sunning himself on the fence behind the Smiths' home.

"WOW! What was that?" yelped Tom as the space ship whistled past his perch and landed in the center of the Smiths' newly-seeded lawn.

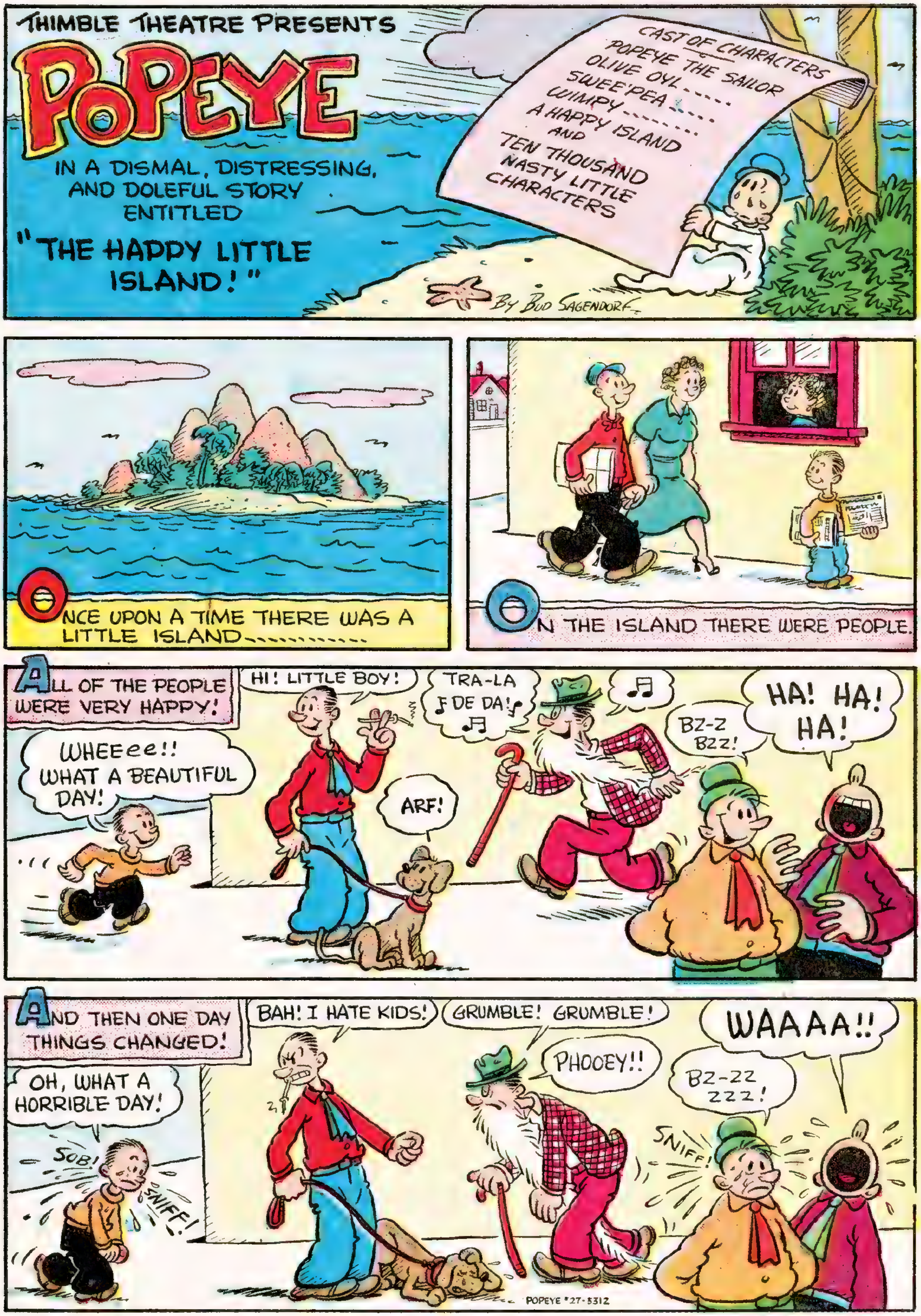
The small space ship rolled to a stop—it was quite small, not much larger than a baseball, for the planet the invaders had come from was very small and so were the creatures who lived there.

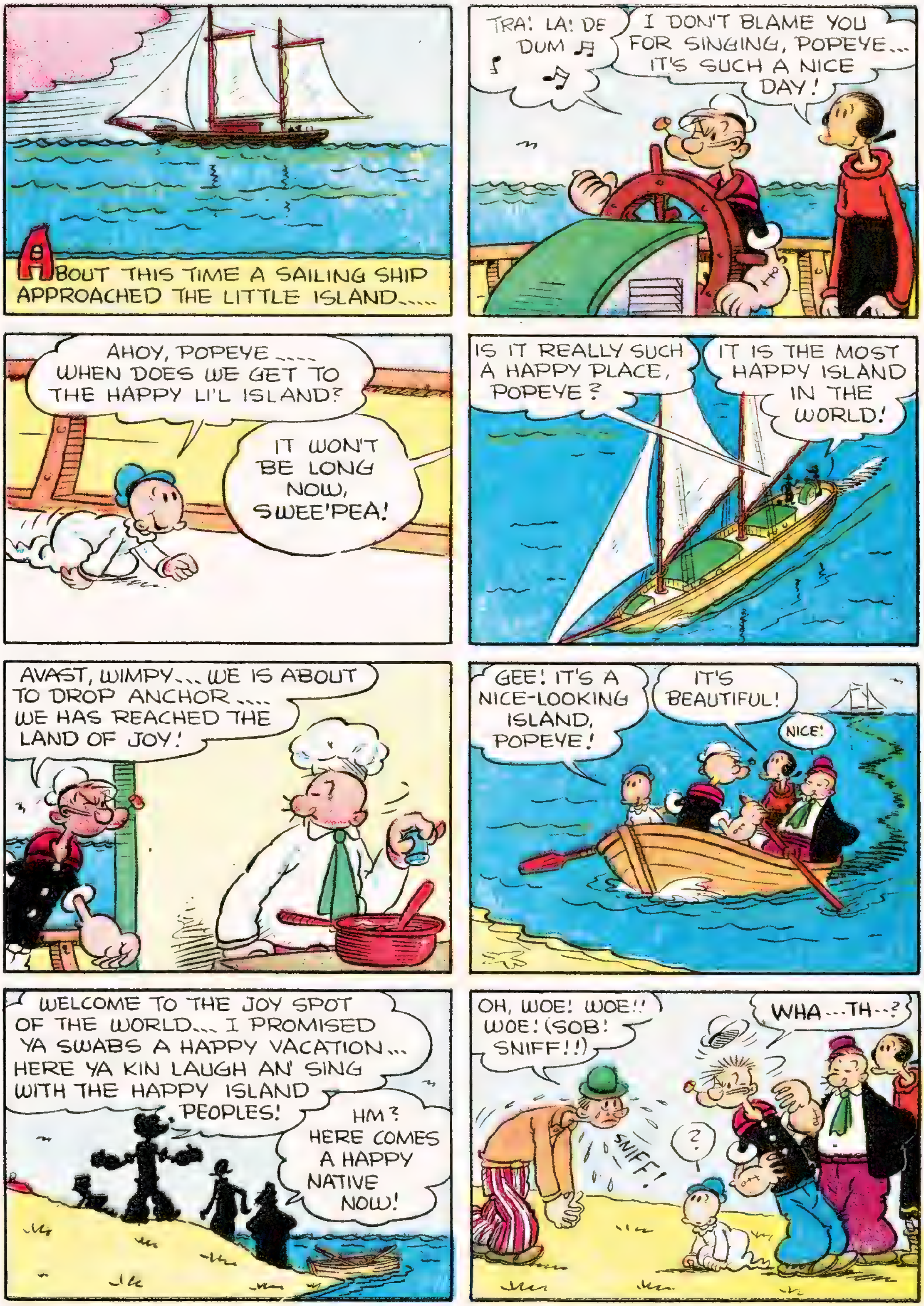
"Hot DOG!" Tom cried with glee. "It's a ball! I haven't played with a ball for months."

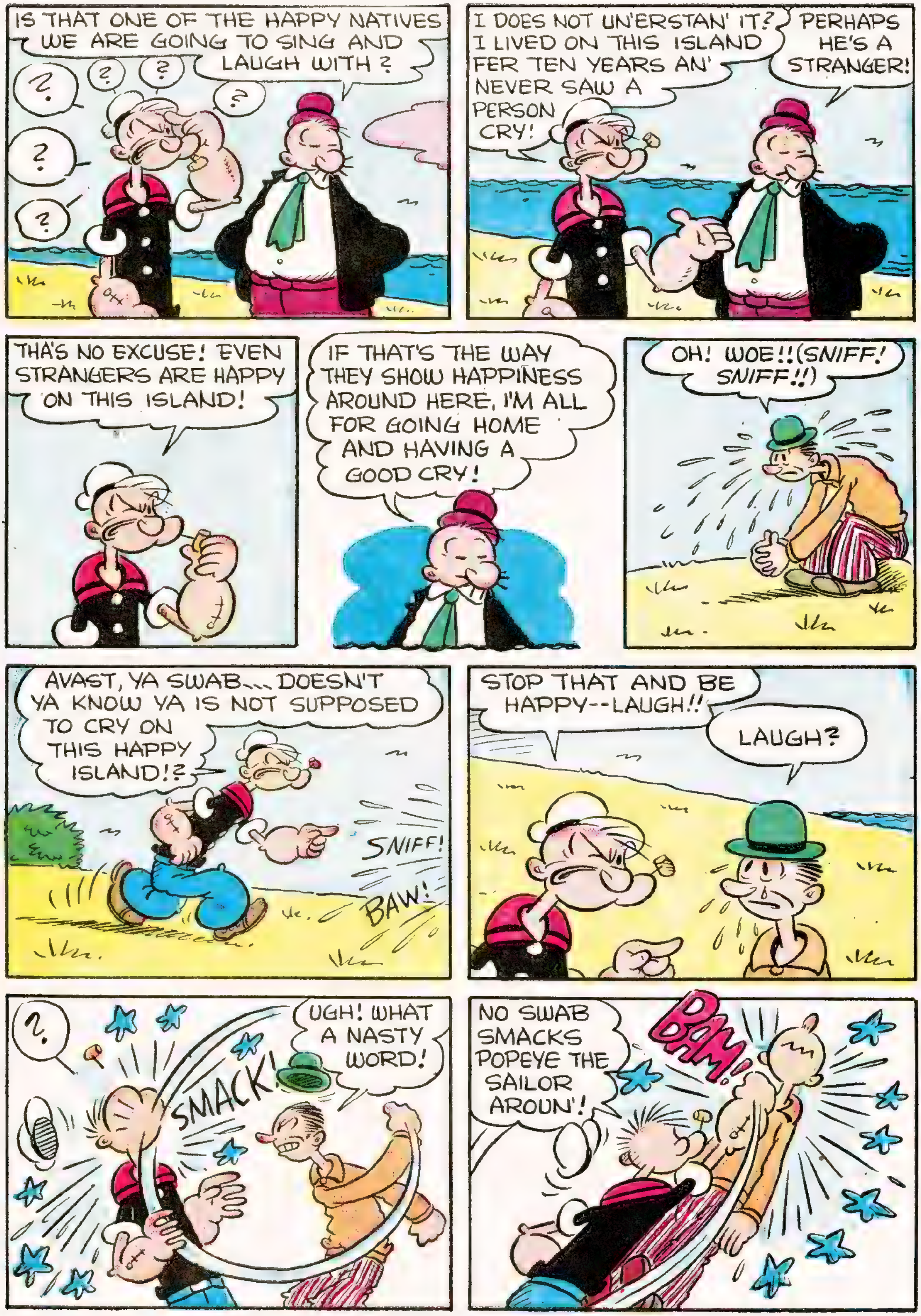
The two small but powerful creatures inside of the space ship were just about to open the door of their craft when they were thrown to the floor as the ship was lifted high into the air and then sent rolling across the lawn into the back fence.

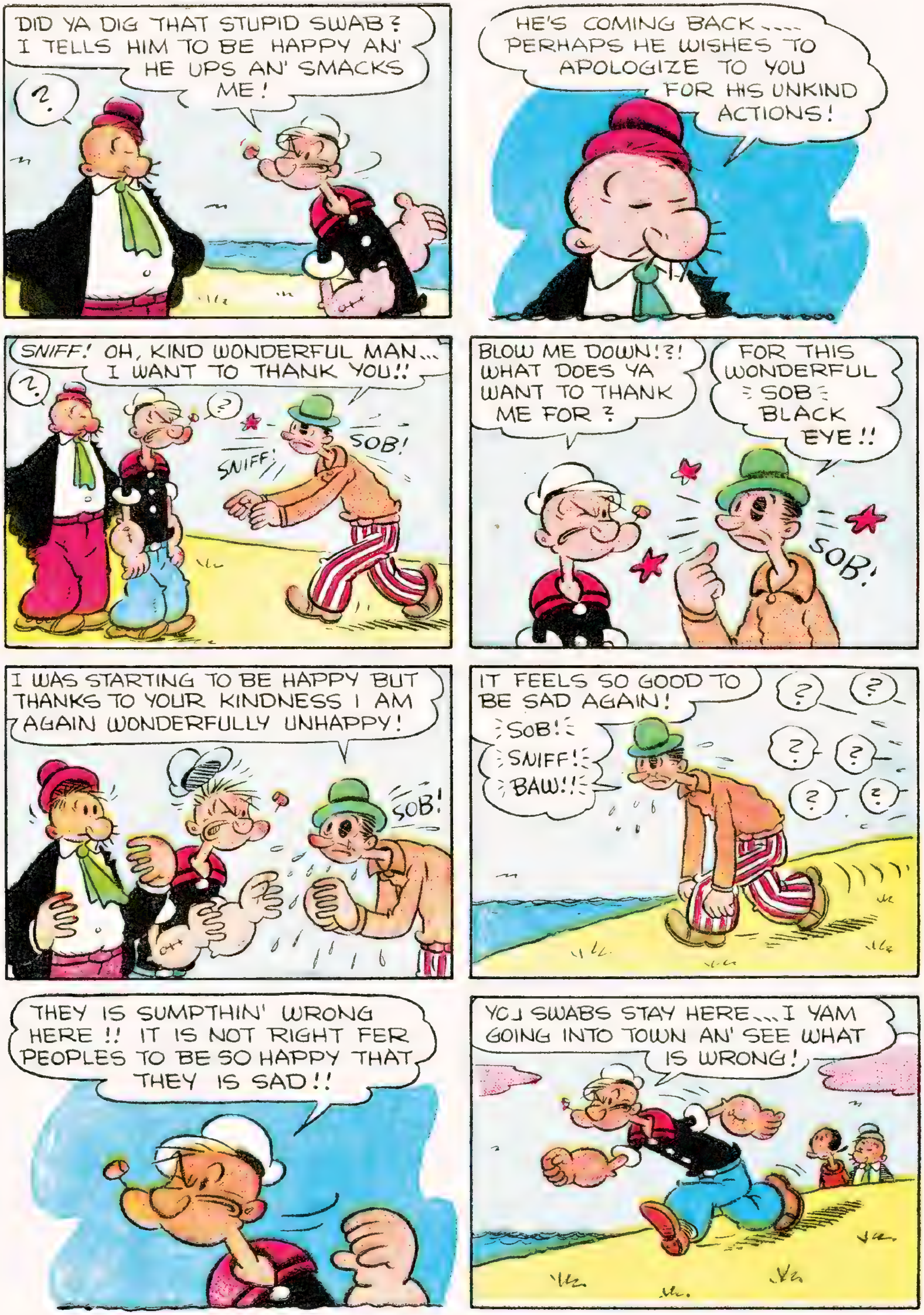
"I do love to play with a ball," Tom shouted.

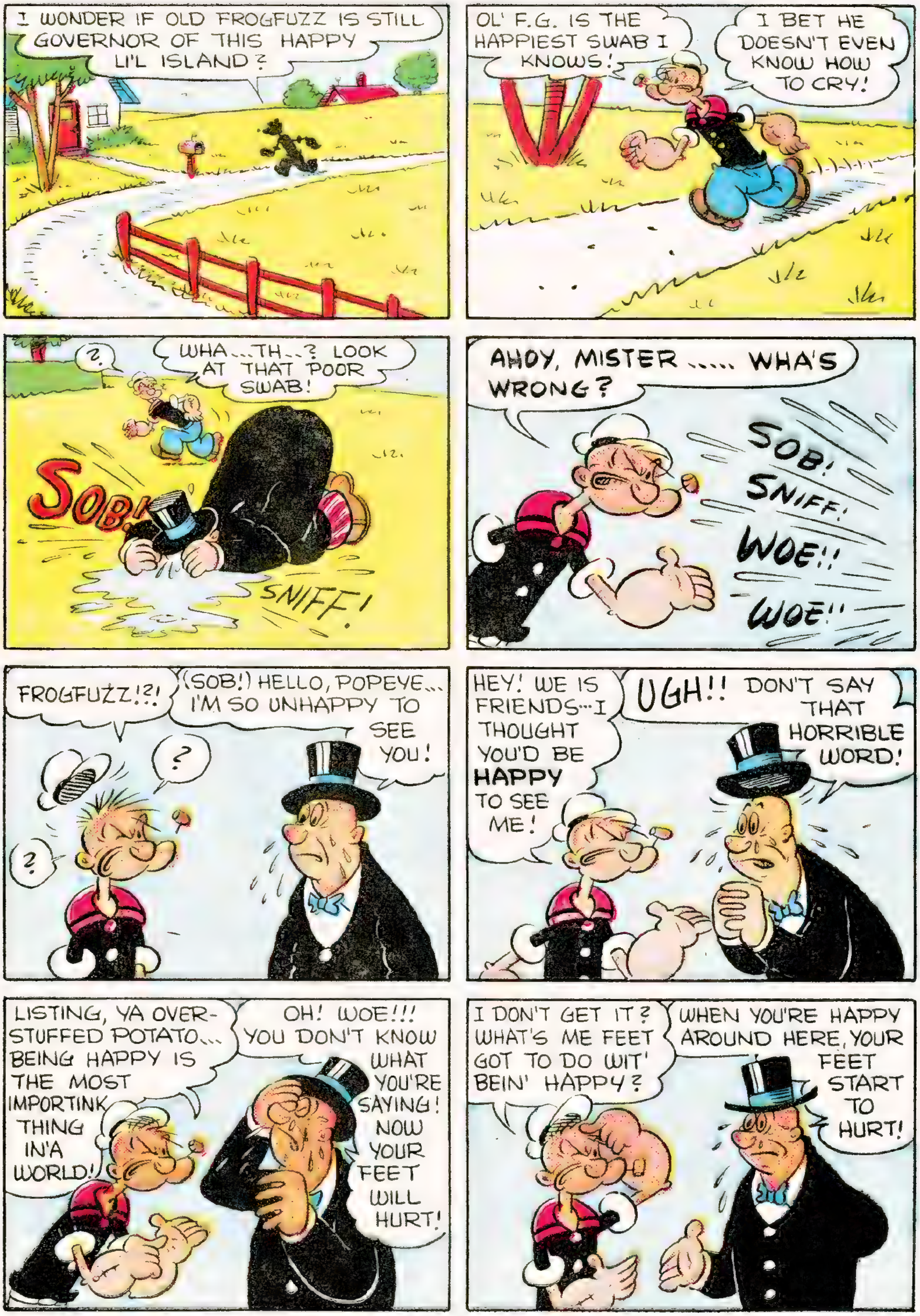
(Continued on inside back cover)

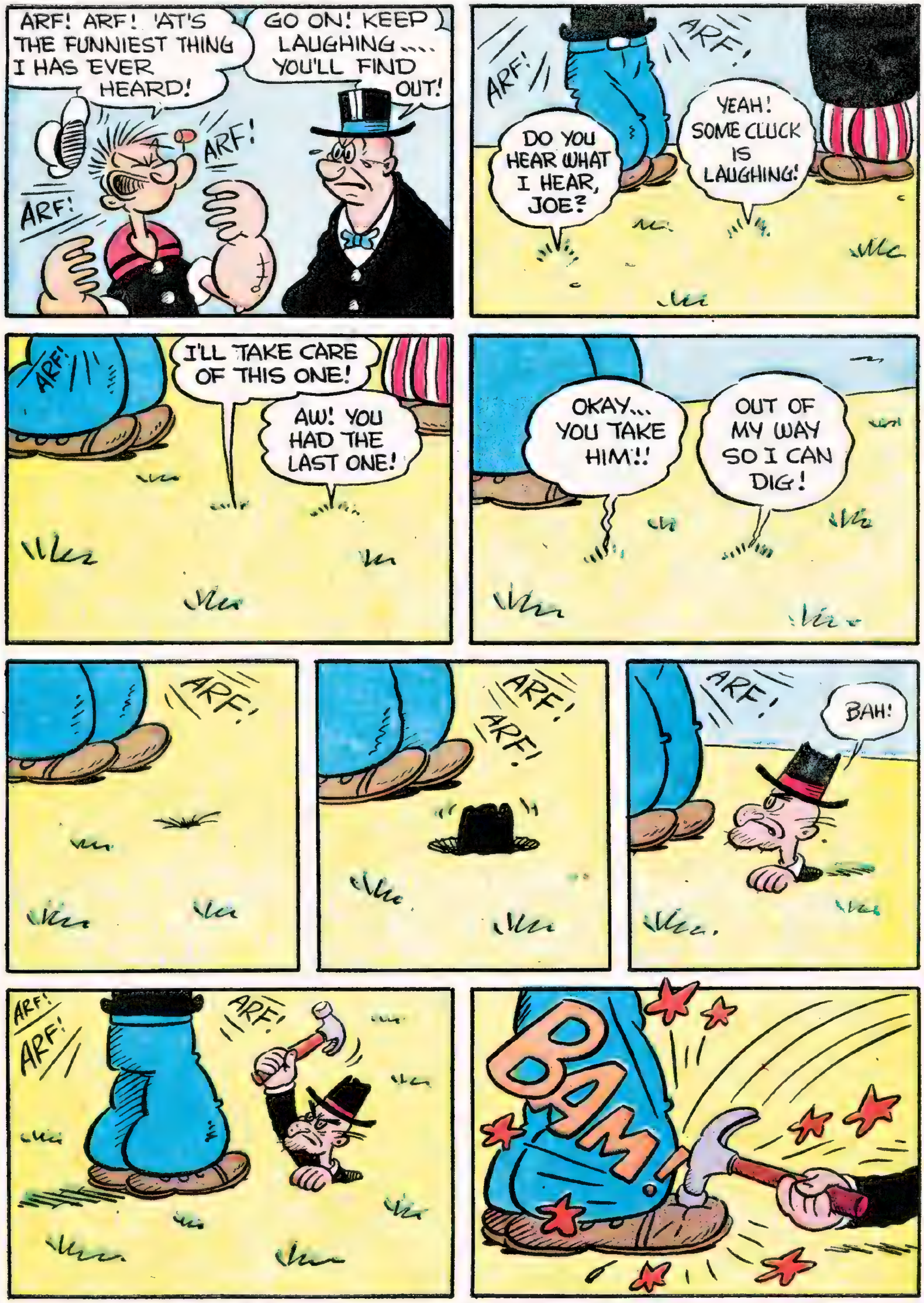

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
POPEYE
CAST OF CHARACTERS
POPEYE THE SAILOR
OLIVE OYL
SWEE'PEA
WIMPY
A HAPPY ISLAND
AND
TEN THOUSAND NASTY LITTLE CHARACTERS
IN A DISMAL, DISTRESSING, AND DOLEFUL STORY ENTITLED
"THE HAPPY LITTLE ISLAND!"
BY BUD SAGENDORF
ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A LITTLE ISLAND
ON THE ISLAND THERE WERE PEOPLE.
ALL OF THE PEOPLE WERE VERY HAPPY!
HI! LITTLE BOY!
TRA-LA DE DA!
HA! HA! HA!
WHEEeee!! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY!
BZ-Z BZZ!
ARF!
AND THEN ONE DAY THINGS CHANGED!
BAH! I HATE KIDS!
GRUMBLE! GRUMBLE!
WAAAA!!
PHOOEY!!
OH, WHAT A HORRIBLE DAY!
BZ-ZZ ZZZ!
SOB!
SNIFF!
SNIFF!
POPEYE #27-5312


ABOUT THIS TIME A SAILING SHIP APPROACHED THE LITTLE ISLAND.....
TRA! LA! DE DUM
I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR SINGING, POPEYE... IT'S SUCH A NICE DAY!
AHOY, POPEYE..... WHEN DOES WE GET TO THE HAPPY LI'L ISLAND?
IT WON'T BE LONG NOW, SWEE'PEA!
IS IT REALLY SUCH A HAPPY PLACE, POPEYE?
IT IS THE MOST HAPPY ISLAND IN THE WORLD!
AVAST, WIMPY... WE IS ABOUT TO DROP ANCHOR..... WE HAS REACHED THE LAND OF JOY!
GEE! IT'S A NICE-LOOKING ISLAND, POPEYE!
IT'S BEAUTIFUL!
NICE!
WELCOME TO THE JOY SPOT OF THE WORLD... I PROMISED YA SWABS A HAPPY VACATION... HERE YA KIN LAUGH AN' SING WITH THE HAPPY ISLAND PEOPLES!
HM? HERE COMES A HAPPY NATIVE NOW!
OH, WOE! WOE!! WOE! (SOB! SNIFF!!)
SNIFF!
WHA...TH...?
?

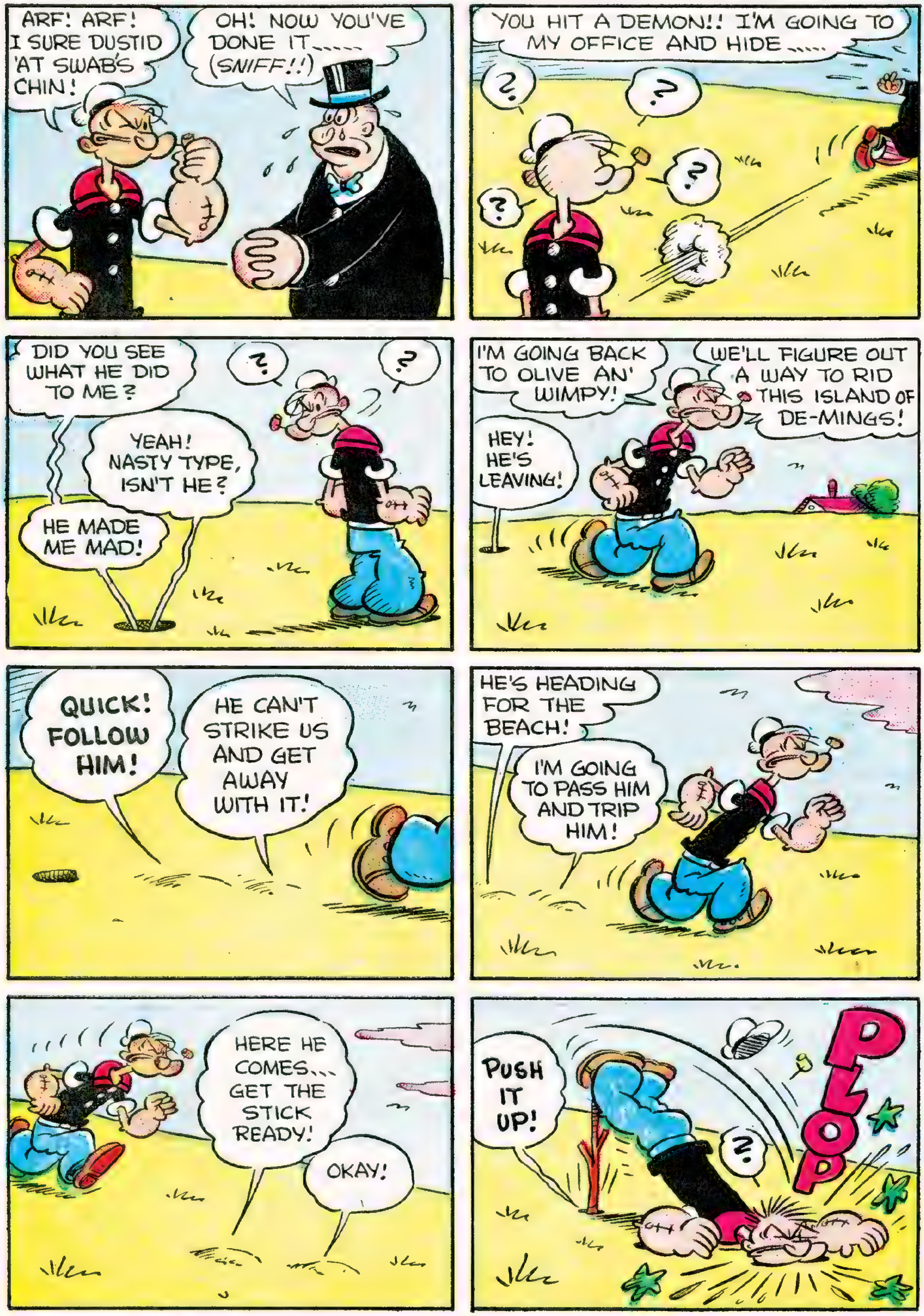

IS THAT ONE OF THE HAPPY NATIVES WE ARE GOING TO SING AND LAUGH WITH ?
?
?
?
?
?
?
I DOES NOT UN'ERSTAN' IT? I LIVED ON THIS ISLAND FER TEN YEARS AN' NEVER SAW A PERSON CRY!
PERHAPS HE'S A STRANGER!
THA'S NO EXCUSE! EVEN STRANGERS ARE HAPPY ON THIS ISLAND!
IF THAT'S THE WAY THEY SHOW HAPPINESS AROUND HERE, I'M ALL FOR GOING HOME AND HAVING A GOOD CRY!
OH! WOE!!(SNIFF! SNIFF!!)
AVAST, YA SWAB... DOESN'T YA KNOW YA IS NOT SUPPOSED TO CRY ON THIS HAPPY ISLAND!?
SNIFF!
BAW!
STOP THAT AND BE HAPPY--LAUGH!!
LAUGH?
?
SMACK!
UGH! WHAT A NASTY WORD!
NO SWAB SMACKS POPEYE THE SAILOR AROUN'!
BAM!


DID YA DIG THAT STUPID SWAB? I TELLS HIM TO BE HAPPY AN' HE UPS AN' SMACKS ME!
?
HE'S COMING BACK.... PERHAPS HE WISHES TO APOLOGIZE TO YOU FOR HIS UNKIND ACTIONS!
SNIFF! OH, KIND WONDERFUL MAN... I WANT TO THANK YOU!!
?
?
SNIFF
SOB!
BLOW ME DOWN!?! WHAT DOES YA WANT TO THANK ME FOR?
FOR THIS WONDERFUL SOB BLACK EYE!!
SOB!
I WAS STARTING TO BE HAPPY BUT THANKS TO YOUR KINDNESS I AM AGAIN WONDERFULLY UNHAPPY!
SOB!
IT FEELS SO GOOD TO BE SAD AGAIN!
SOB! SNIFF! BAW!!
? ? ? ? ? ?
THEY IS SUMPTHIN' WRONG HERE!! IT IS NOT RIGHT FER PEOPLES TO BE SO HAPPY THAT THEY IS SAD!!
YOU SWABS STAY HERE... I YAM GOING INTO TOWN AN' SEE WHAT IS WRONG!

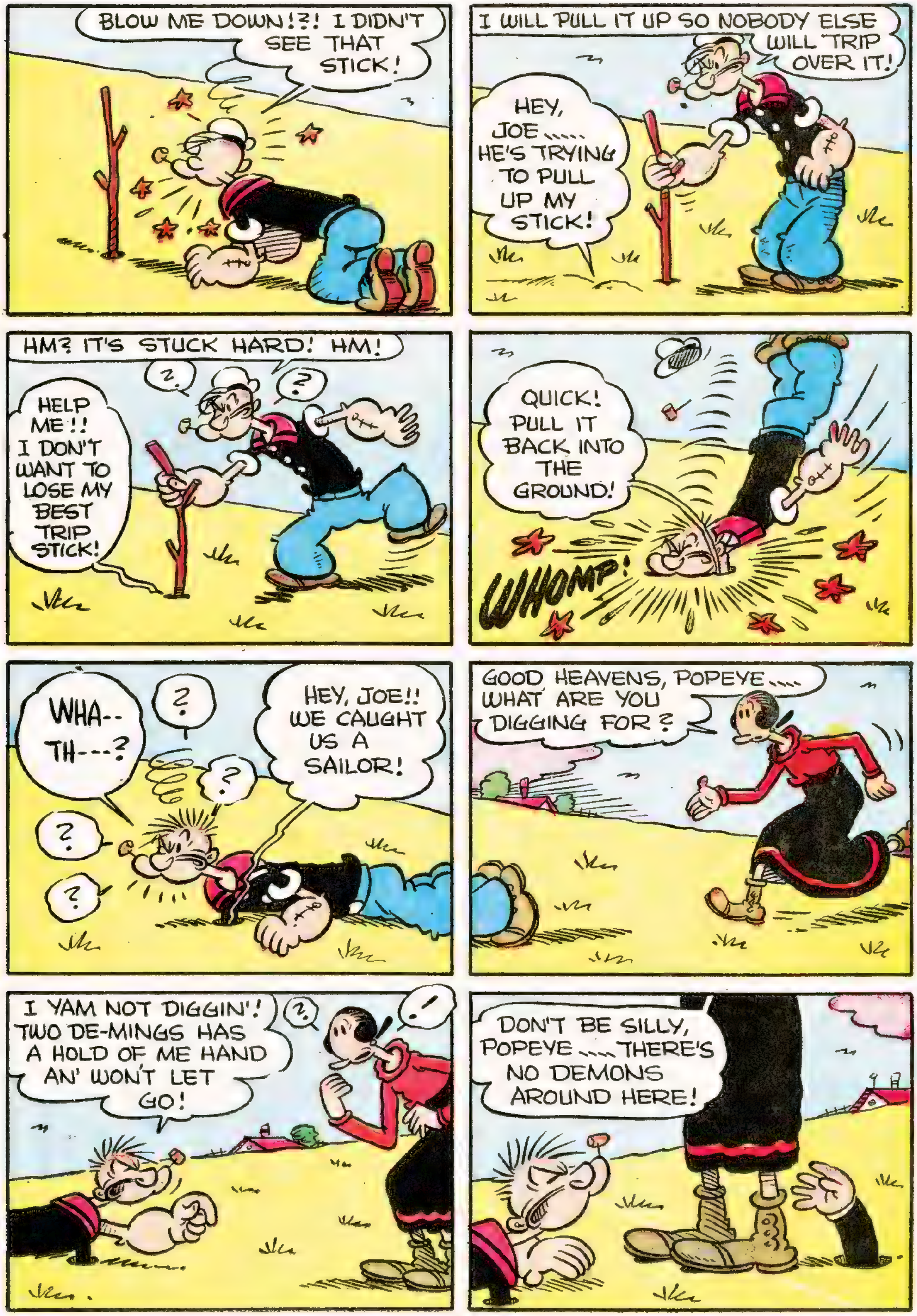

I WONDER IF OLD FROGFUZZ IS STILL GOVERNOR OF THIS HAPPY LI'L ISLAND?
OL' F.G. IS THE HAPPIEST SWAB I KNOWS!
I BET HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO CRY!
?
WHA...TH...? LOOK AT THAT POOR SWAB!
SOB!
SNIFF!
AHOY, MISTER ..... WHA'S WRONG?
SOB!
SNIFF!
WOE!!
WOE!!
FROGFUZZ!?!
(SOB!) HELLO, POPEYE... I'M SO UNHAPPY TO SEE YOU!
?
?
HEY! WE IS FRIENDS...I THOUGHT YOU'D BE **HAPPY** TO SEE ME!
UGH!! DON'T SAY THAT HORRIBLE WORD!
LISTING, YA OVER-STUFFED POTATO... BEING HAPPY IS THE MOST IMPORTINK THING IN'A WORLD!
OH! WOE!!! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING! NOW YOUR FEET WILL HURT!
I DON'T GET IT? WHAT'S ME FEET GOT TO DO WIT' BEIN' HAPPY?
WHEN YOU'RE HAPPY AROUND HERE, YOUR FEET START TO HURT!

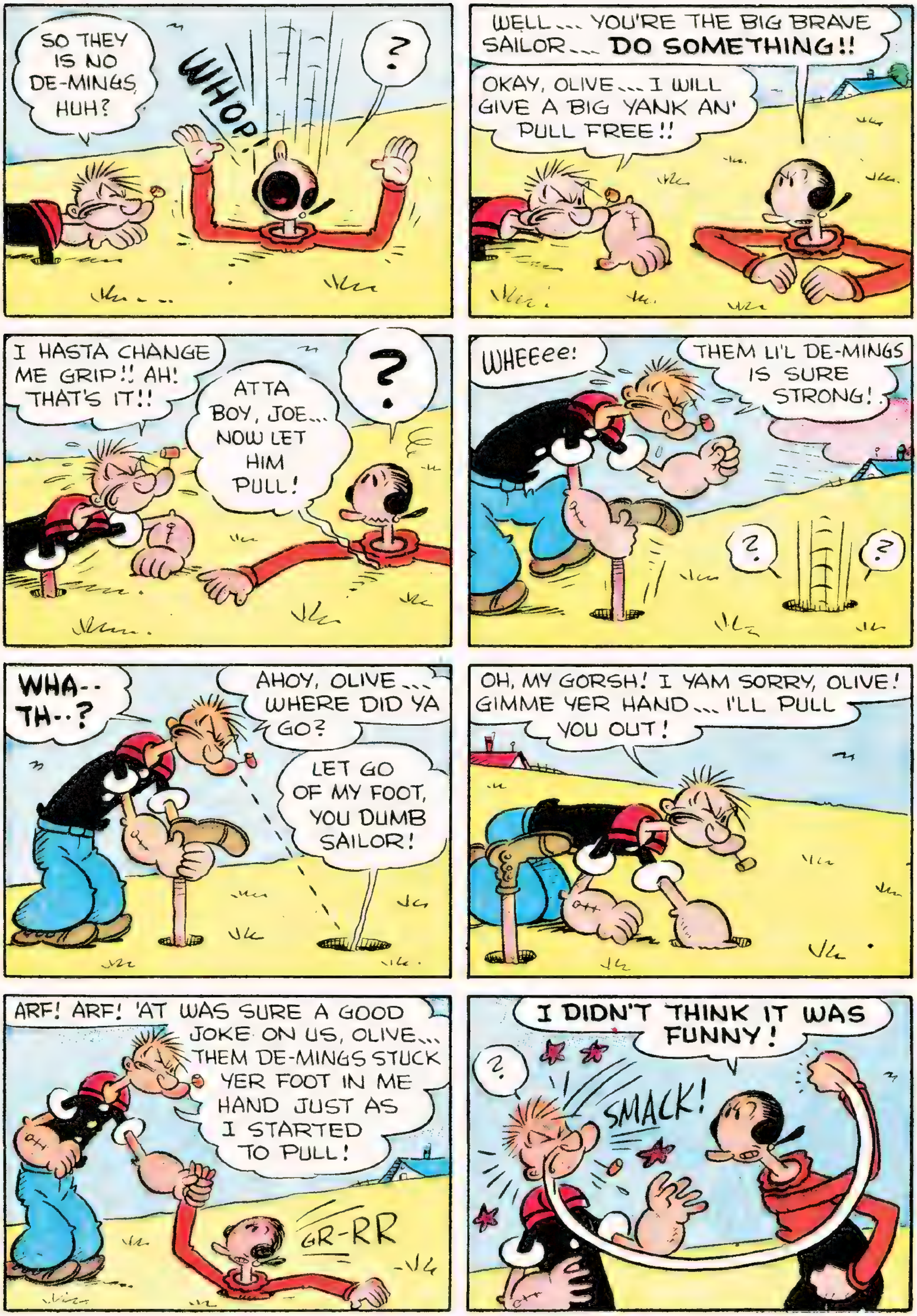

ARF! ARF! 'AT'S THE FUNNIEST THING I HAS EVER HEARD!
GO ON! KEEP LAUGHING.... YOU'LL FIND OUT!
ARF!
ARF!
ARF!
ARF!
DO YOU HEAR WHAT I HEAR, JOE?
YEAH! SOME CLUCK IS LAUGHING!
ARF!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS ONE!
AW! YOU HAD THE LAST ONE!
OKAY... YOU TAKE HIM!!
OUT OF MY WAY SO I CAN DIG!
ARF!
ARF!
ARF!
ARF!
BAH!
ARF!
ARF!
ARF!
BAM!

OOOOUW!!
WOW!! YOU GAVE HIM A GOOD ONE, JOE!
SEE! I TOLD YOU!! AS SOON AS YOU LAUGH AND FEEL HAPPY, YOUR FEET START TO HURT!
?
?
?
I DOESN'T GET IT! HOW KIN LAUGHING MAKE ME FEET HURT ?
IT'S DEMONS.... DISMAL DEMONS!
DE-MINGS?
YES! THEY HATE PEOPLE TO BE HAPPY AND IF YOU LAUGH OR SING, THEY SMACK YOUR TOES WITH A HAMMER!
THIS WAS SUCH A HAPPY ISLAND BEFORE THE DISMAL DEMONS CAME AND DUG IN....
WHO CAN BE HAPPY WHEN THEIR FEET HURT! (SOB!!)
SOB!
HM? SO THEY DOESN'T LIKE PEOPLES TO BE HAPPY!!
ARF! ARF! I YAM A HAPPY SAILOR BOY!! HA! HA! ARF! ARF!
?
ARF! ARF!! I YAM BUSTIN' OVER WIT' HAPPINEST!
GR-RRR!
AN' I HATES DISMAL DE-MINGS!
!
SMACK!

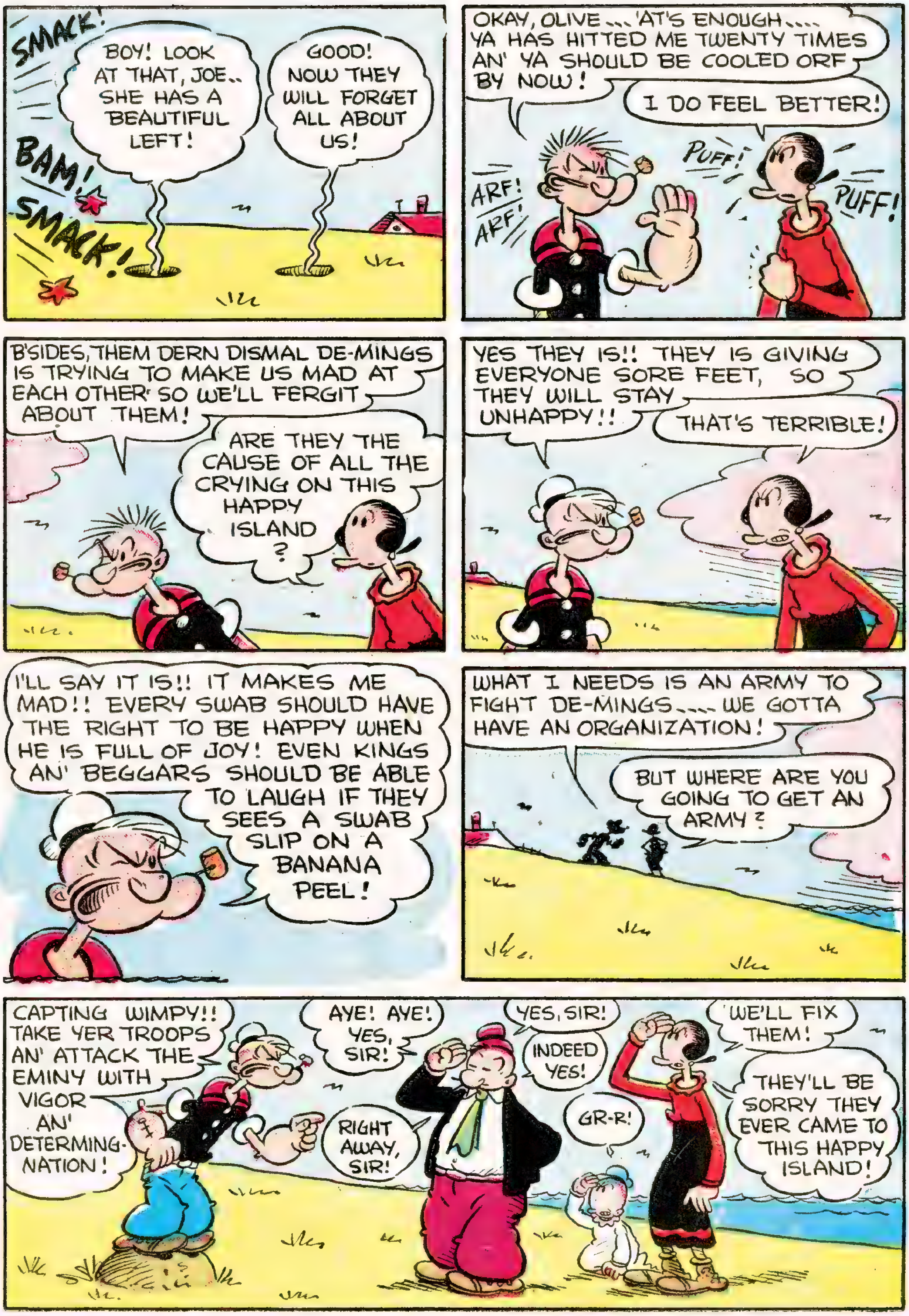


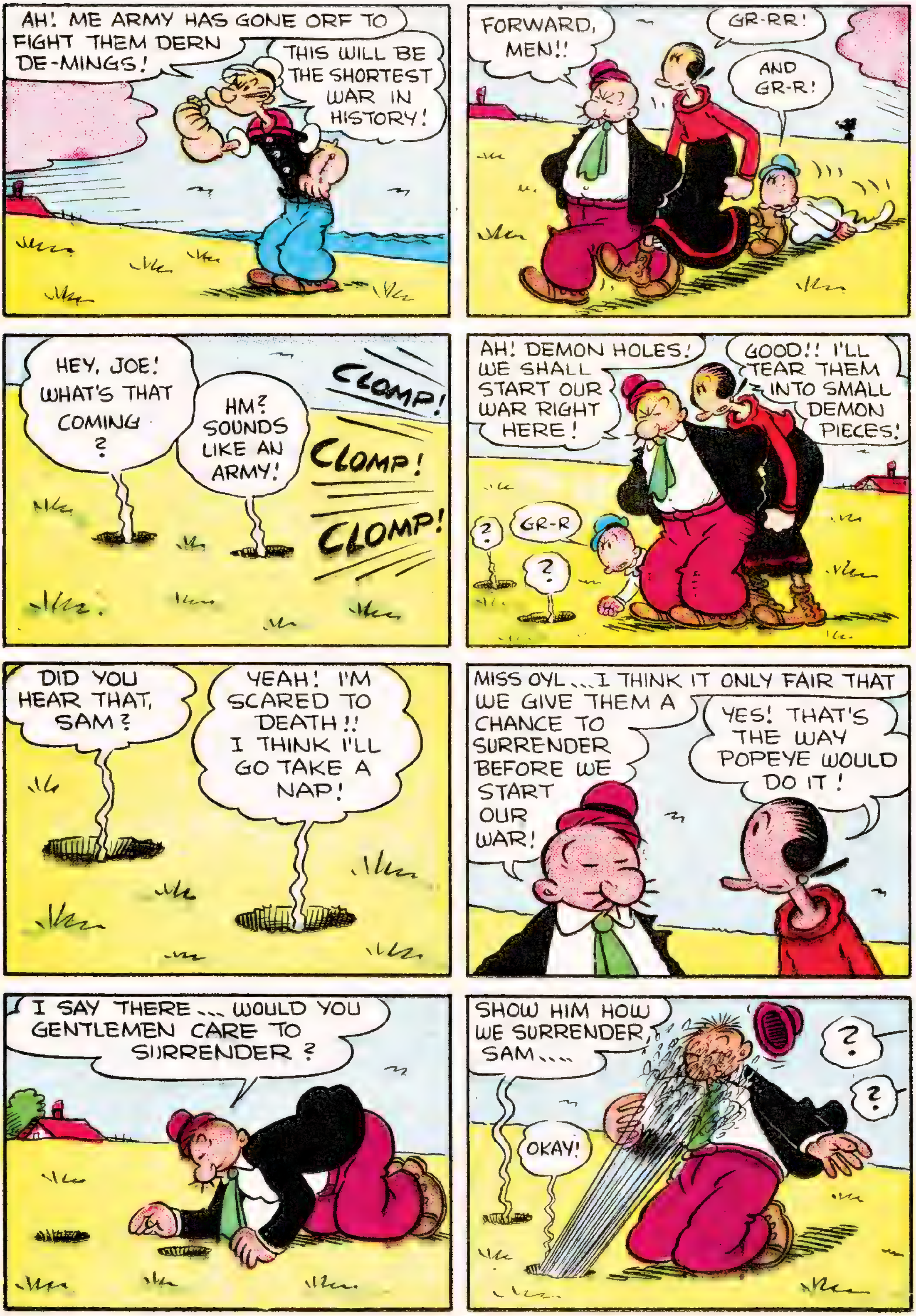
ARF! ARF! I SURE DUSTID 'AT SWAB'S CHIN!
OH! NOW YOU'VE DONE IT...... (SNIFF!!)
YOU HIT A DEMON!! I'M GOING TO MY OFFICE AND HIDE.....
?
?
?
?
DID YOU SEE WHAT HE DID TO ME?
YEAH! NASTY TYPE, ISN'T HE?
HE MADE ME MAD!
?
?
I'M GOING BACK TO OLIVE AN' WIMPY!
WE'LL FIGURE OUT A WAY TO RID THIS ISLAND OF DE-MINGS!
HEY! HE'S LEAVING!
QUICK! FOLLOW HIM!
HE CAN'T STRIKE US AND GET AWAY WITH IT!
HE'S HEADING FOR THE BEACH!
I'M GOING TO PASS HIM AND TRIP HIM!
HERE HE COMES... GET THE STICK READY!
OKAY!
PUSH IT UP!
PLOP
?


BLOW ME DOWN!?! I DIDN'T SEE THAT STICK!
I WILL PULL IT UP SO NOBODY ELSE WILL TRIP OVER IT!
HEY, JOE..... HE'S TRYING TO PULL UP MY STICK!
HM? IT'S STUCK HARD! HM!
?
?
HELP ME!! I DON'T WANT TO LOSE MY BEST TRIP STICK!
QUICK! PULL IT BACK INTO THE GROUND!
WHOMP!
WHA-- TH---?
?
?
?
?
HEY, JOE!! WE CAUGHT US A SAILOR!
GOOD HEAVENS, POPEYE.... WHAT ARE YOU DIGGING FOR?
I YAM NOT DIGGIN'! TWO DE-MINGS HAS A HOLD OF ME HAND AN' WON'T LET GO!
?
!
DON'T BE SILLY, POPEYE.... THERE'S NO DEMONS AROUND HERE!

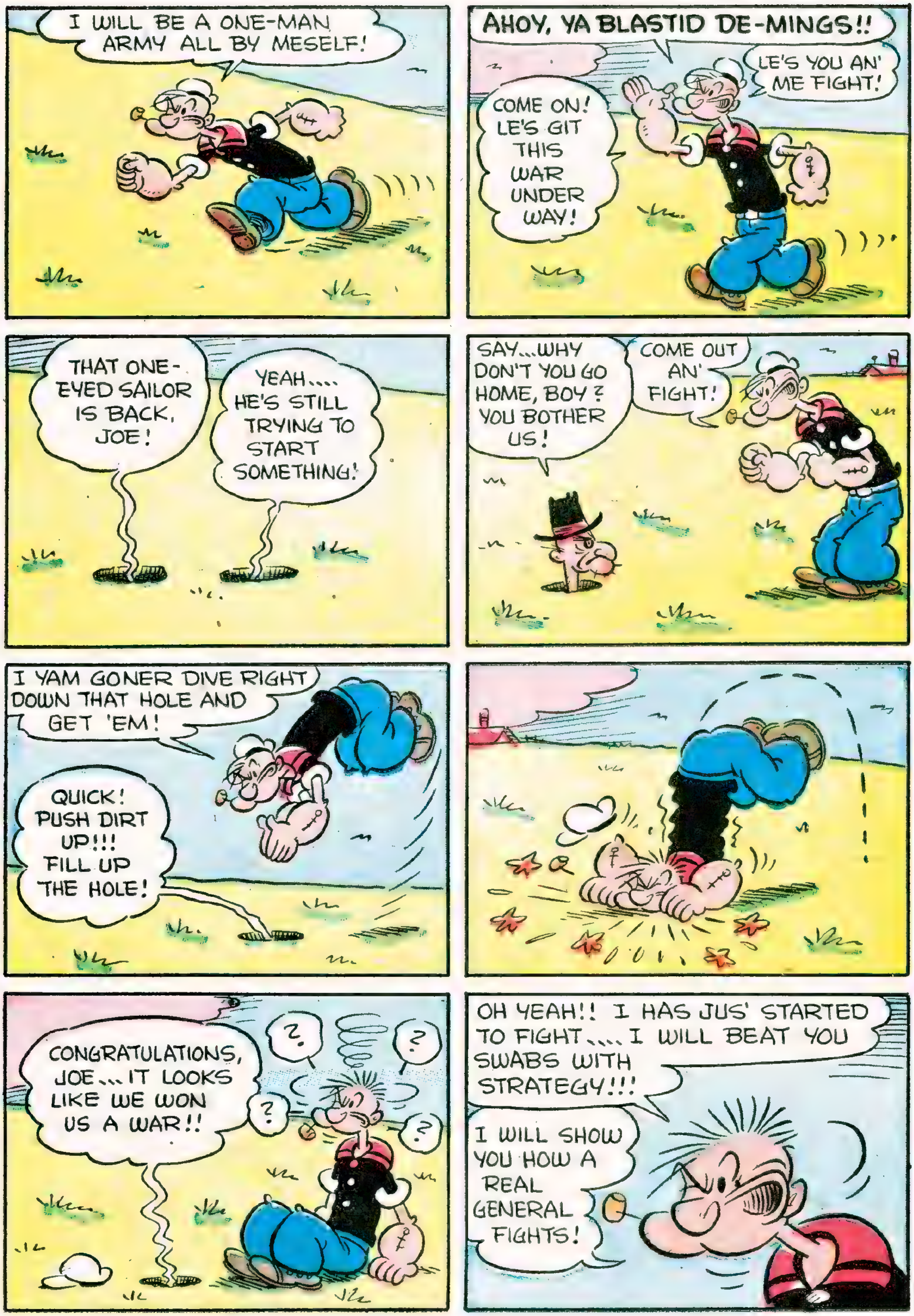


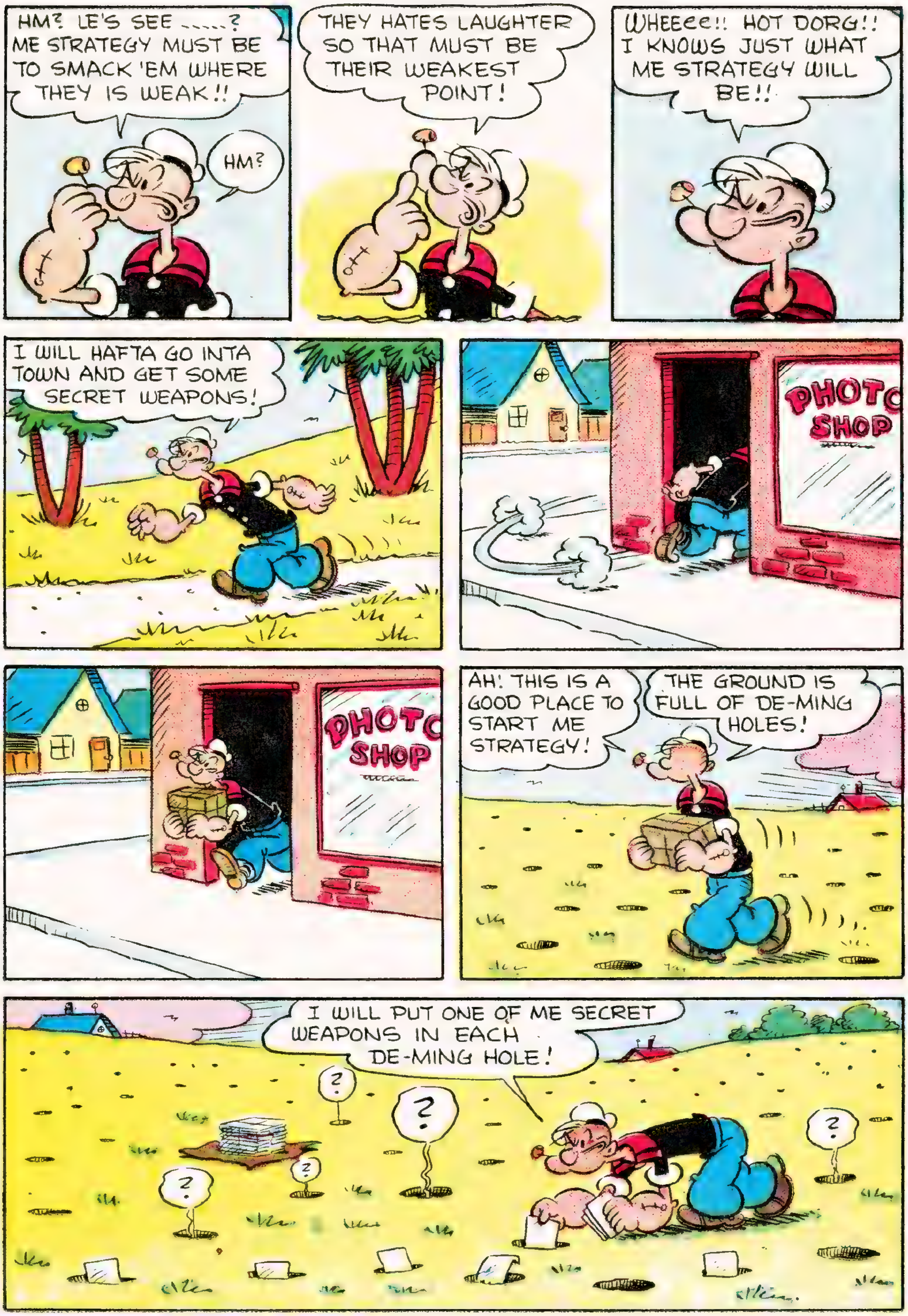
SO THEY IS NO DE-MINGS, HUH?
WHOP!
?
WELL... YOU'RE THE BIG BRAVE SAILOR... DO SOMETHING!!
OKAY, OLIVE... I WILL GIVE A BIG YANK AN' PULL FREE!!
I HASTA CHANGE ME GRIP!! AH! THAT'S IT!!
ATTA BOY, JOE... NOW LET HIM PULL!
?
WHEEeee!
THEM LI'L DE-MINGS IS SURE STRONG!
?
?
WHA-- TH--?
AHOY, OLIVE... WHERE DID YA GO?
LET GO OF MY FOOT, YOU DUMB SAILOR!
OH, MY GORSH! I YAM SORRY, OLIVE! GIMME YER HAND... I'LL PULL YOU OUT!
ARF! ARF! 'AT WAS SURE A GOOD JOKE ON US, OLIVE... THEM DE-MINGS STUCK YER FOOT IN ME HAND JUST AS I STARTED TO PULL!
GR-RR
I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS FUNNY!
?
SMACK!

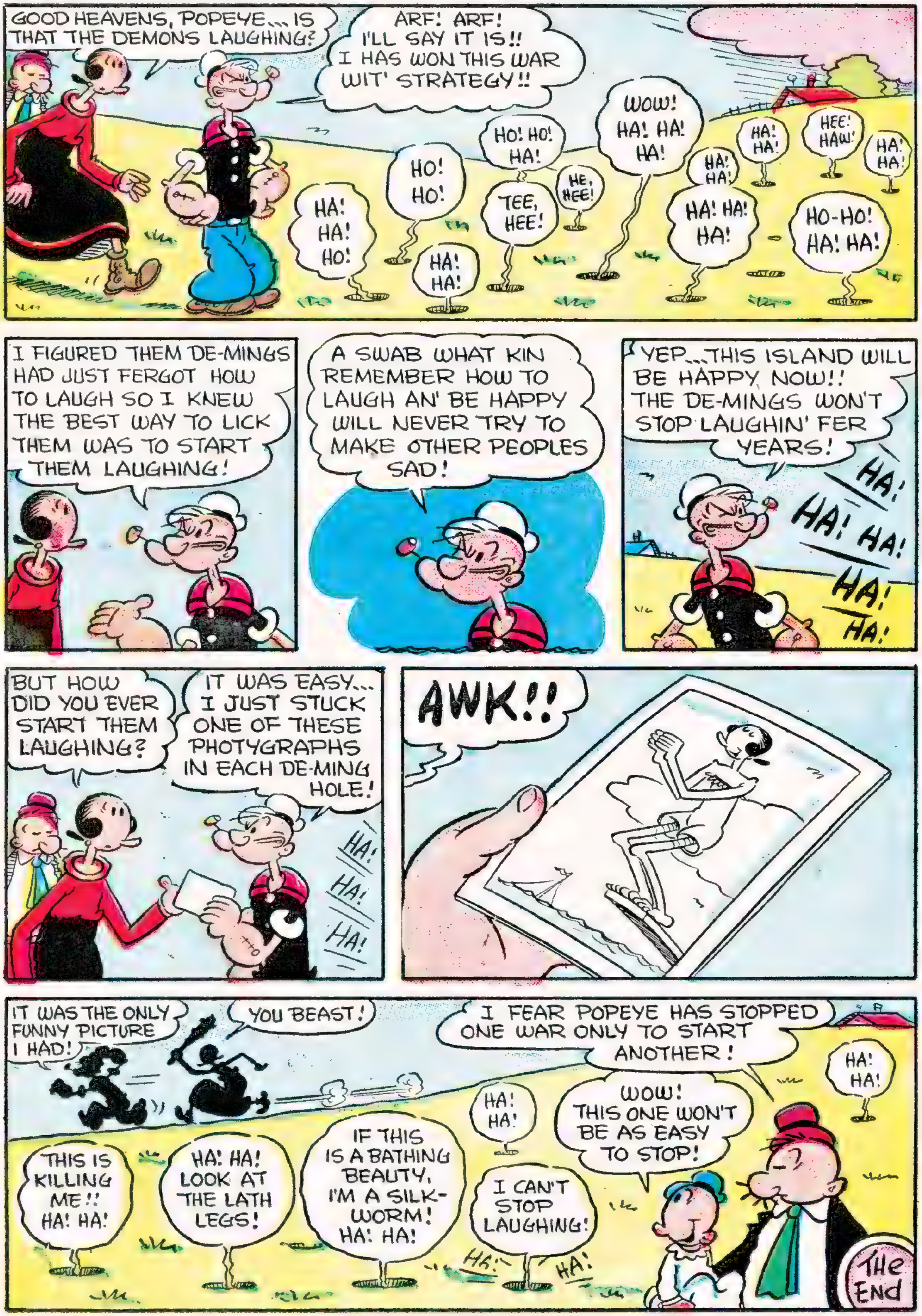

SMACK!
BOY! LOOK AT THAT, JOE.. SHE HAS A BEAUTIFUL LEFT!
GOOD! NOW THEY WILL FORGET ALL ABOUT US!
BAM!
SMACK!
OKAY, OLIVE.... 'AT'S ENOUGH.... YA HAS HITTED ME TWENTY TIMES AN' YA SHOULD BE COOLED ORF BY NOW!
I DO FEEL BETTER!
PUFF!
PUFF!
ARF! ARF!
B'SIDES, THEM DERN DISMAL DE-MINGS IS TRYING TO MAKE US MAD AT EACH OTHER SO WE'LL FERGIT ABOUT THEM!
ARE THEY THE CAUSE OF ALL THE CRYING ON THIS HAPPY ISLAND ?
YES THEY IS!! THEY IS GIVING EVERYONE SORE FEET, SO THEY WILL STAY UNHAPPY!!
THAT'S TERRIBLE!
I'LL SAY IT IS!! IT MAKES ME MAD!! EVERY SWAB SHOULD HAVE THE RIGHT TO BE HAPPY WHEN HE IS FULL OF JOY! EVEN KINGS AN' BEGGARS SHOULD BE ABLE TO LAUGH IF THEY SEES A SWAB SLIP ON A BANANA PEEL!
WHAT I NEEDS IS AN ARMY TO FIGHT DE-MINGS.... WE GOTTA HAVE AN ORGANIZATION!
BUT WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO GET AN ARMY ?
CAPTING WIMPY!! TAKE YER TROOPS AN' ATTACK THE EMINY WITH VIGOR AN' DETERMING-NATION!
AYE! AYE! YES, SIR!
RIGHT AWAY, SIR!
YES, SIR!
INDEED YES!
GR-R!
WE'LL FIX THEM!
THEY'LL BE SORRY THEY EVER CAME TO THIS HAPPY ISLAND!

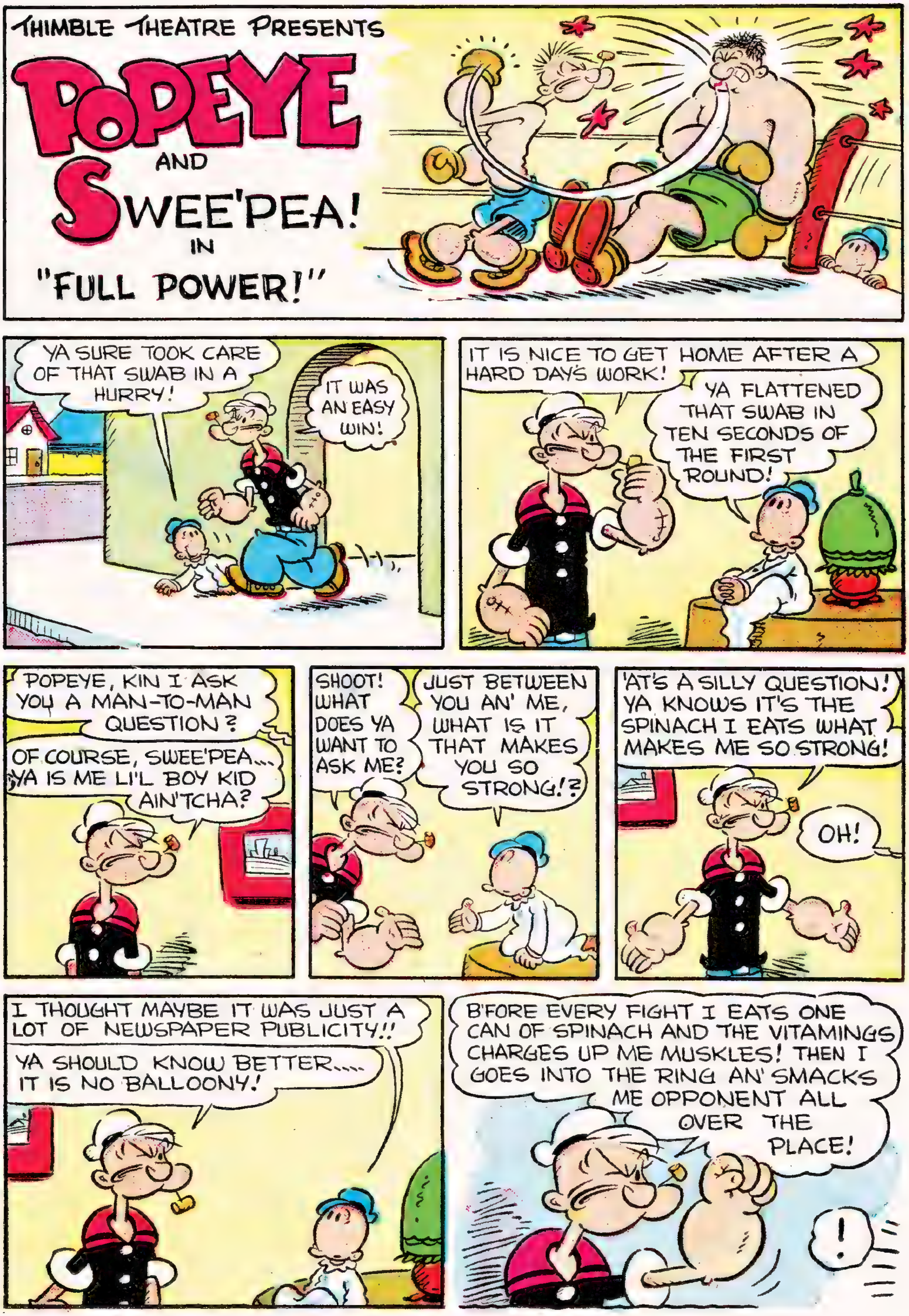

AH! ME ARMY HAS GONE ORF TO FIGHT THEM DERN DE-MINGS!
THIS WILL BE THE SHORTEST WAR IN HISTORY!
FORWARD, MEN!!
GR-RR!
AND GR-R!
HEY, JOE! WHAT'S THAT COMING?
HM? SOUNDS LIKE AN ARMY!
CLOMP!
CLOMP!
CLOMP!
AH! DEMON HOLES! WE SHALL START OUR WAR RIGHT HERE!
GOOD!! I'LL TEAR THEM INTO SMALL DEMON PIECES!
?
GR-R
?
DID YOU HEAR THAT, SAM?
YEAH! I'M SCARED TO DEATH!! I THINK I'LL GO TAKE A NAP!
MISS OYL...I THINK IT ONLY FAIR THAT WE GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO SURRENDER BEFORE WE START OUR WAR!
YES! THAT'S THE WAY POPEYE WOULD DO IT!
I SAY THERE... WOULD YOU GENTLEMEN CARE TO SURRENDER?
SHOW HIM HOW WE SURRENDER, SAM...
OKAY!
?
?

BOY! I BET ME ARMY IS GIVING 'EM DE-MINGS A BEATING!!
CLOMP! CLOMP!
CLOMP! CLOMP!
HOT DORG!! I HEARS ME ARMY COMING BACK!
THE WAR MUS' BE OVER!
I BET THAT'S THE QUICKEST WAR WHAT WAS EVER FIGHTED!
SIR! YOUR ARMY RESIGNS!
YES! WE QUIT!
YEAH! WE IS THROUGH WIT' THIS WAR!
AWK!!
?
?
?
?
BLOW ME DOWN! 'AT'S MUTINY! IS YA A BUNCH OF YELLOW COWARDS?
SIR! WE ARE NOT COWARDS!! BUT THOSE LITTLE DEMONS WON'T FIGHT FAIR.... INSTEAD OF FIGHTING, THEY THREW DIRT IN OUR FACES!
GR-RR!
LOOK AT MY FACE! MY MAKE-UP IS A MESS... I COULDN'T BE SEEN IN A PUBLIC WAR, LOOKING LIKE THIS!!
I'M GOING TO FIND A BEAUTY PARLOR!
IF YOU WISH A WAR, OL' PAL... I FEAR YOU'LL HAVE TO FIGHT IT YOURSELF...... I'M GOING TO HUNT UP A DUCK DINNER!
!
!
PHOOEY!! WHAT AN ARMY!!! I YAM BETTER ORF WIT' OUT 'EM!! IF YA WANTS A JOB DONE RIGHT, I GUESS YA JUST HAS TO DO IT YERSELF!

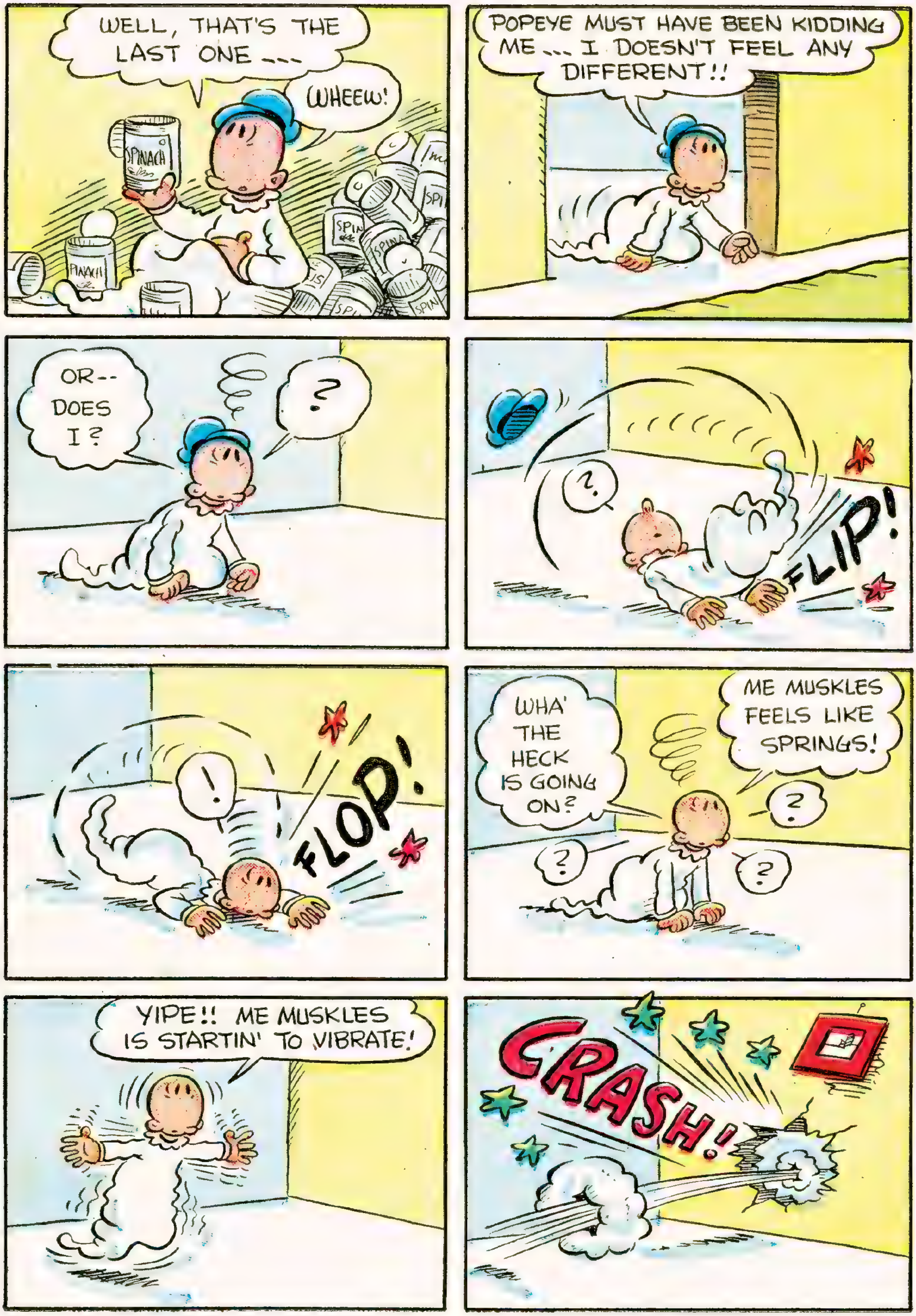

I WILL BE A ONE-MAN ARMY ALL BY MESELF!
AHOY, YA BLASTID DE-MINGS!!
COME ON! LE'S GIT THIS WAR UNDER WAY!
LE'S YOU AN' ME FIGHT!
THAT ONE-EYED SAILOR IS BACK, JOE!
YEAH.... HE'S STILL TRYING TO START SOMETHING!
SAY...WHY DON'T YOU GO HOME, BOY? YOU BOTHER US!
COME OUT AN' FIGHT!
I YAM GONER DIVE RIGHT DOWN THAT HOLE AND GET 'EM!
QUICK! PUSH DIRT UP!!! FILL UP THE HOLE!
?
?
?
?
CONGRATULATIONS, JOE... IT LOOKS LIKE WE WON US A WAR!!
OH YEAH!! I HAS JUS' STARTED TO FIGHT.... I WILL BEAT YOU SWABS WITH STRATEGY!!!
I WILL SHOW YOU HOW A REAL GENERAL FIGHTS!

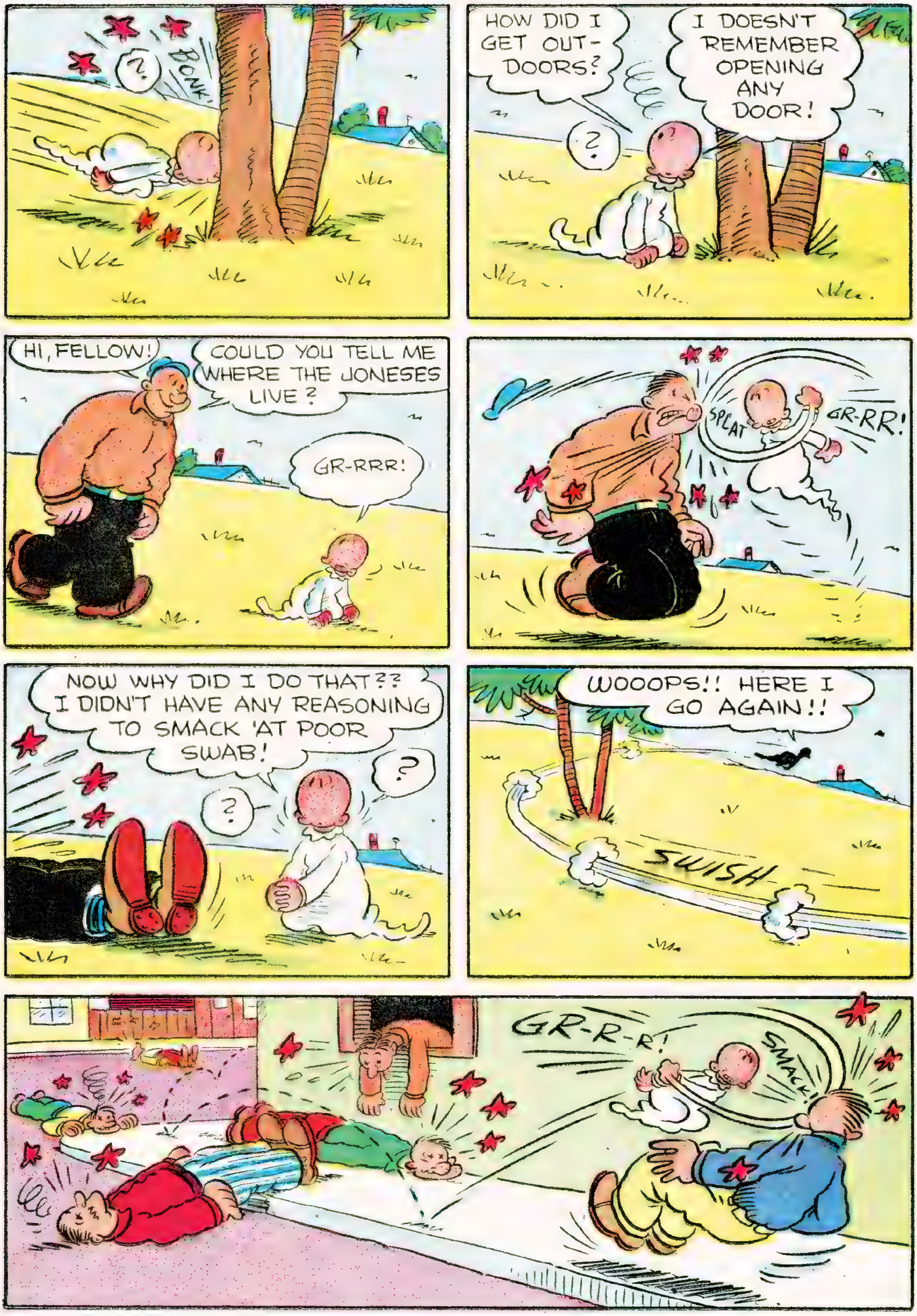

HM? LE'S SEE .....?
ME STRATEGY MUST BE TO SMACK 'EM WHERE THEY IS WEAK!!
HM?
THEY HATES LAUGHTER SO THAT MUST BE THEIR WEAKEST POINT!
WHEEEE!! HOT DORG!! I KNOWS JUST WHAT ME STRATEGY WILL BE!!
I WILL HAFTA GO INTA TOWN AND GET SOME SECRET WEAPONS!
PHOTO SHOP
PHOTO SHOP
AH! THIS IS A GOOD PLACE TO START ME STRATEGY!
THE GROUND IS FULL OF DE-MING HOLES!
I WILL PUT ONE OF ME SECRET WEAPONS IN EACH DE-MING HOLE!

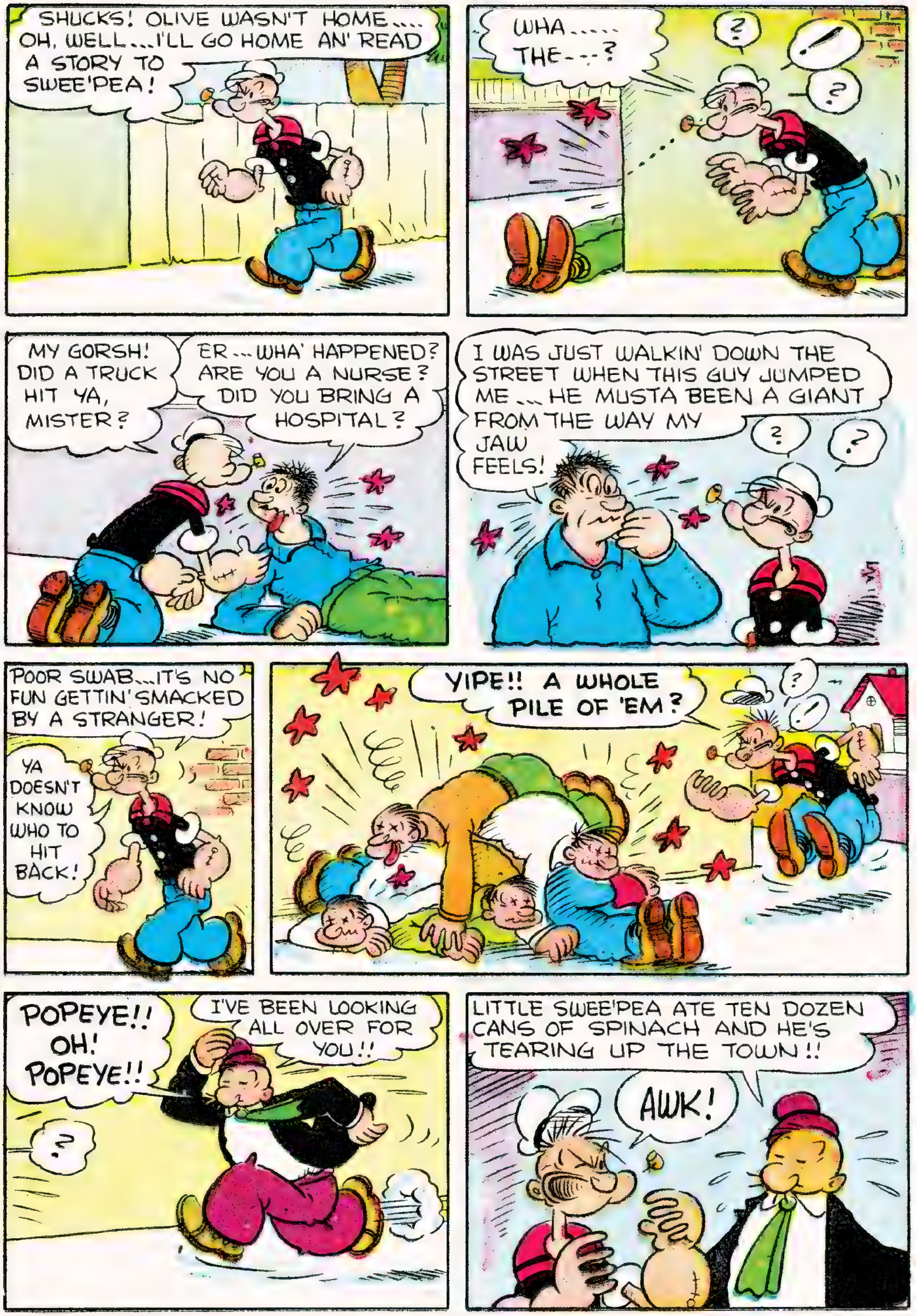

GOOD HEAVENS, POPEYE... IS THAT THE DEMONS LAUGHING?
ARF! ARF! I'LL SAY IT IS!! I HAS WON THIS WAR WIT' STRATEGY!!
HA! HA! HO!
HO! HO!
HA! HA!
HO! HO! HA!
TEE, HEE!
HE, HEE!
WOW! HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA!
HEE! HAW!
HA! HA!
HO-HO! HA! HA!
I FIGURED THEM DE-MINGS HAD JUST FERGOT HOW TO LAUGH SO I KNEW THE BEST WAY TO LICK THEM WAS TO START THEM LAUGHING!
A SWAB WHAT KIN REMEMBER HOW TO LAUGH AN' BE HAPPY WILL NEVER TRY TO MAKE OTHER PEOPLES SAD!
YEP...THIS ISLAND WILL BE HAPPY NOW!! THE DE-MINGS WON'T STOP LAUGHIN' FER YEARS!
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
BUT HOW DID YOU EVER START THEM LAUGHING?
IT WAS EASY... I JUST STUCK ONE OF THESE PHOTYGRAPHS IN EACH DE-MING HOLE!
HA! HA! HA!
AWK!!
IT WAS THE ONLY FUNNY PICTURE I HAD!
YOU BEAST!
I FEAR POPEYE HAS STOPPED ONE WAR ONLY TO START ANOTHER!
HA! HA!
HA! HA!
WOW! THIS ONE WON'T BE AS EASY TO STOP!
THIS IS KILLING ME!! HA! HA!
HA! HA! LOOK AT THE LATH LEGS!
IF THIS IS A BATHING BEAUTY, I'M A SILK-WORM! HA! HA!
I CAN'T STOP LAUGHING!
HA! HA!
THE END


THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
POPEYE AND SWEE'PEA! IN "FULL POWER!"
YA SURE TOOK CARE OF THAT SWAB IN A HURRY!
IT WAS AN EASY WIN!
IT IS NICE TO GET HOME AFTER A HARD DAY'S WORK!
YA FLATTENED THAT SWAB IN TEN SECONDS OF THE FIRST ROUND!
POPEYE, KIN I ASK YOU A MAN-TO-MAN QUESTION?
OF COURSE, SWEE'PEA... YA IS ME LI'L BOY KID AIN'TCHA?
SHOOT! WHAT DOES YA WANT TO ASK ME?
JUST BETWEEN YOU AN' ME, WHAT IS IT THAT MAKES YOU SO STRONG!?
'AT'S A SILLY QUESTION! YA KNOWS IT'S THE SPINACH I EATS WHAT MAKES ME SO STRONG!
OH!
I THOUGHT MAYBE IT WAS JUST A LOT OF NEWSPAPER PUBLICITY!!
YA SHOULD KNOW BETTER.... IT IS NO BALLOONY!
B'FORE EVERY FIGHT I EATS ONE CAN OF SPINACH AND THE VITAMINGS CHARGES UP ME MUSKLES! THEN I GOES INTO THE RING AN' SMACKS ME OPPONENT ALL OVER THE PLACE!
!

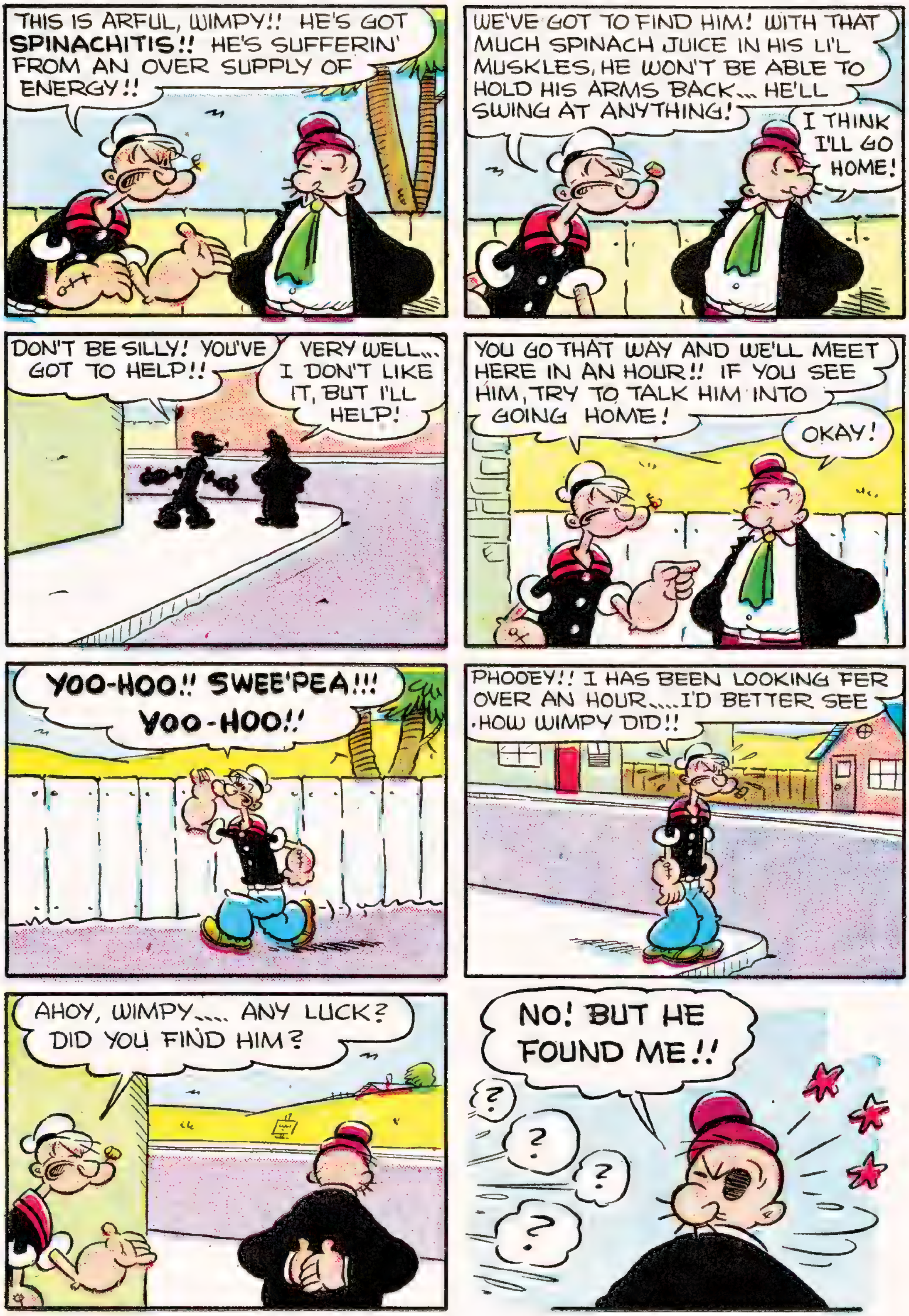
YOU BE A GOOD KID AN' STAY OUTA TROUBLE.... I YAM GOING OVER TO SEE OLIVE!!
HM?
HM?
HE EATS JUST ONE CAN OF SPINACH AND GETS AS STRONG AS TEN MEN!
ONLY ONE CAN?
THE SPINACH VITAMINGS CHARGE UP HIS MUSKLES!
WOW!
?
!
?
?
HELLO... MISTER STOREMAN, PLEASE SEND TEN CASES OF SPINACH TO POPEYE'S HOUSE!
IF ONE LI'L CAN MAKES POPEYE STRONG, I'LL EAT TEN DOZEN CANS AND BE THE STRONGEST SWAB IN THE WORLD!
HOT DORG! HERE COMES THE DELIVERY MAN WITH MY ORDER!
(GULP!!) SEVENTY-SIX!
SPINACH
SPINACH

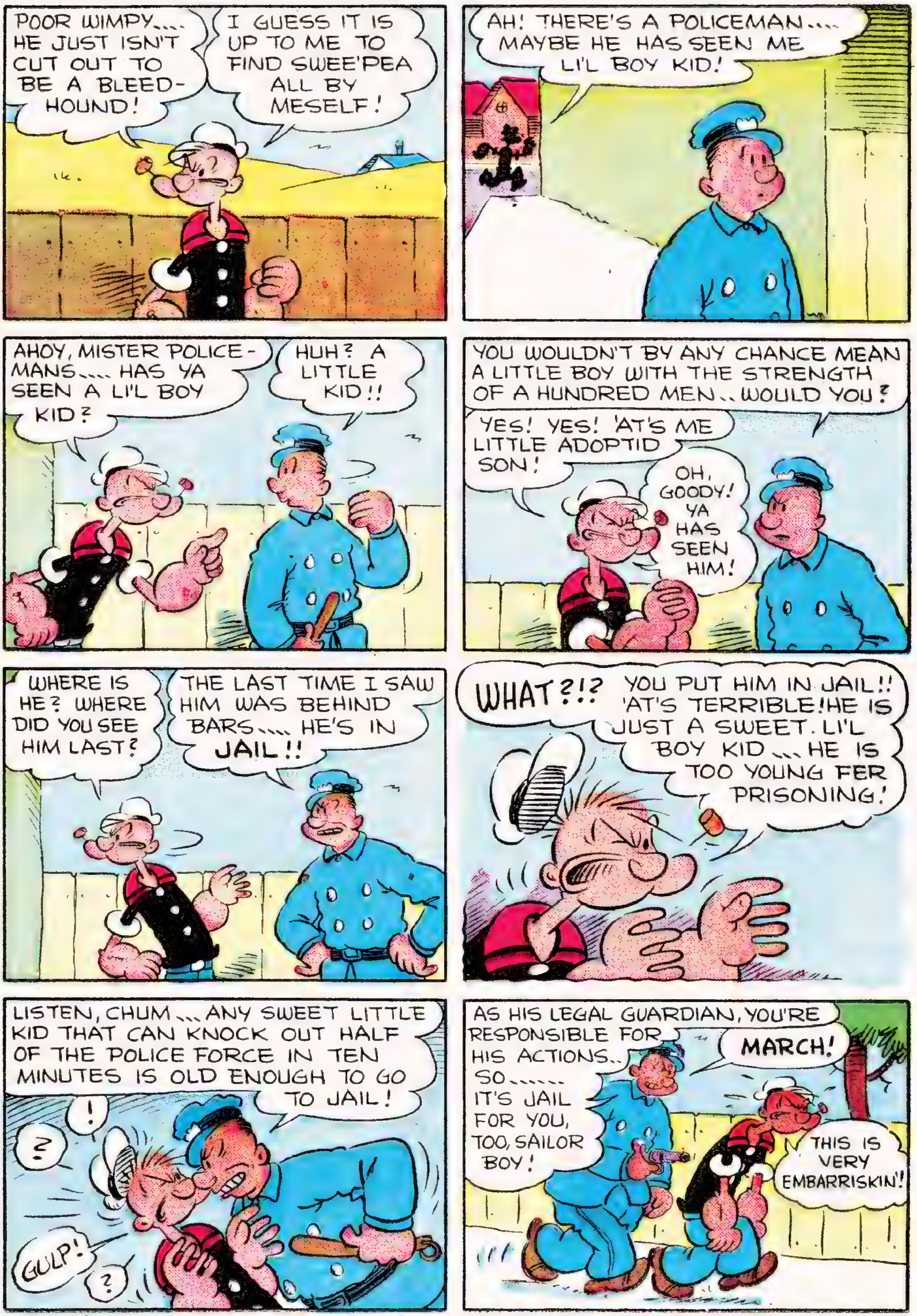

WELL, THAT'S THE LAST ONE ---
WHEEW!
SPINACH
POPEYE MUST HAVE BEEN KIDDING ME ... I DOESN'T FEEL ANY DIFFERENT!!
OR-- DOES I?
?
?
FLIP!
!
FLOP!
WHA' THE HECK IS GOING ON?
ME MUSKLES FEELS LIKE SPRINGS!
?
?
?
YIPE!! ME MUSKLES IS STARTIN' TO VIBRATE!
CRASH!

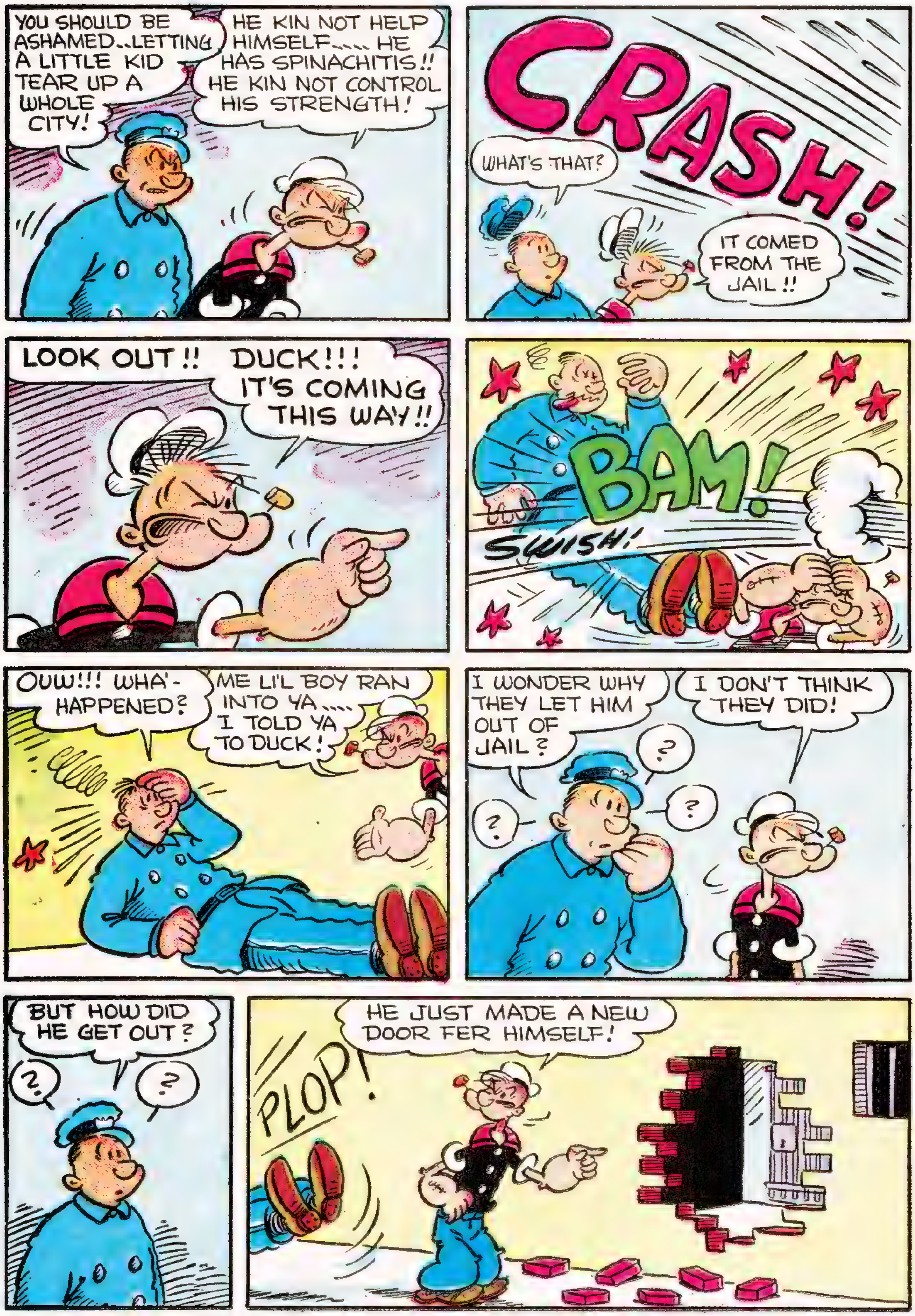

?
BONK
HOW DID I GET OUT-DOORS?
I DOESN'T REMEMBER OPENING ANY DOOR!
?
HI, FELLOW!
COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE THE JONESES LIVE?
GR-RRR!
SPLAT
GR-RR!
NOW WHY DID I DO THAT?? I DIDN'T HAVE ANY REASONING TO SMACK 'AT POOR SWAB!
?
?
WOOOPS!! HERE I GO AGAIN!!
SWISH
GR-R-R!
SMACK

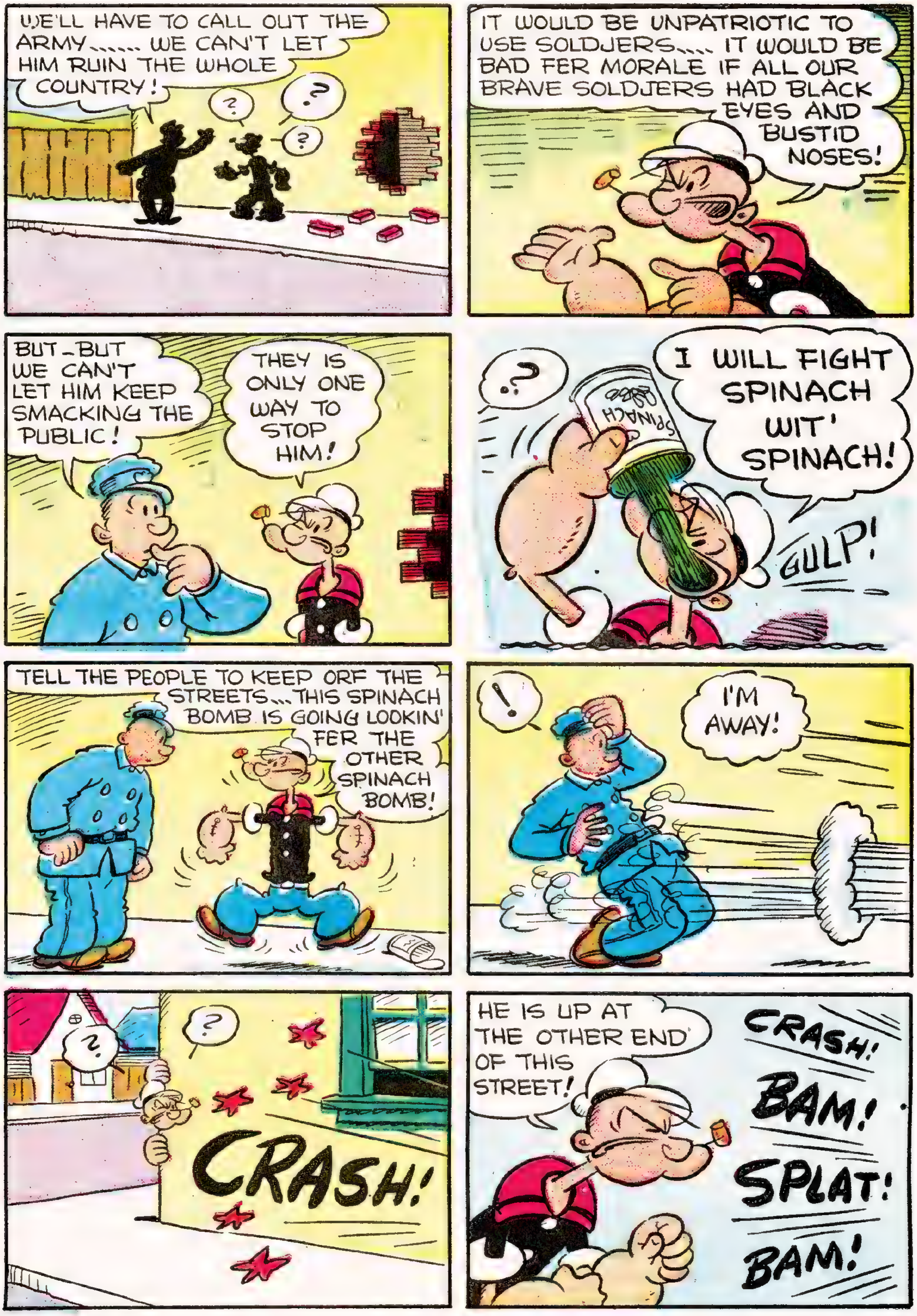


SHUCKS! OLIVE WASN'T HOME.... OH, WELL...I'LL GO HOME AN' READ A STORY TO SWEE'PEA!
WHA..... THE---?
?
!
?
MY GORSH! DID A TRUCK HIT YA, MISTER?
ER...WHA' HAPPENED? ARE YOU A NURSE? DID YOU BRING A HOSPITAL?
I WAS JUST WALKIN' DOWN THE STREET WHEN THIS GUY JUMPED ME... HE MUSTA BEEN A GIANT FROM THE WAY MY JAW FEELS!
?
?
POOR SWAB...IT'S NO FUN GETTIN' SMACKED BY A STRANGER!
YA DOESN'T KNOW WHO TO HIT BACK!
YIPE!! A WHOLE PILE OF 'EM?
?
!
POPEYE!! OH! POPEYE!!
I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU!!
?
LITTLE SWEE'PEA ATE TEN DOZEN CANS OF SPINACH AND HE'S TEARING UP THE TOWN!!
AWK!

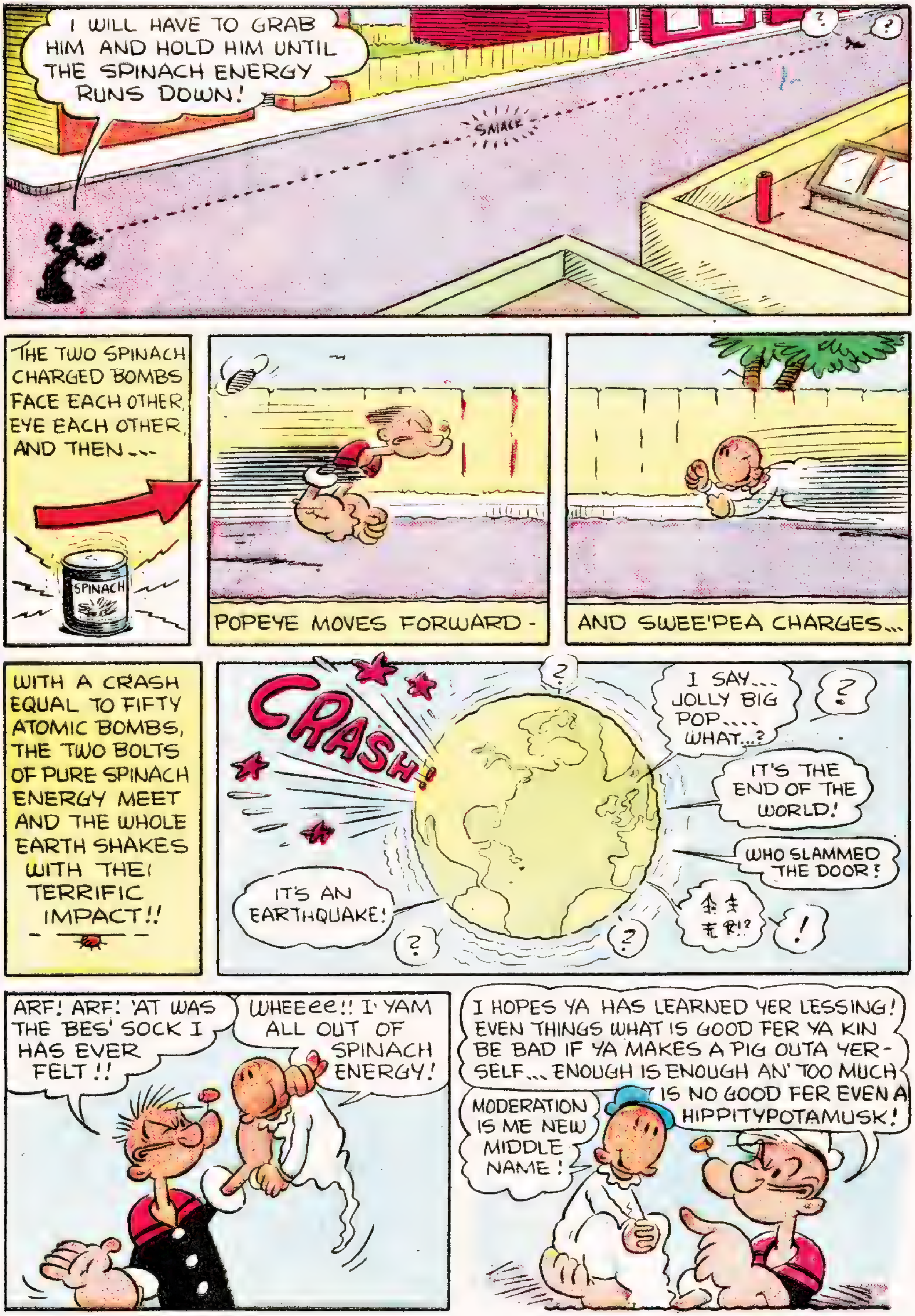

THIS IS ARFUL, WIMPY!! HE'S GOT SPINACHITIS!! HE'S SUFFERIN' FROM AN OVER SUPPLY OF ENERGY!!
WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM! WITH THAT MUCH SPINACH JUICE IN HIS LI'L MUSKLES, HE WON'T BE ABLE TO HOLD HIS ARMS BACK... HE'LL SWING AT ANYTHING!
I THINK I'LL GO HOME!
DON'T BE SILLY! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP!!
VERY WELL... I DON'T LIKE IT, BUT I'LL HELP!
YOU GO THAT WAY AND WE'LL MEET HERE IN AN HOUR!! IF YOU SEE HIM, TRY TO TALK HIM INTO GOING HOME!
OKAY!
YOO-HOO!! SWEE'PEA!!! YOO-HOO!!
PHOOEY!! I HAS BEEN LOOKING FER OVER AN HOUR... I'D BETTER SEE HOW WIMPY DID!!
AHOY, WIMPY.... ANY LUCK? DID YOU FIND HIM?
NO! BUT HE FOUND ME!!
?
?
?
?


POOR WIMPY.... HE JUST ISN'T CUT OUT TO BE A BLEED-HOUND!
I GUESS IT IS UP TO ME TO FIND SWEE'PEA ALL BY MESELF!
AH! THERE'S A POLICEMAN.... MAYBE HE HAS SEEN ME LI'L BOY KID!
AHOY, MISTER POLICE-MANS.... HAS YA SEEN A LI'L BOY KID?
HUH? A LITTLE KID!!
YOU WOULDN'T BY ANY CHANCE MEAN A LITTLE BOY WITH THE STRENGTH OF A HUNDRED MEN.. WOULD YOU?
YES! YES! 'AT'S ME LITTLE ADOPTID SON!
OH, GOODY! YA HAS SEEN HIM!
WHERE IS HE? WHERE DID YOU SEE HIM LAST?
THE LAST TIME I SAW HIM WAS BEHIND BARS.... HE'S IN JAIL!!
WHAT?!?
YOU PUT HIM IN JAIL!! 'AT'S TERRIBLE! HE IS JUST A SWEET, LI'L BOY KID.... HE IS TOO YOUNG FER PRISONING!
LISTEN, CHUM.... ANY SWEET LITTLE KID THAT CAN KNOCK OUT HALF OF THE POLICE FORCE IN TEN MINUTES IS OLD ENOUGH TO GO TO JAIL!
!
?
GULP!
?
AS HIS LEGAL GUARDIAN, YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS ACTIONS.. SO...... IT'S JAIL FOR YOU, TOO, SAILOR BOY!
MARCH!
THIS IS VERY EMBARRISKIN'!

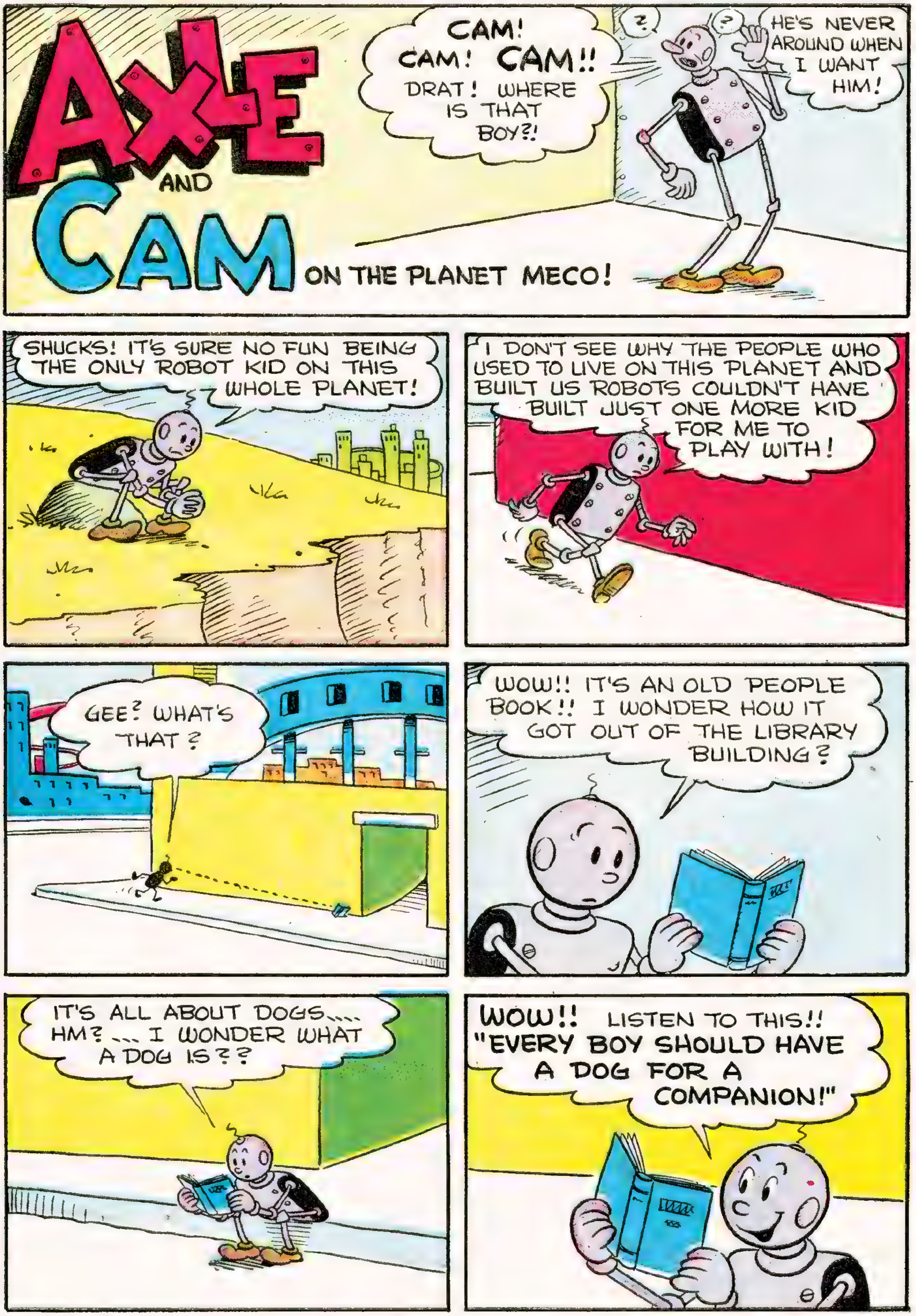

YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED..LETTING A LITTLE KID TEAR UP A WHOLE CITY!
HE KIN NOT HELP HIMSELF..... HE HAS SPINACHITIS!! HE KIN NOT CONTROL HIS STRENGTH!
CRASH!
WHAT'S THAT?
IT COMED FROM THE JAIL!!
LOOK OUT!! DUCK!!! IT'S COMING THIS WAY!!
BAM!
SWISH!
OUW!!! WHA'-HAPPENED?
ME LI'L BOY RAN INTO YA..... I TOLD YA TO DUCK!
I WONDER WHY THEY LET HIM OUT OF JAIL?
I DON'T THINK THEY DID!
?
?
?
BUT HOW DID HE GET OUT?
?
?
HE JUST MADE A NEW DOOR FER HIMSELF!
PLOP!

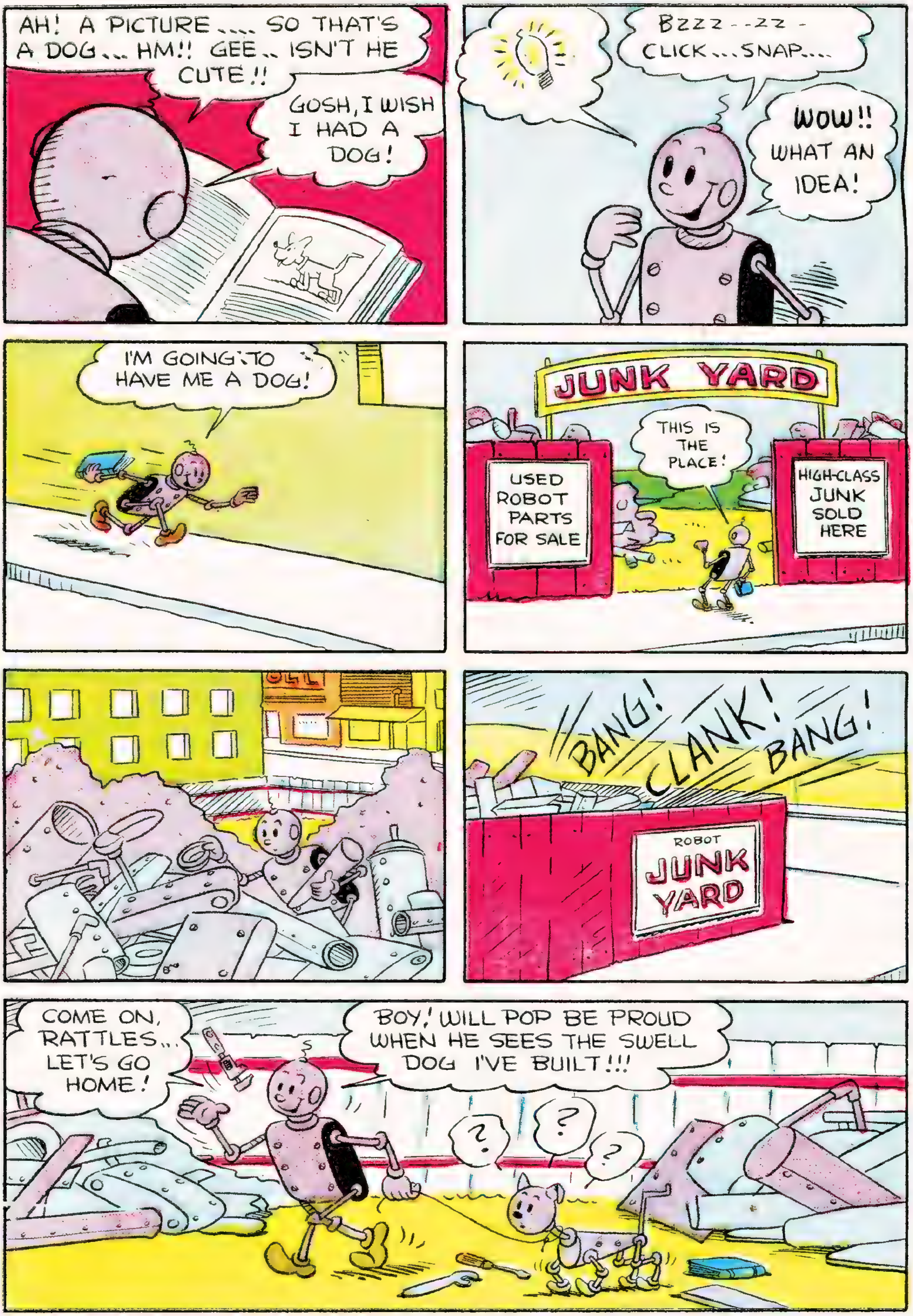


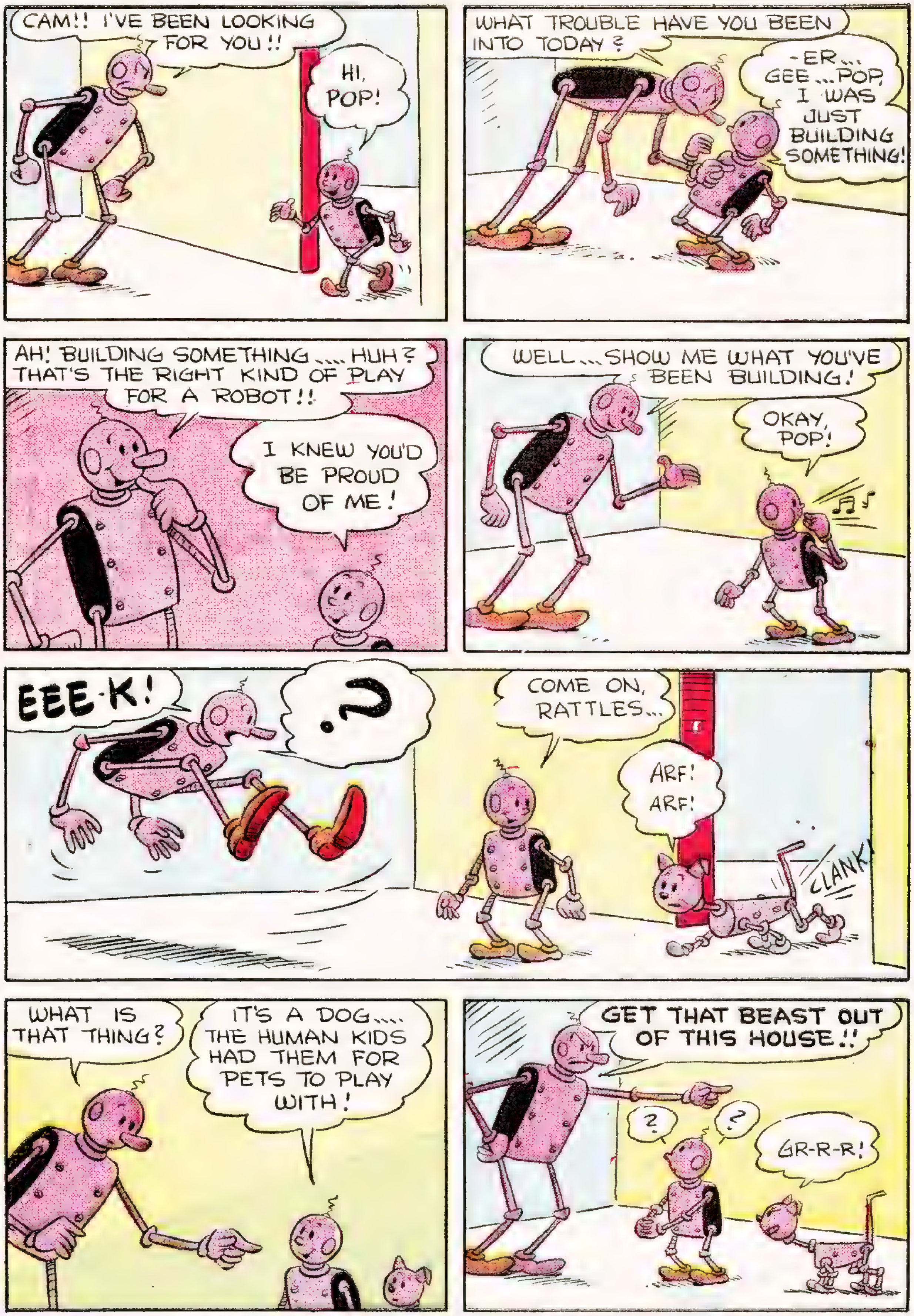
WE'LL HAVE TO CALL OUT THE ARMY...... WE CAN'T LET HIM RUIN THE WHOLE COUNTRY!
?
?
?
IT WOULD BE UNPATRIOTIC TO USE SOLDJERS.... IT WOULD BE BAD FER MORALE IF ALL OUR BRAVE SOLDJERS HAD BLACK EYES AND BUSTID NOSES!
BUT_BUT WE CAN'T LET HIM KEEP SMACKING THE PUBLIC!
THEY IS ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP HIM!
?
SPINACH
I WILL FIGHT SPINACH WIT' SPINACH!
GULP!
TELL THE PEOPLE TO KEEP ORF THE STREETS... THIS SPINACH BOMB IS GOING LOOKIN' FER THE OTHER SPINACH BOMB!
!
I'M AWAY!
?
?
CRASH!
HE IS UP AT THE OTHER END OF THIS STREET!
CRASH!
BAM!
SPLAT!
BAM!

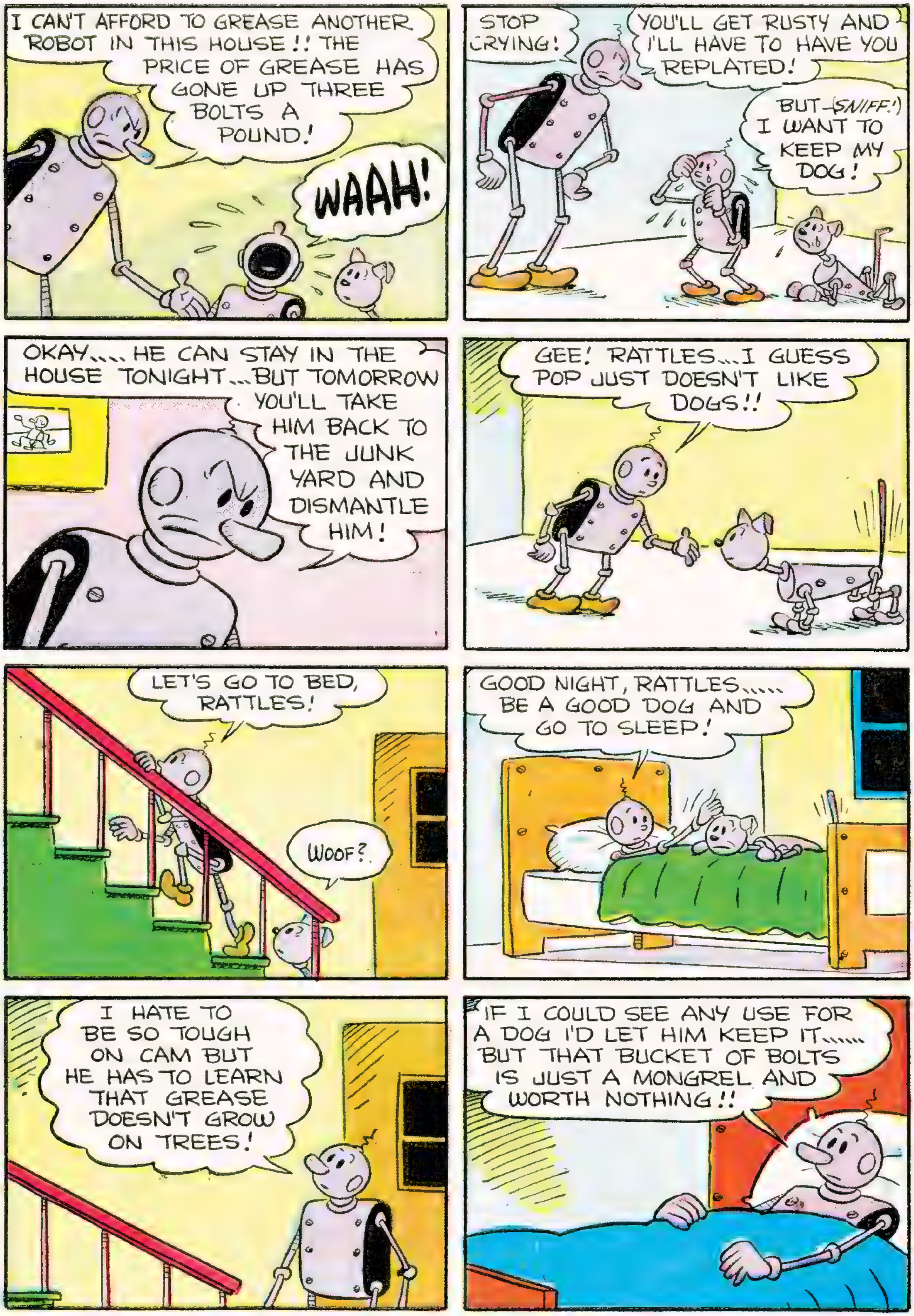


I WILL HAVE TO GRAB HIM AND HOLD HIM UNTIL THE SPINACH ENERGY RUNS DOWN!
?
?
SMACK
THE TWO SPINACH CHARGED BOMBS FACE EACH OTHER, EYE EACH OTHER, AND THEN...
SPINACH
POPEYE MOVES FORWARD -
AND SWEE'PEA CHARGES...
WITH A CRASH EQUAL TO FIFTY ATOMIC BOMBS, THE TWO BOLTS OF PURE SPINACH ENERGY MEET AND THE WHOLE EARTH SHAKES WITH THE TERRIFIC IMPACT!!
CRASH!
?
I SAY... JOLLY BIG POP.... WHAT...?
?
IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD!
WHO SLAMMED THE DOOR?
IT'S AN EARTHQUAKE!
?
?
!
ARF! ARF! 'AT WAS THE BES' SOCK I HAS EVER FELT!!
WHEEEEE!! I YAM ALL OUT OF SPINACH ENERGY!
I HOPES YA HAS LEARNED YER LESSING! EVEN THINGS WHAT IS GOOD FER YA KIN BE BAD IF YA MAKES A PIG OUTA YER-SELF... ENOUGH IS ENOUGH AN' TOO MUCH IS NO GOOD FER EVEN A HIPPITYPOTAMUSK!
MODERATION IS ME NEW MIDDLE NAME!

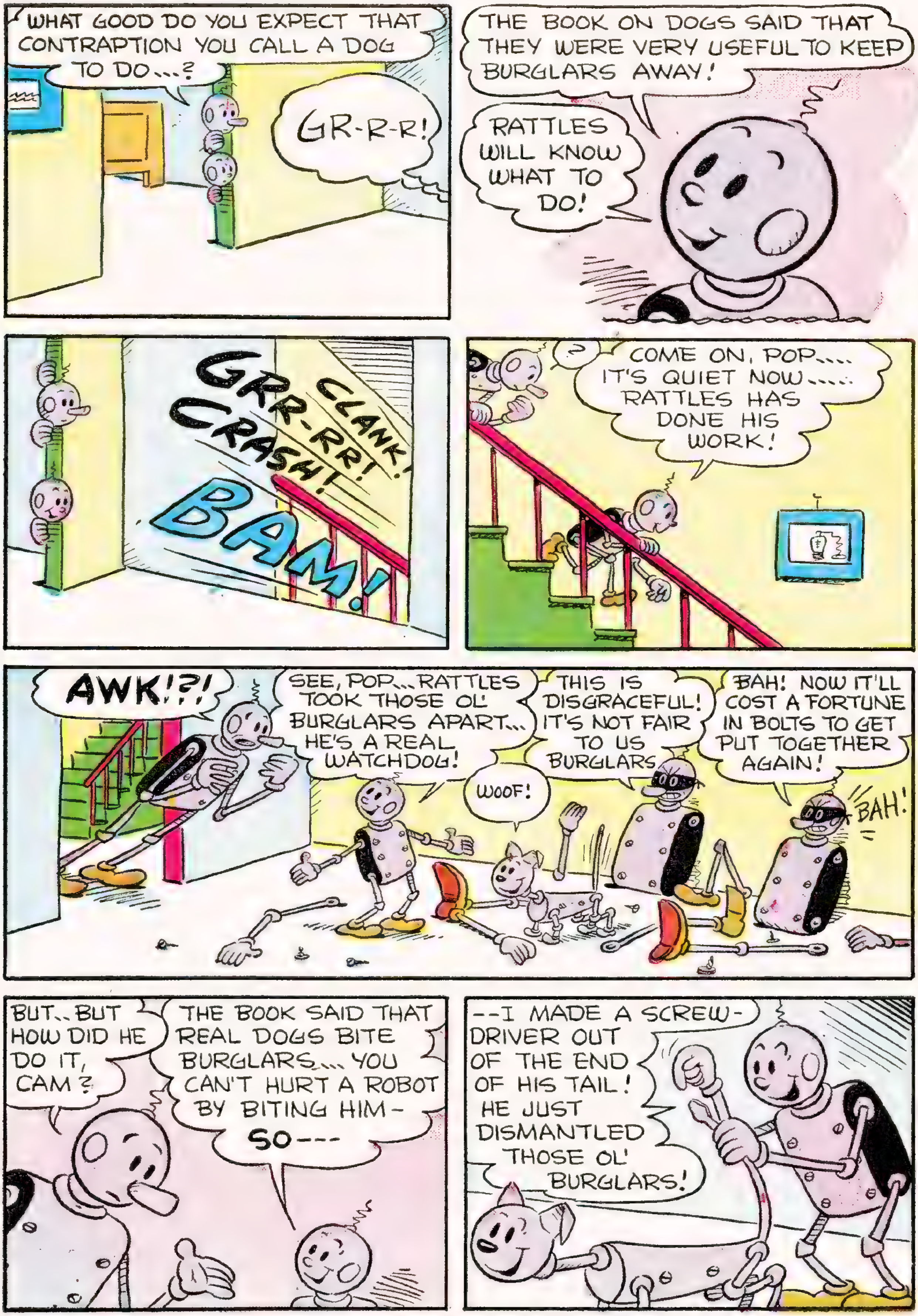

AXLE AND CAM ON THE PLANET MECO!
CAM! CAM! CAM!! DRAT! WHERE IS THAT BOY?!
HE'S NEVER AROUND WHEN I WANT HIM!
SHUCKS! IT'S SURE NO FUN BEING THE ONLY ROBOT KID ON THIS WHOLE PLANET!
I DON'T SEE WHY THE PEOPLE WHO USED TO LIVE ON THIS PLANET AND BUILT US ROBOTS COULDN'T HAVE BUILT JUST ONE MORE KID FOR ME TO PLAY WITH!
GEE? WHAT'S THAT?
WOW!! IT'S AN OLD PEOPLE BOOK!! I WONDER HOW IT GOT OUT OF THE LIBRARY BUILDING?
IT'S ALL ABOUT DOGS.... HM? ... I WONDER WHAT A DOG IS??
WOW!! LISTEN TO THIS!! "EVERY BOY SHOULD HAVE A DOG FOR A COMPANION!"


AH! A PICTURE.... SO THAT'S A DOG... HM!! GEE.. ISN'T HE CUTE!!
GOSH, I WISH I HAD A DOG!
BZZZ--ZZ-CLICK...SNAP...
WOW!! WHAT AN IDEA!
I'M GOING TO HAVE ME A DOG!
JUNK YARD
THIS IS THE PLACE!
USED ROBOT PARTS FOR SALE
HIGH-CLASS JUNK SOLD HERE
BANG! CLANK! BANG!
ROBOT JUNK YARD
COME ON, RATTLES.. LET'S GO HOME!
BOY! WILL POP BE PROUD WHEN HE SEES THE SWELL DOG I'VE BUILT!!!
?
?
?


CAM!! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU!!
HI, POP!
WHAT TROUBLE HAVE YOU BEEN INTO TODAY?
-ER... GEE... POP, I WAS JUST BUILDING SOMETHING!
AH! BUILDING SOMETHING.... HUH? THAT'S THE RIGHT KIND OF PLAY FOR A ROBOT!!
I KNEW YOU'D BE PROUD OF ME!
WELL... SHOW ME WHAT YOU'VE BEEN BUILDING!
OKAY, POP!
EEE-K!
?
COME ON, RATTLES...
ARF! ARF!
CLANK!
WHAT IS THAT THING?
IT'S A DOG.... THE HUMAN KIDS HAD THEM FOR PETS TO PLAY WITH!
GET THAT BEAST OUT OF THIS HOUSE!!
?
?
GR-R-R!


I CAN'T AFFORD TO GREASE ANOTHER ROBOT IN THIS HOUSE!! THE PRICE OF GREASE HAS GONE UP THREE BOLTS A POUND!
WAAH!
STOP CRYING!
YOU'LL GET RUSTY AND I'LL HAVE TO HAVE YOU REPLATED!
BUT—(SNIFF!) I WANT TO KEEP MY DOG!
OKAY.... HE CAN STAY IN THE HOUSE TONIGHT...BUT TOMORROW YOU'LL TAKE HIM BACK TO THE JUNK YARD AND DISMANTLE HIM!
GEE! RATTLES...I GUESS POP JUST DOESN'T LIKE DOGS!!
LET'S GO TO BED, RATTLES!
WOOF?
GOOD NIGHT, RATTLES..... BE A GOOD DOG AND GO TO SLEEP!
I HATE TO BE SO TOUGH ON CAM BUT HE HAS TO LEARN THAT GREASE DOESN'T GROW ON TREES!
IF I COULD SEE ANY USE FOR A DOG I'D LET HIM KEEP IT...... BUT THAT BUCKET OF BOLTS IS JUST A MONGREL AND WORTH NOTHING!!

Z Z Z Z Z
CRASH!
OH? GEE! WHAT WAS THAT? IT CAME FROM DOWNSTAIRS!
I BET IT'S A BURGLAR!
THERE ARE BURGLARS IN THE HOUSE! SICK 'EM, RATTLES!
GET 'EM!
GR-R-R!
WOW! LOOK AT HIM GO!
GR-R-R
QUICK, POP... THERE ARE BURGLARS DOWN-STAIRS!
HUH?
BURGLARS!!
DON'T BE AFRAID, POP... RATTLES WENT DOWN TO TAKE CARE OF THEM!!


WHAT GOOD DO YOU EXPECT THAT CONTRAPTION YOU CALL A DOG TO DO...?
GR-R-R!
THE BOOK ON DOGS SAID THAT THEY WERE VERY USEFUL TO KEEP BURGLARS AWAY!
RATTLES WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO!
GRR-RR!
CLANK!
CRASH!
BAM!
?
COME ON, POP.... IT'S QUIET NOW..... RATTLES HAS DONE HIS WORK!
AWK!?!
SEE, POP...RATTLES TOOK THOSE OL' BURGLARS APART... HE'S A REAL WATCHDOG!
WOOF!
THIS IS DISGRACEFUL! IT'S NOT FAIR TO US BURGLARS
BAH! NOW IT'LL COST A FORTUNE IN BOLTS TO GET PUT TOGETHER AGAIN!
BAH!
BUT..BUT HOW DID HE DO IT, CAM?
THE BOOK SAID THAT REAL DOGS BITE BURGLARS.... YOU CAN'T HURT A ROBOT BY BITING HIM- SO---
--I MADE A SCREW-DRIVER OUT OF THE END OF HIS TAIL! HE JUST DISMANTLED THOSE OL' BURGLARS!

(Continued from inside front cover)

Inside the space ship all was turmoil. The false gravity field had been shut off as the ship approached the earth and the two occupants were being tossed about like two dried peas in a pod.

Before Tom tired of playing with the strange ball, he had tossed it into the air, jumped on it; he had even knocked it into the fish pond a couple of times. But all fun must come to an end and Tom, who was no longer a peppy kitten, had to stop and take a nap. But he made sure that his new toy would not get away from him for he held it tightly in both paws and rested his nose against it before he dropped off to sleep.

The two space men, finding their craft again motionless, managed to stay on their feet and get the cabin back into some sort of order.

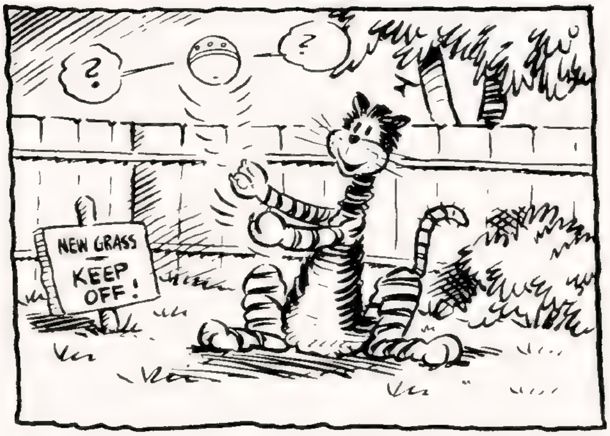
"That was a rough landing," criticized the commander to his fellow voyager, "you should spend a little more time practicing."

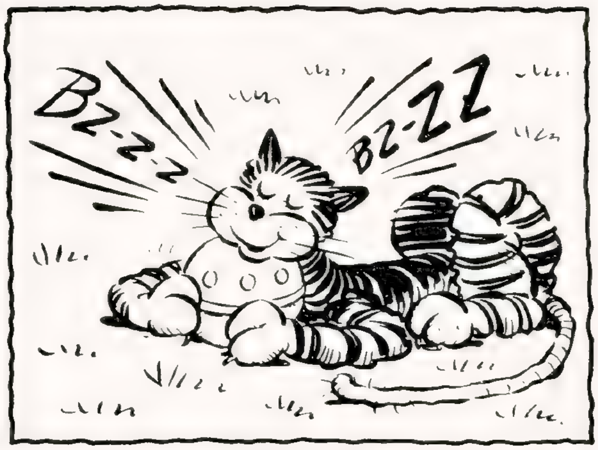
"There was nothing wrong with my landing," snarled the other. "All of that bouncing around came after I landed the ship."

The commander turned purple with rage and grabbed the other invader by the neck and snarled.

"Don't try to get out of the responsibility of that bad landing by blaming it on some peculiar fault of the surface of this planet."

"I don't think it was the planet," whispered the accused creature. "It felt like some huge animal picked us up and tossed us about."





The commander was about to beat him up soundly for even voicing such a stupid thought when he was stopped by a horrible noise that started to vibrate the whole ship.

"YIPE! WHAT WAS THAT?" screamed the commander as he threw his arms about the other's neck for protection.

"I, I, I—er I dddd-don't know," shivered the other trying to climb upon his commander's shoulders. "It's the most awful sound I ever heard."

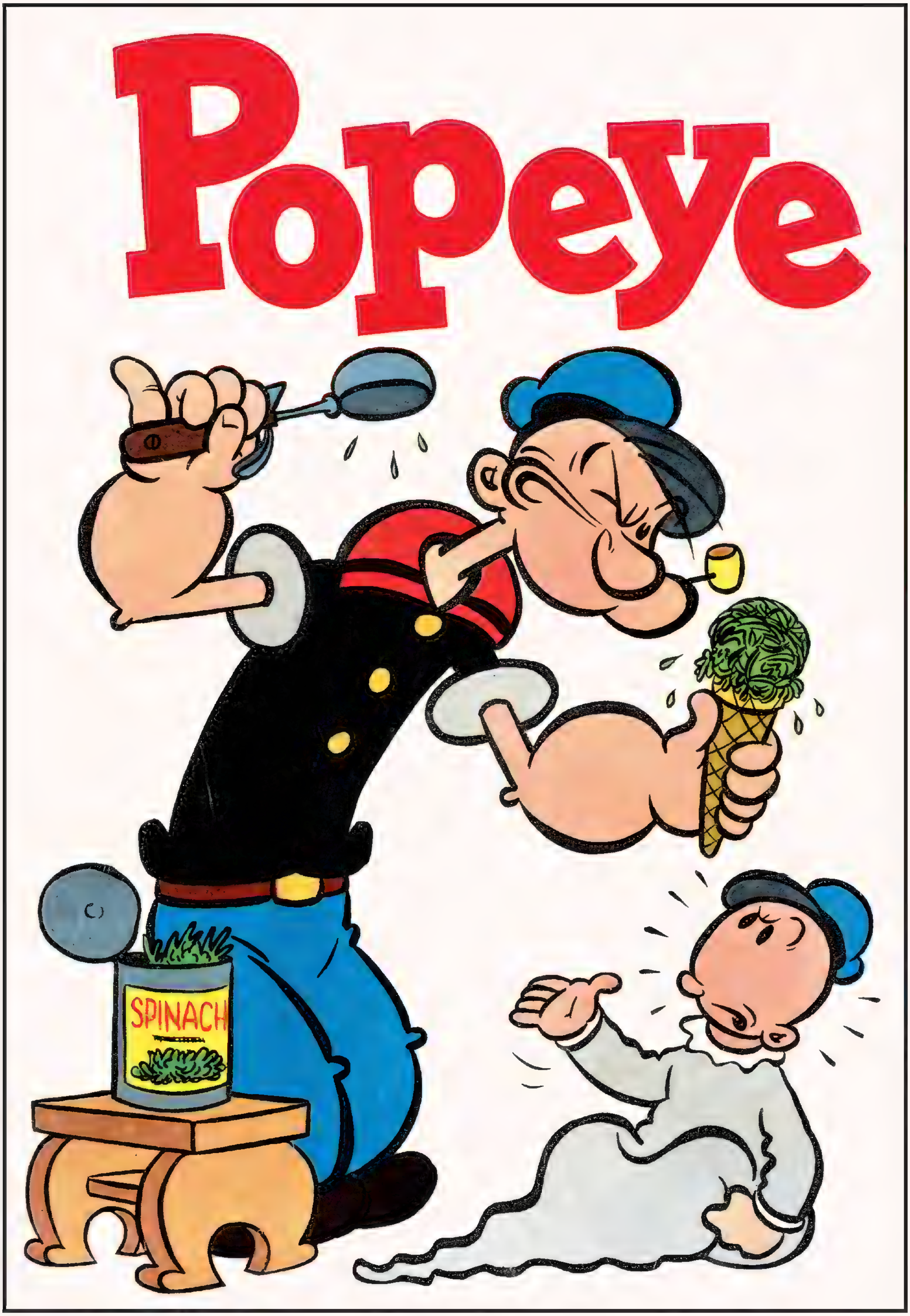
What the two brave invaders of space were hearing was the purr of poor old Tom who was so happy that he had his motor running full blast, even though he was fast asleep.

The horrible noise was beginning to tear the two creatures from outer space apart, and it was only with a supreme effort that the commander was able to reach the controls and send the ship in one mighty leap out past the moon and headed away from the earth as fast as it would go.

"That was the closest escape we have ever had," panted the commander, as he once again felt safe. "What a horrible planet that was. I shall give orders to our home base that all space ships are to stay away from this section of the galaxy."

Poor Tom! He had saved the earth from an invasion from space and the only thanks he got was a spanking with a folded newspaper for tearing up the new lawn.

He didn't mind the newspaper, but what really hurt was the fact that he could never find his wonderful ball again.



Popeye #28, April-June 1954

Anthony, the third, was considered by most of the inhabitants of the alley to be the greatest hunter since his great-grandfather Anthony, the first. But Freddie, the frog, who was the unofficial historian of the alley, said that of all the cats who had come and gone, Anthony, the first, was the greatest and that good as he was, there was little chance of Anthony, the third, ever equaling his illustrious forefather.

Anthony, the third, was determined that he would make Freddie and the rest of the gang admit that he was as great or greater than the old cat gent had been.

It was towards the end of a very hot summer that the following incident took place. It had been a blistering summer, so hot that all the people who lived on the alley had gone to the shore to escape the heat. With the humans gone the small creatures of the alley found it difficult to get enough to eat. The garbage cans were as bare as the middle of the highway and even the ants were hungry most of the time. The condition became so desperate that a meeting of all of the animals and bugs was called to see if something couldn't be done to ease the hunger situation.

"We must have food immediately!" shouted Herman, the Hoot Owl, who was spokesman. "My children haven't had a square meal in weeks."

"HARUMPH!" croaked Freddie. "If Anthony's great-grandfather were alive we'd never be in this situation. Why, I remember one time when he—"

"STOP IT! STOP IT!" shouted Anthony, the third. "All I ever hear is how wonderful my great-grandfather was. I SHALL HAVE FOOD FOR ALL OF YOU BY SUNDOWN!"

As soon as the words were out of his mouth, Anthony wished that he had kept quiet. It was too late by then to do anything, as all of the animals and bugs were dancing up and down, joyful at the thought of the wonderful feast that he was going to bring them before sundown.

Herman, the Owl, took Anthony aside where the others couldn't hear and talked to him.

"Look, Anthony, I hope you can find enough food for the gang because they are expecting it and if you don't come through I'd hate to be in your shoes. They're in no mood to be disappointed."

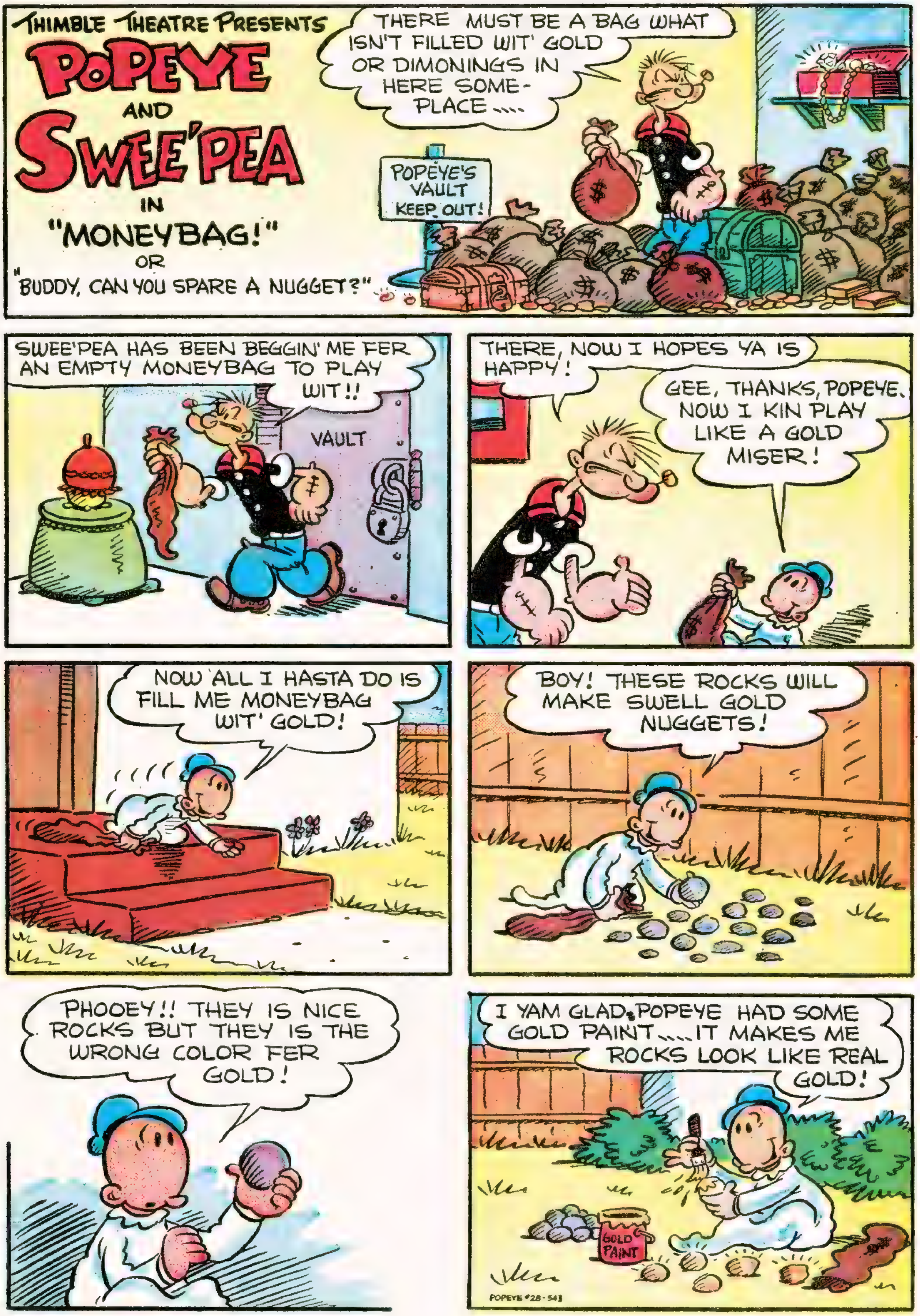
Anthony assured him that there would be food for all by nightfall. It sounded good and Herman was satisfied. Anthony only wished that he could believe it himself, for he didn't have the slightest idea where he was going to get enough food for the whole alley.

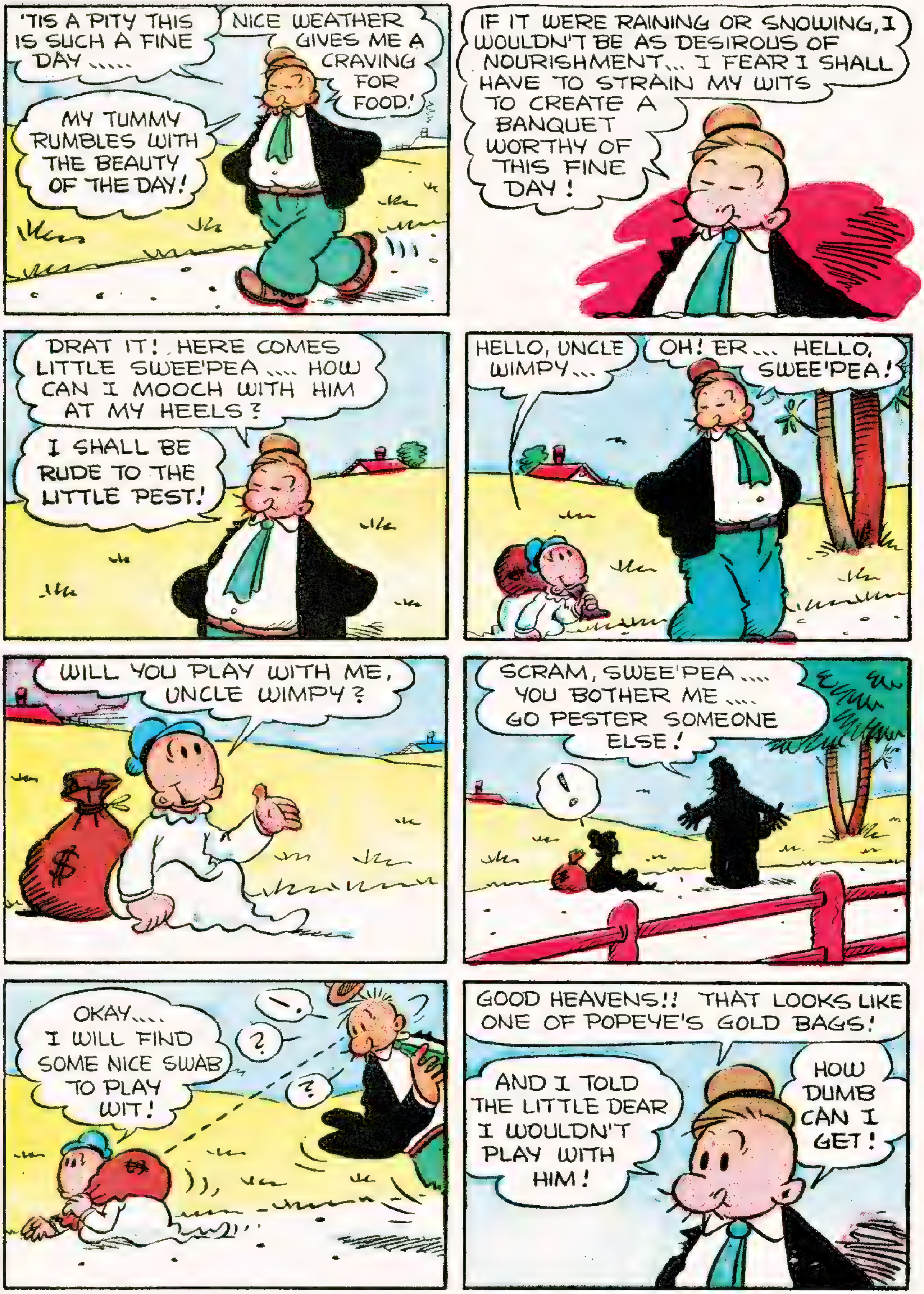
But it must be said for Anthony that he made a good bluff of it. He announced that he was about to depart on his hunting trip and that he wished to go alone. The whole gang escorted him to the end of the alley and watched him with hopeful eyes as he disappeared up the street.

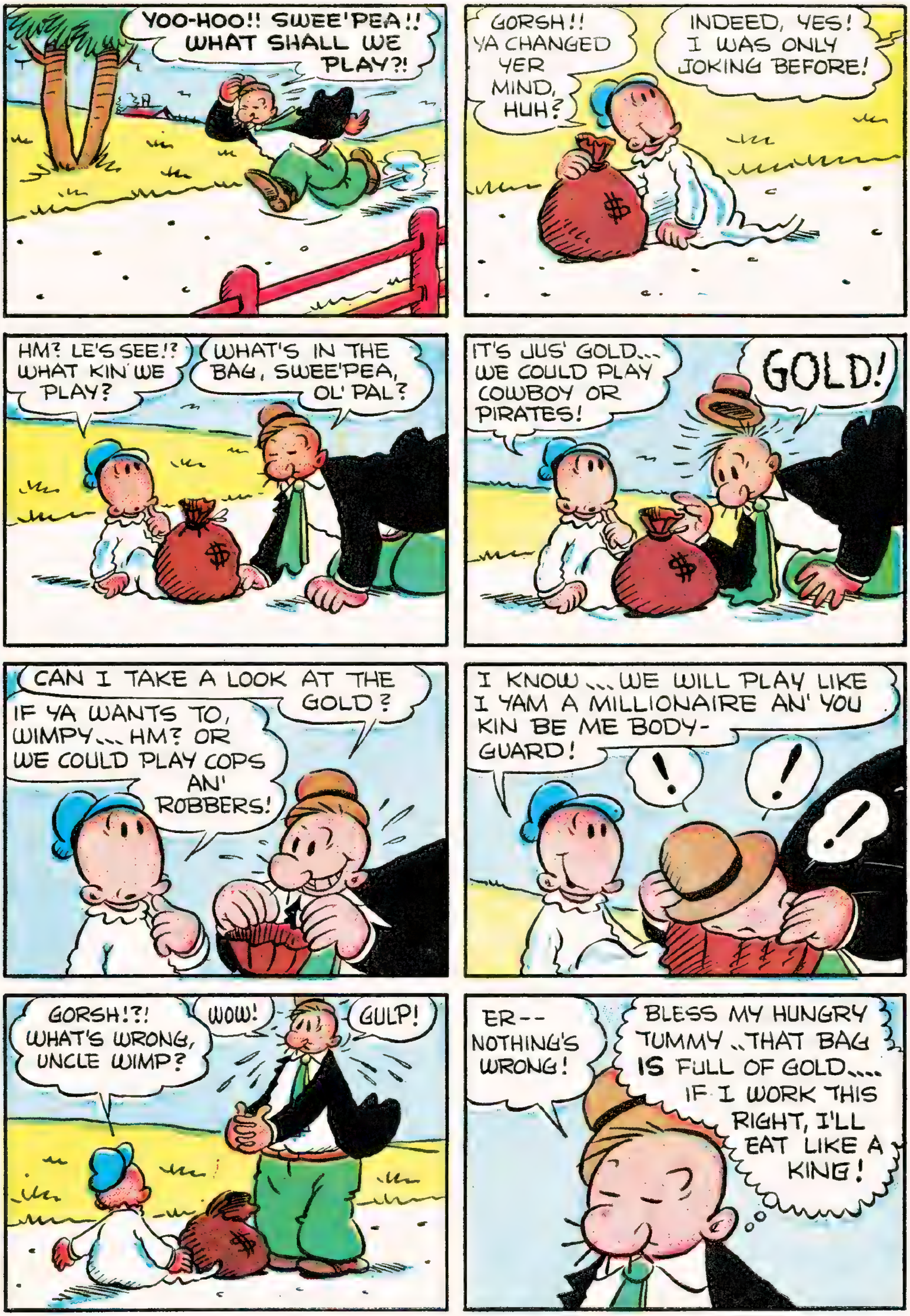
After what seemed like miles of walking Anthony was ready to give up. It was only an hour to sundown and he hadn't seen the suggestion of anything to eat.

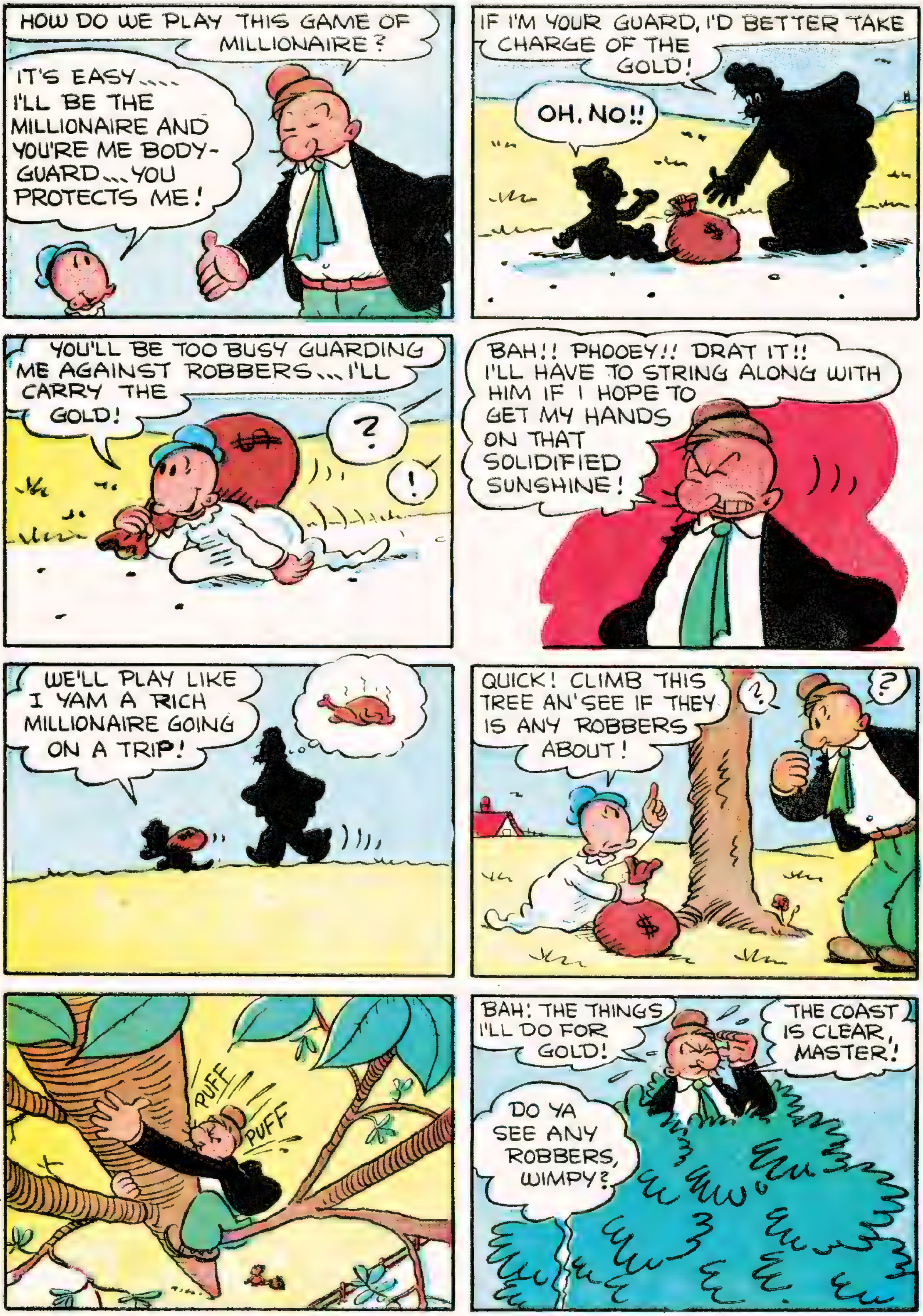
"I guess the only thing to do is to become

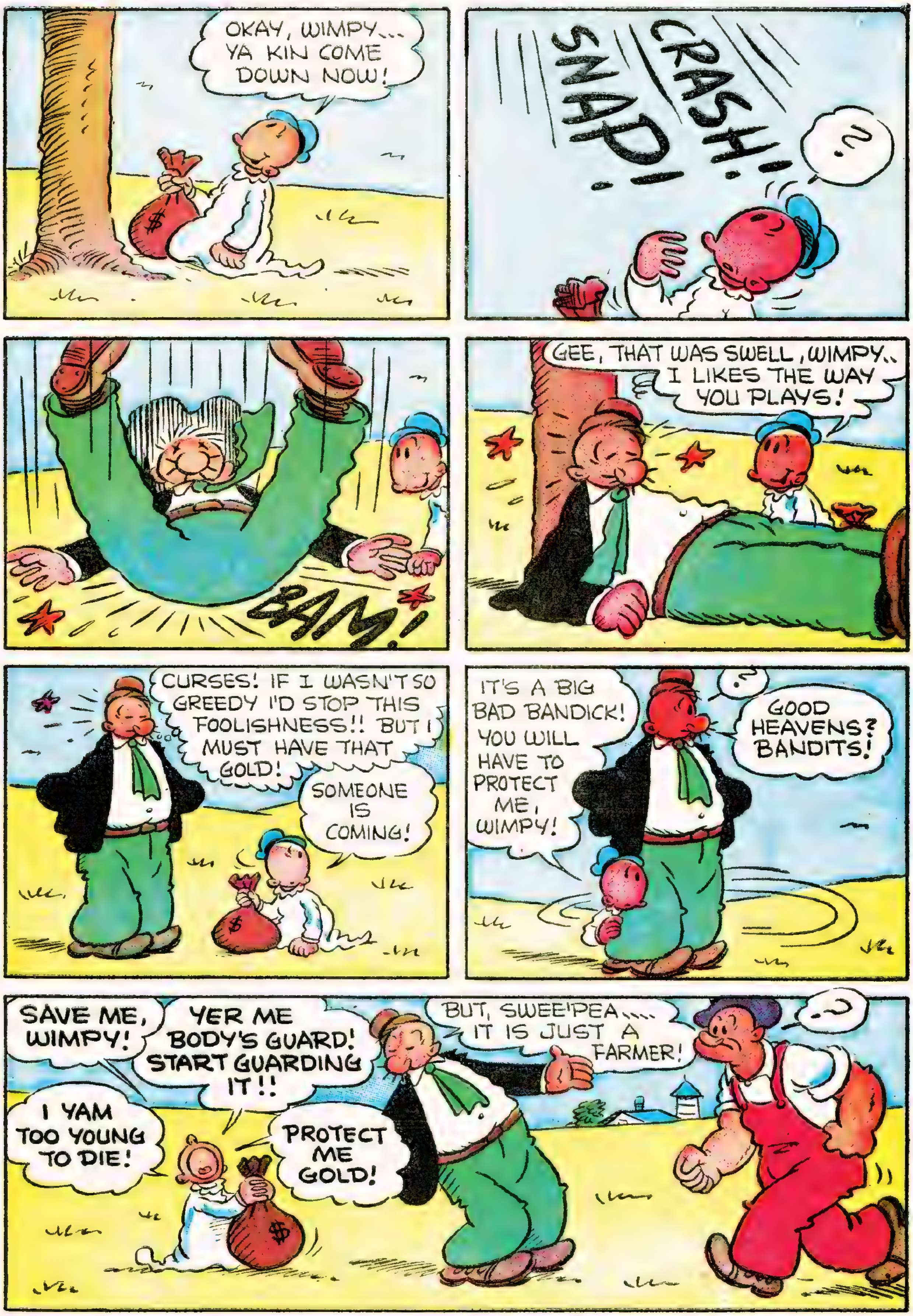
(Continued on inside back cover)


THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
POPEYE AND SWEE'PEA IN "MONEYBAG!" OR "BUDDY, CAN YOU SPARE A NUGGET?"
THERE MUST BE A BAG WHAT ISN'T FILLED WIT' GOLD OR DIMONINGS IN HERE SOME-PLACE.....
POPEYE'S VAULT KEEP OUT!
SWEE'PEA HAS BEEN BEGGIN' ME FER AN EMPTY MONEYBAG TO PLAY WIT!!
VAULT
THERE, NOW I HOPES YA IS HAPPY!
GEE, THANKS, POPEYE. NOW I KIN PLAY LIKE A GOLD MISER!
NOW ALL I HASTA DO IS FILL ME MONEYBAG WIT' GOLD!
BOY! THESE ROCKS WILL MAKE SWELL GOLD NUGGETS!
PHOOEY!! THEY IS NICE ROCKS BUT THEY IS THE WRONG COLOR FER GOLD!
I YAM GLAD POPEYE HAD SOME GOLD PAINT.....IT MAKES ME ROCKS LOOK LIKE REAL GOLD!
GOLD PAINT
POPEYE #28-543

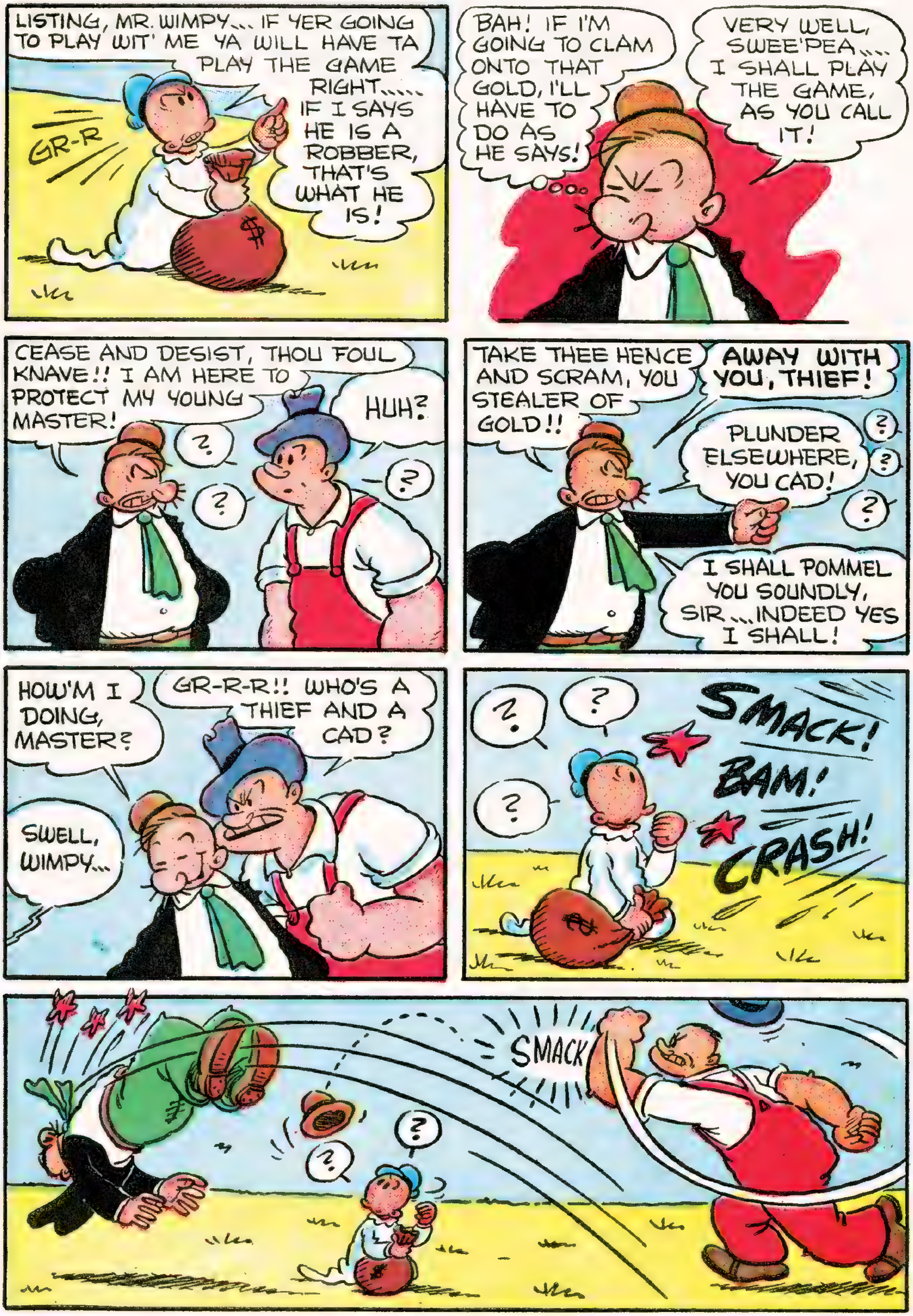

'TIS A PITY THIS IS SUCH A FINE DAY .....
NICE WEATHER GIVES ME A CRAVING FOR FOOD!
MY TUMMY RUMBLES WITH THE BEAUTY OF THE DAY!
IF IT WERE RAINING OR SNOWING, I WOULDN'T BE AS DESIROUS OF NOURISHMENT... I FEAR I SHALL HAVE TO STRAIN MY WITS TO CREATE A BANQUET WORTHY OF THIS FINE DAY!
DRAT IT! HERE COMES LITTLE SWEE'PEA .... HOW CAN I MOOCH WITH HIM AT MY HEELS?
I SHALL BE RUDE TO THE LITTLE PEST!
HELLO, UNCLE WIMPY...
OH! ER... HELLO, SWEE'PEA!
WILL YOU PLAY WITH ME, UNCLE WIMPY?
SCRAM, SWEE'PEA .... YOU BOTHER ME .... GO PESTER SOMEONE ELSE!
!
OKAY.... I WILL FIND SOME NICE SWAB TO PLAY WIT!
?
?
GOOD HEAVENS!! THAT LOOKS LIKE ONE OF POPEYE'S GOLD BAGS!
AND I TOLD THE LITTLE DEAR I WOULDN'T PLAY WITH HIM!
HOW DUMB CAN I GET!

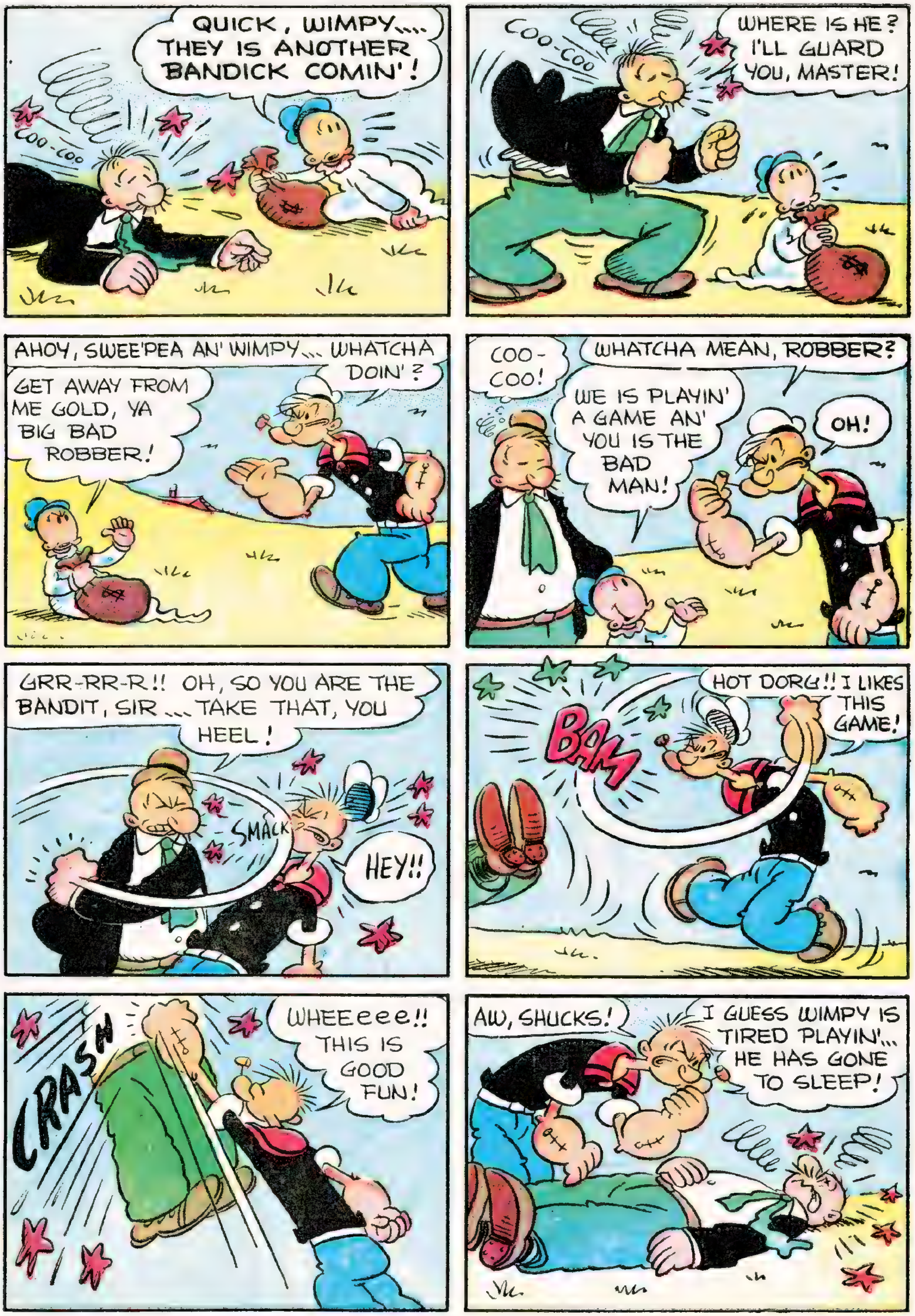

YOO-HOO!! SWEE'PEA!! WHAT SHALL WE PLAY?!
GORSH!! YA CHANGED YER MIND, HUH?
INDEED, YES! I WAS ONLY JOKING BEFORE!
HM? LE'S SEE!? WHAT KIN WE PLAY?
WHAT'S IN THE BAG, SWEE'PEA, OL' PAL?
IT'S JUS' GOLD... WE COULD PLAY COWBOY OR PIRATES!
GOLD!
CAN I TAKE A LOOK AT THE GOLD?
IF YA WANTS TO, WIMPY... HM? OR WE COULD PLAY COPS AN' ROBBERS!
I KNOW... WE WILL PLAY LIKE I YAM A MILLIONAIRE AN' YOU KIN BE ME BODY-GUARD!
!
!
!
GORSH!?! WHAT'S WRONG, UNCLE WIMP?
WOW!
GULP!
ER-- NOTHING'S WRONG!
BLESS MY HUNGRY TUMMY.. THAT BAG IS FULL OF GOLD.... IF I WORK THIS RIGHT, I'LL EAT LIKE A KING!

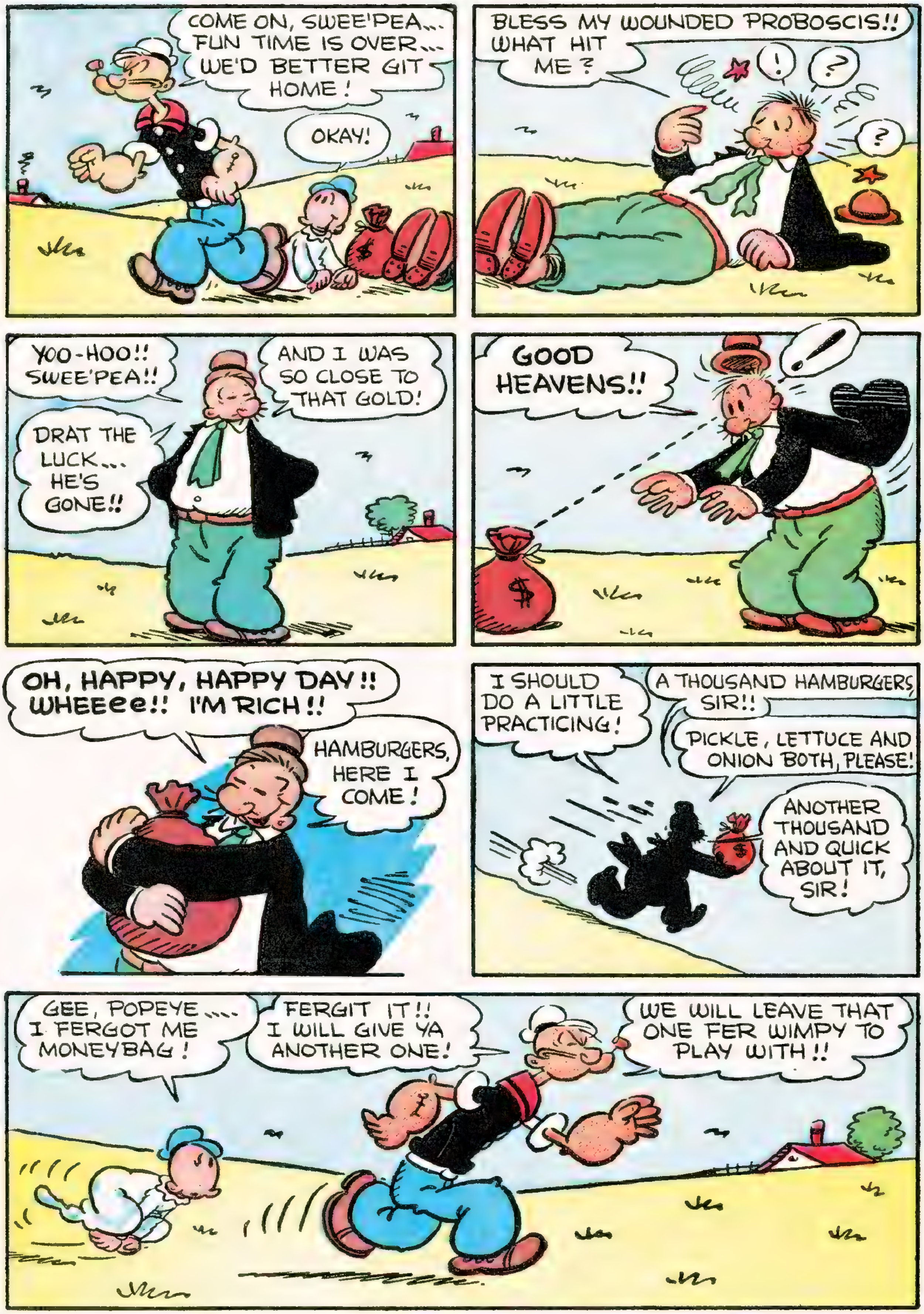

HOW DO WE PLAY THIS GAME OF MILLIONAIRE?
IT'S EASY.... I'LL BE THE MILLIONAIRE AND YOU'RE ME BODY-GUARD....YOU PROTECTS ME!
IF I'M YOUR GUARD, I'D BETTER TAKE CHARGE OF THE GOLD!
OH, NO!!
YOU'LL BE TOO BUSY GUARDING ME AGAINST ROBBERS....I'LL CARRY THE GOLD!
?
!
BAH!! PHOOEY!! DRAT IT!! I'LL HAVE TO STRING ALONG WITH HIM IF I HOPE TO GET MY HANDS ON THAT SOLIDIFIED SUNSHINE!
WE'LL PLAY LIKE I YAM A RICH MILLIONAIRE GOING ON A TRIP!
QUICK! CLIMB THIS TREE AN' SEE IF THEY IS ANY ROBBERS ABOUT!
?
?
PUFF
PUFF
BAH! THE THINGS I'LL DO FOR GOLD!
THE COAST IS CLEAR, MASTER!
DO YA SEE ANY ROBBERS, WIMPY?



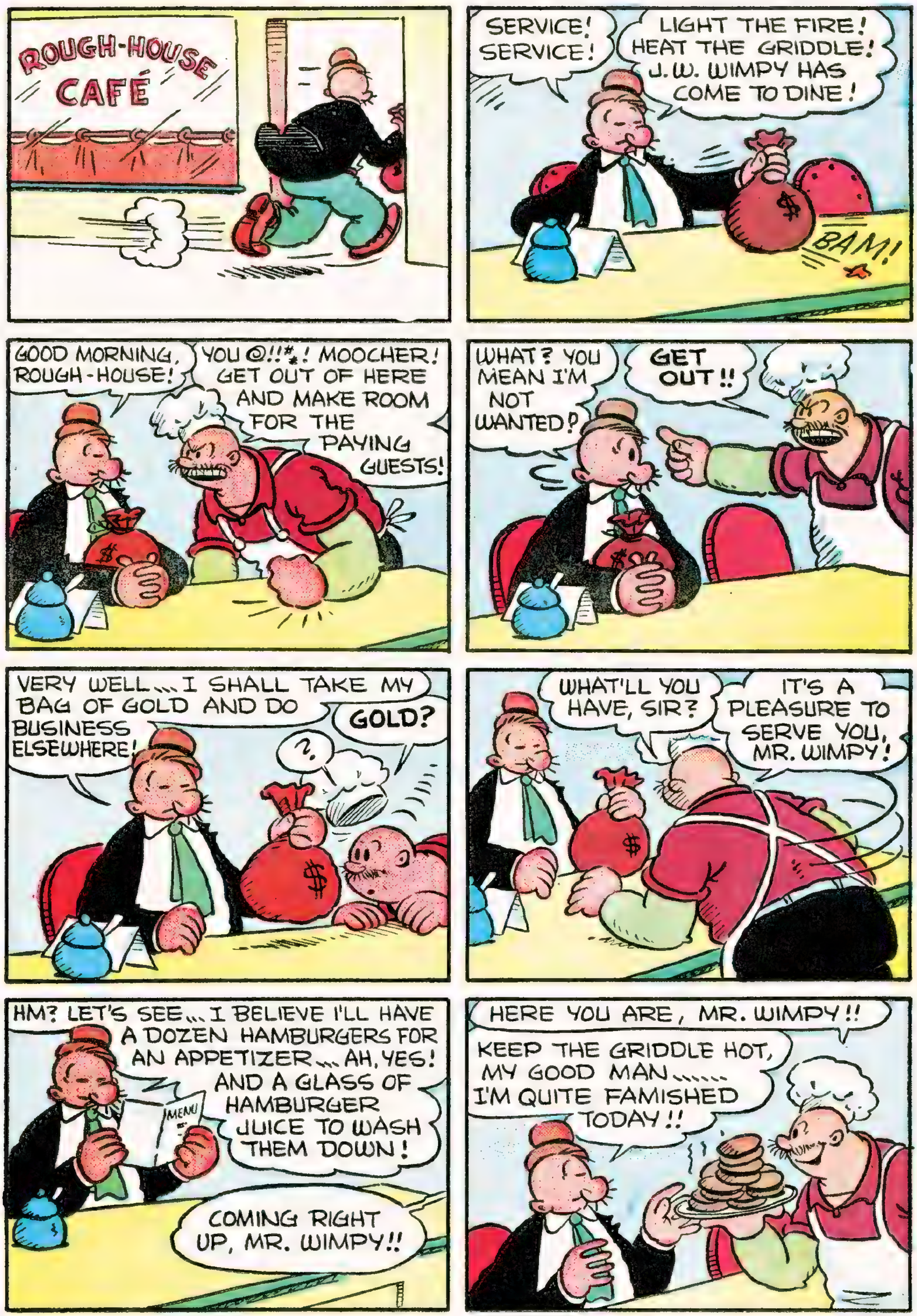
OKAY, WIMPY... YA KIN COME DOWN NOW!
CRASH!
SNAP!
?
BAM!
GEE, THAT WAS SWELL, WIMPY.. I LIKES THE WAY YOU PLAYS!
CURSES! IF I WASN'T SO GREEDY I'D STOP THIS FOOLISHNESS!! BUT I MUST HAVE THAT GOLD!
SOMEONE IS COMING!
IT'S A BIG BAD BANDICK! YOU WILL HAVE TO PROTECT ME, WIMPY!
?
GOOD HEAVENS? BANDITS!
SAVE ME, WIMPY!
YER ME BODY'S GUARD! START GUARDING IT!!
I YAM TOO YOUNG TO DIE!
PROTECT ME GOLD!
BUT, SWEE'PEA..... IT IS JUST A FARMER!
?

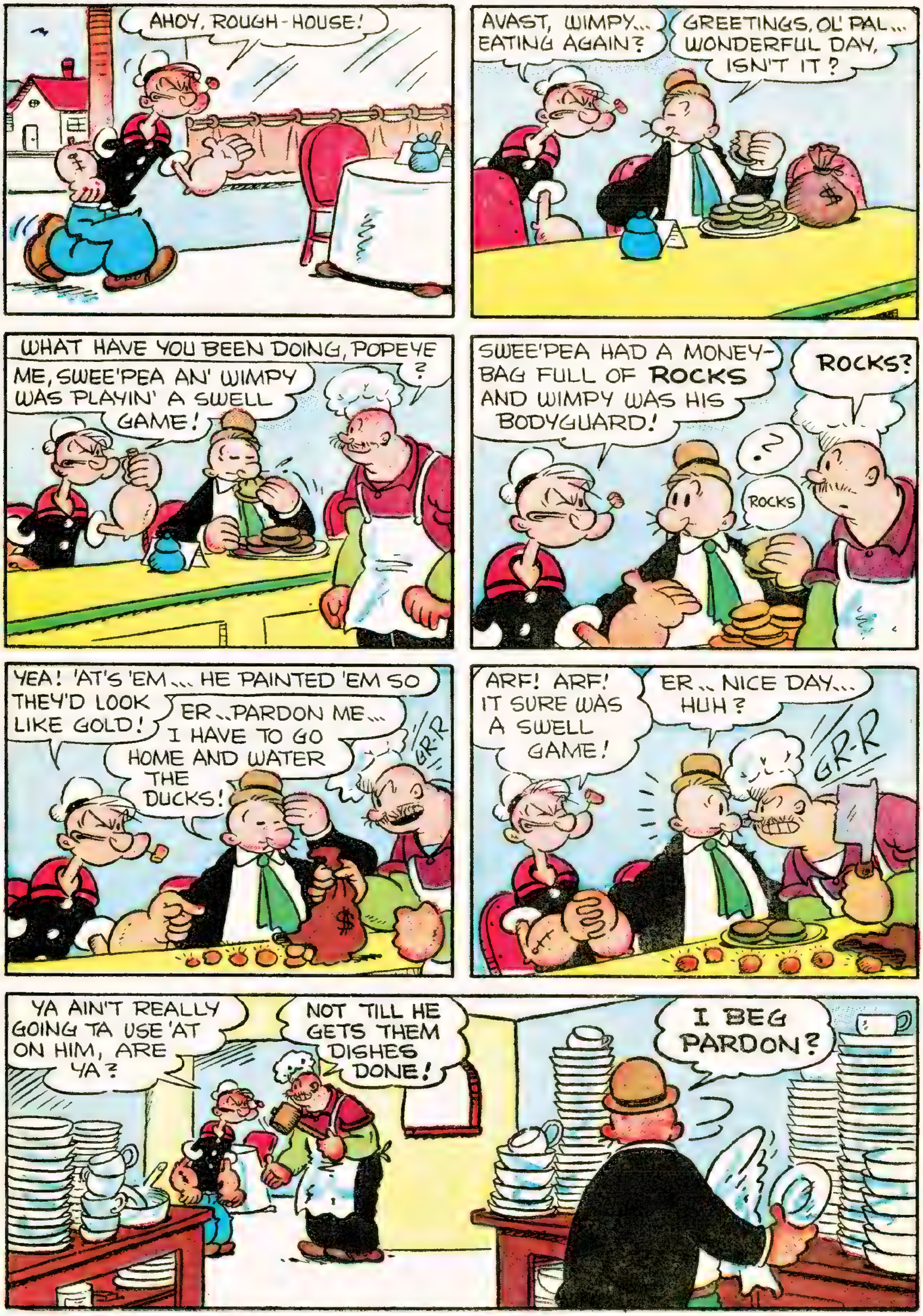

LISTING, MR. WIMPY... IF YER GOING TO PLAY WIT' ME YA WILL HAVE TA PLAY THE GAME RIGHT..... IF I SAYS HE IS A ROBBER, THAT'S WHAT HE IS!
GR-R
BAH! IF I'M GOING TO CLAM ONTO THAT GOLD, I'LL HAVE TO DO AS HE SAYS!
VERY WELL, SWEE'PEA... I SHALL PLAY THE GAME, AS YOU CALL IT!
CEASE AND DESIST, THOU FOUL KNAVE!! I AM HERE TO PROTECT MY YOUNG MASTER!
HUH?
TAKE THEE HENCE AND SCRAM, YOU STEALER OF GOLD!!
AWAY WITH YOU, THIEF!
PLUNDER ELSEWHERE, YOU CAD!
I SHALL POMMEL YOU SOUNDLY, SIR... INDEED YES I SHALL!
HOW'M I DOING, MASTER?
GR-R-R!! WHO'S A THIEF AND A CAD?
SWELL, WIMPY...
SMACK!
BAM!
CRASH!
SMACK

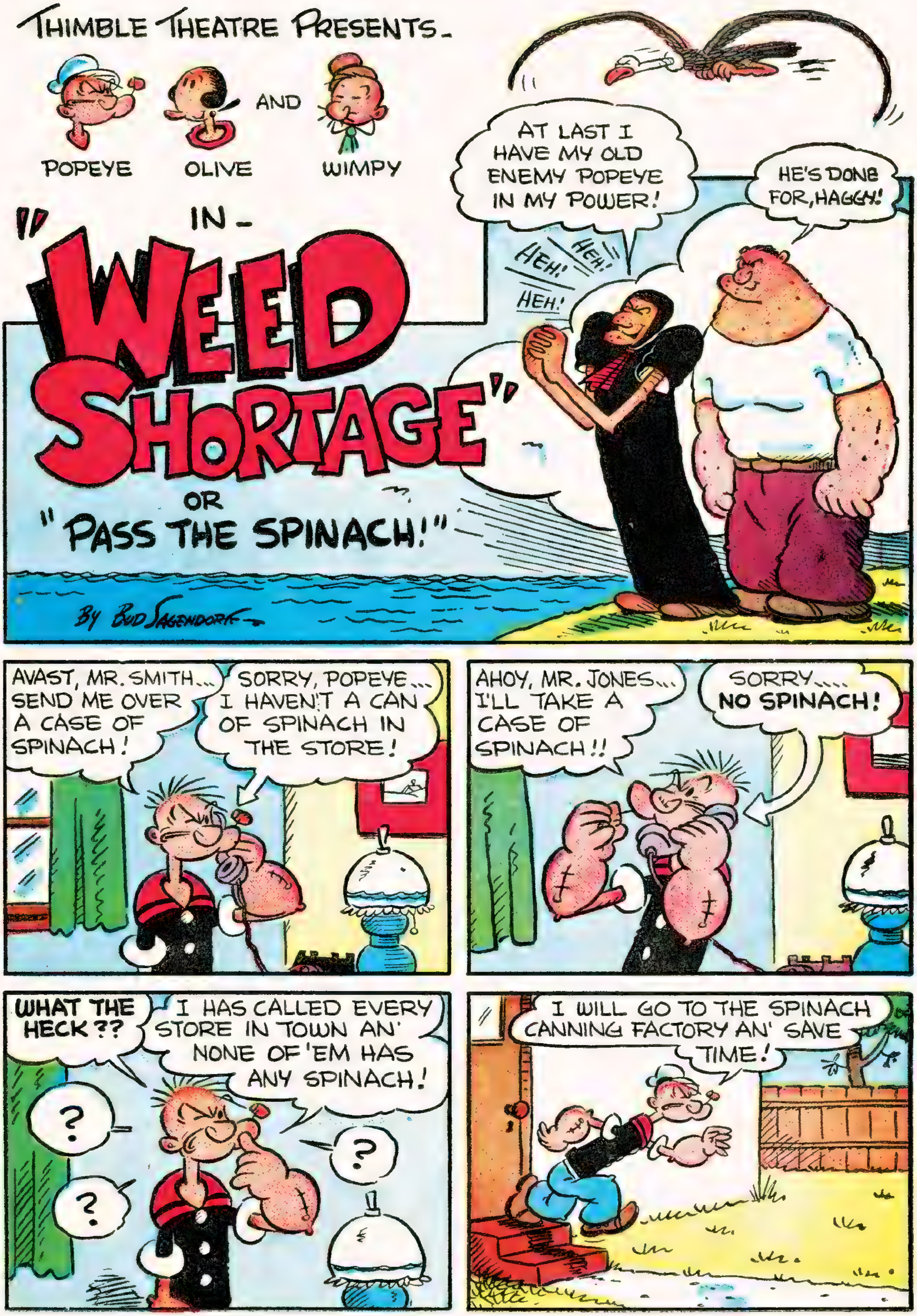

QUICK, WIMPY.... THEY IS ANOTHER BANDICK COMIN'!
COO-COO
COO-COO
WHERE IS HE? I'LL GUARD YOU, MASTER!
AHOY, SWEE'PEA AN' WIMPY... WHATCHA DOIN'?
GET AWAY FROM ME GOLD, YA BIG BAD ROBBER!
COO-COO!
WHATCHA MEAN, ROBBER?
WE IS PLAYIN' A GAME AN' YOU IS THE BAD MAN!
OH!
GRR-RR-R!! OH, SO YOU ARE THE BANDIT, SIR... TAKE THAT, YOU HEEL!
SMACK
HEY!!
BAM
HOT DORG!! I LIKES THIS GAME!
CRASH
WHEEEeee!! THIS IS GOOD FUN!
AW, SHUCKS!
I GUESS WIMPY IS TIRED PLAYIN'... HE HAS GONE TO SLEEP!

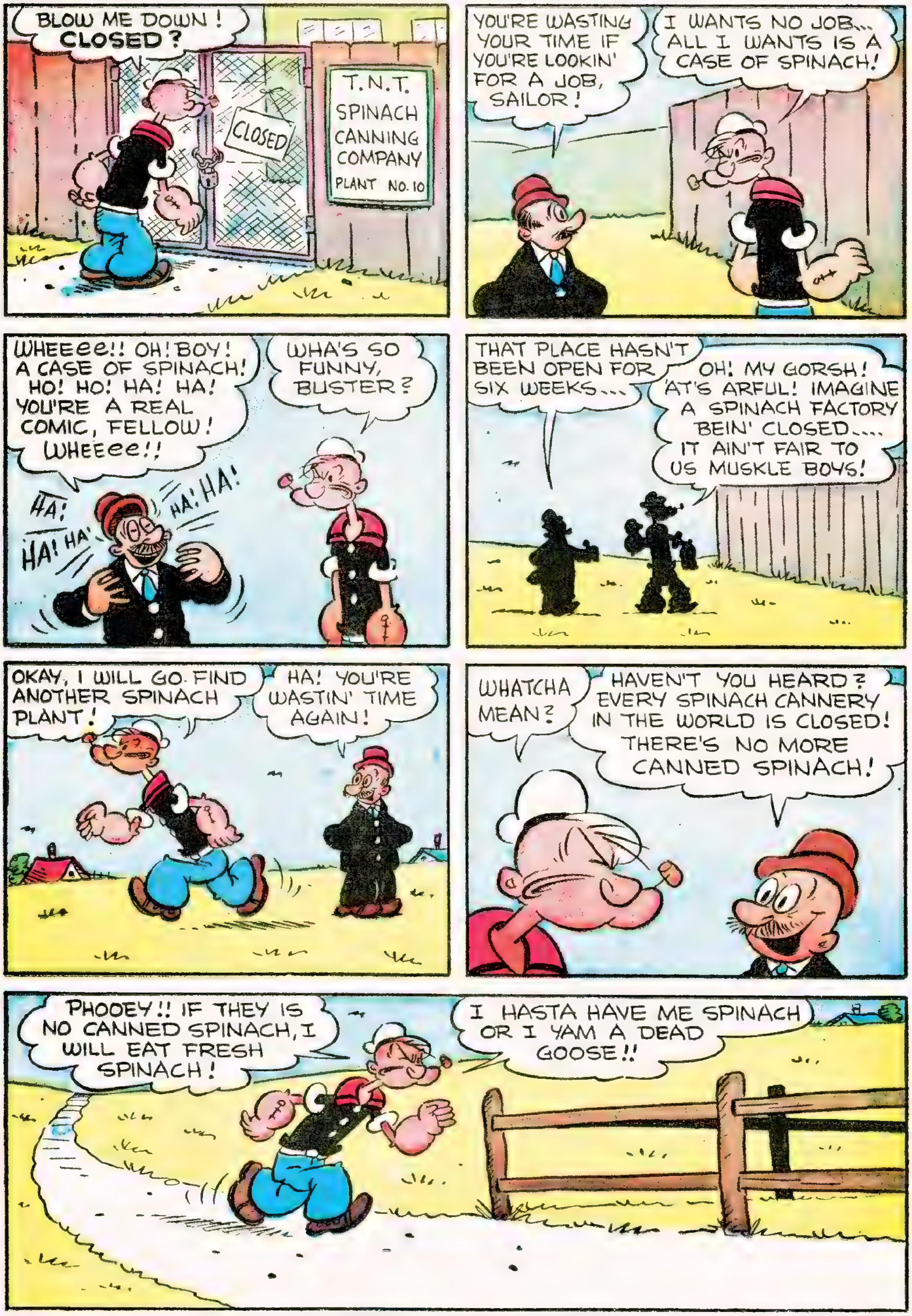


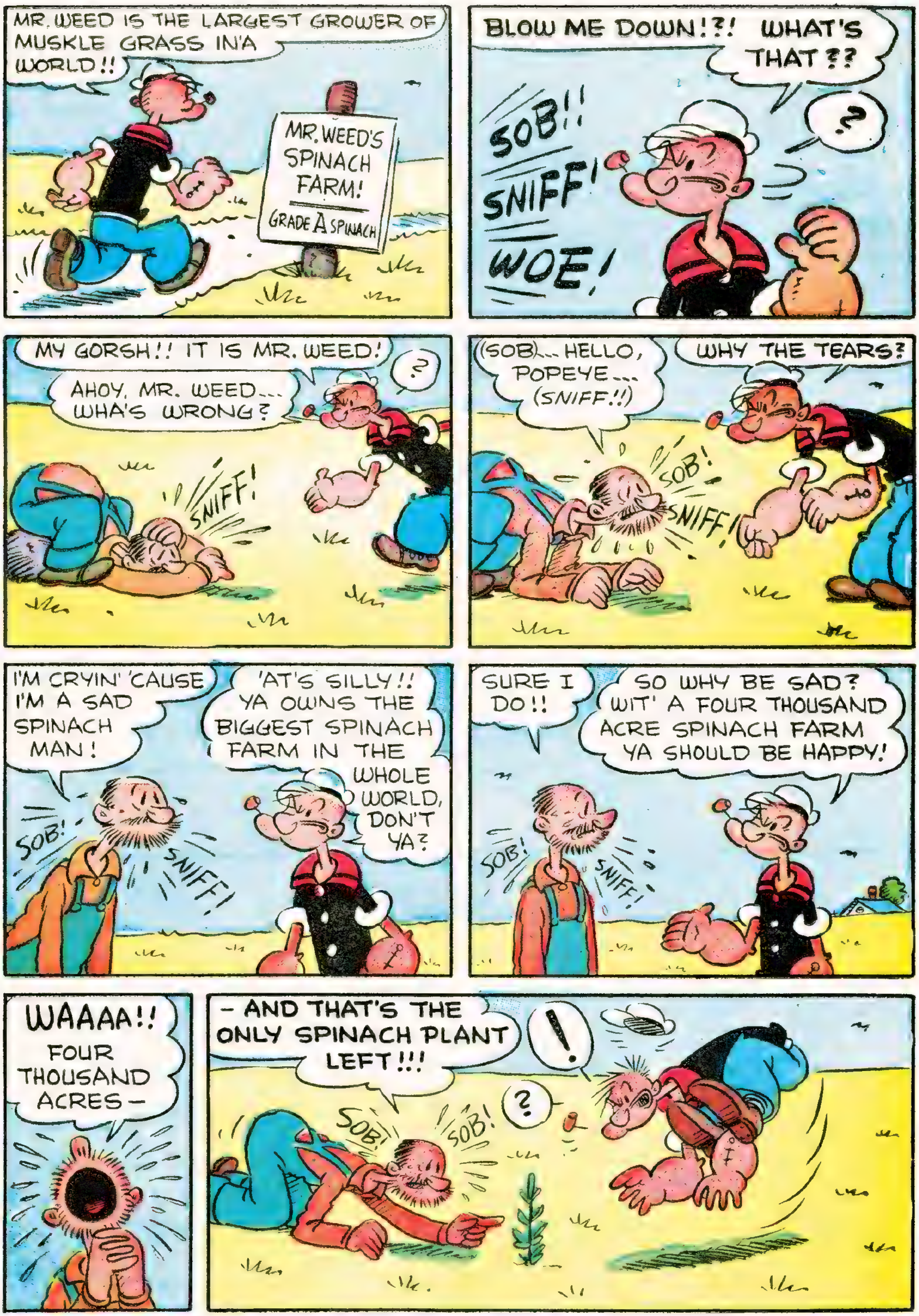
COME ON, SWEE'PEA... FUN TIME IS OVER... WE'D BETTER GIT HOME!
OKAY!
BLESS MY WOUNDED PROBOSCIS!! WHAT HIT ME?
!
?
?
YOO-HOO!! SWEE'PEA!!
AND I WAS SO CLOSE TO THAT GOLD!
DRAT THE LUCK... HE'S GONE!!
GOOD HEAVENS!!
!
OH, HAPPY, HAPPY DAY!! WHEEEee!! I'M RICH!!
HAMBURGERS, HERE I COME!
I SHOULD DO A LITTLE PRACTICING!
A THOUSAND HAMBURGERS, SIR!!
PICKLE, LETTUCE AND ONION BOTH, PLEASE!
ANOTHER THOUSAND AND QUICK ABOUT IT, SIR!
GEE, POPEYE.... I FERGOT ME MONEYBAG!
FERGIT IT!! I WILL GIVE YA ANOTHER ONE!
WE WILL LEAVE THAT ONE FER WIMPY TO PLAY WITH!!

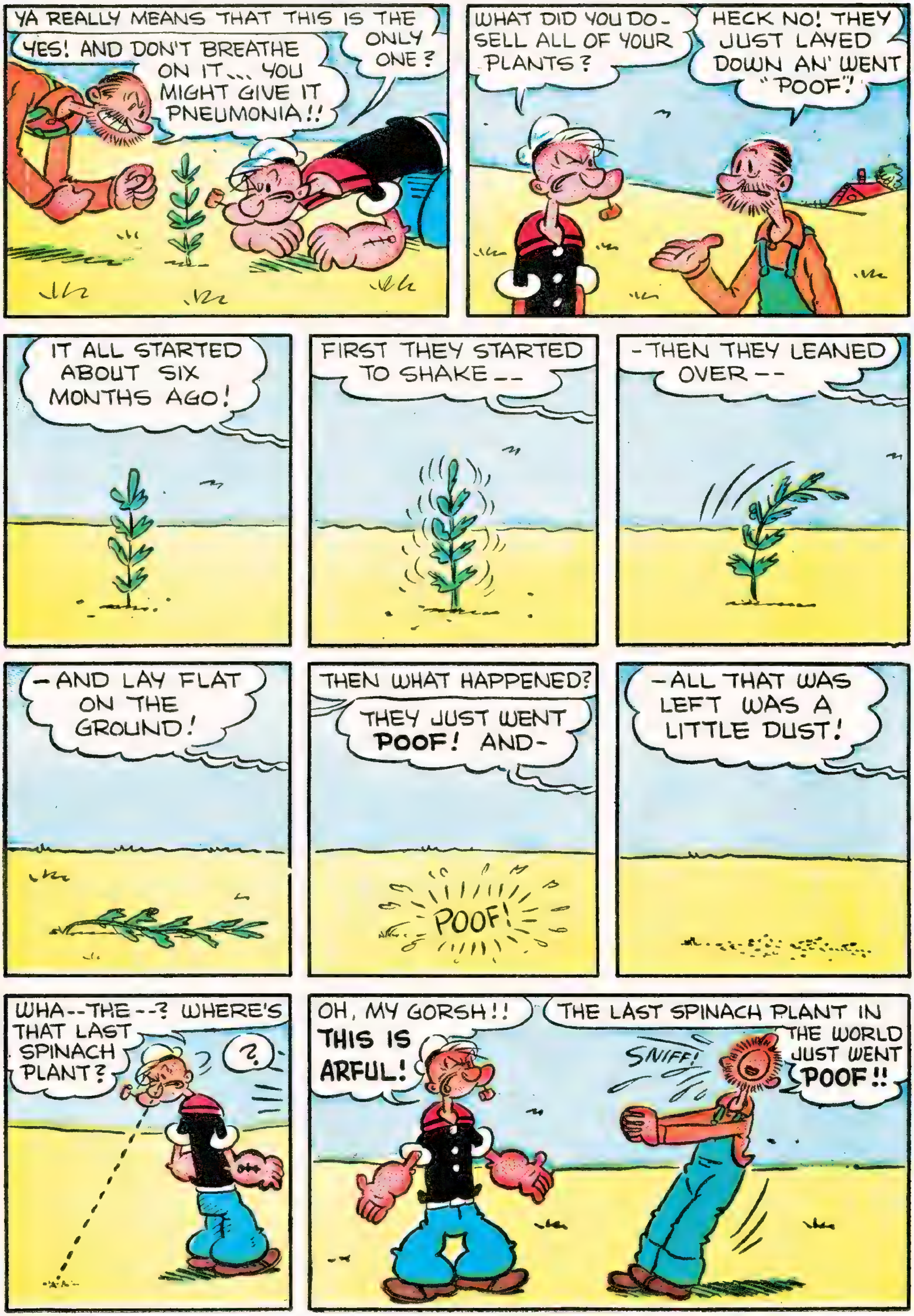

ROUGH-HOUSE CAFÉ
SERVICE! SERVICE!
LIGHT THE FIRE! HEAT THE GRIDDLE! J. W. WIMPY HAS COME TO DINE!
BAM!
GOOD MORNING, ROUGH-HOUSE!
YOU @!!*! MOOCHER! GET OUT OF HERE AND MAKE ROOM FOR THE PAYING GUESTS!
WHAT? YOU MEAN I'M NOT WANTED?
GET OUT!!
VERY WELL... I SHALL TAKE MY BAG OF GOLD AND DO BUSINESS ELSEWHERE!
GOLD?
?
WHAT'LL YOU HAVE, SIR?
IT'S A PLEASURE TO SERVE YOU, MR. WIMPY!
HM? LET'S SEE... I BELIEVE I'LL HAVE A DOZEN HAMBURGERS FOR AN APPETIZER... AH, YES! AND A GLASS OF HAMBURGER JUICE TO WASH THEM DOWN!
MENU
COMING RIGHT UP, MR. WIMPY!!
HERE YOU ARE, MR. WIMPY!!
KEEP THE GRIDDLE HOT, MY GOOD MAN...... I'M QUITE FAMISHED TODAY!!


AHOY, ROUGH-HOUSE!
AVAST, WIMPY... EATING AGAIN?
GREETINGS, OL' PAL... WONDERFUL DAY, ISN'T IT?
WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING, POPEYE?
ME, SWEE'PEA AN' WIMPY WAS PLAYIN' A SWELL GAME!
SWEE'PEA HAD A MONEY-BAG FULL OF ROCKS AND WIMPY WAS HIS BODYGUARD!
ROCKS?
ROCKS
YEA! 'AT'S 'EM... HE PAINTED 'EM SO THEY'D LOOK LIKE GOLD!
ER..PARDON ME... I HAVE TO GO HOME AND WATER THE DUCKS!
GR-R
ARF! ARF! IT SURE WAS A SWELL GAME!
ER.. NICE DAY... HUH?
GR-R
YA AIN'T REALLY GOING TA USE 'AT ON HIM, ARE YA?
NOT TILL HE GETS THEM DISHES DONE!
I BEG PARDON?

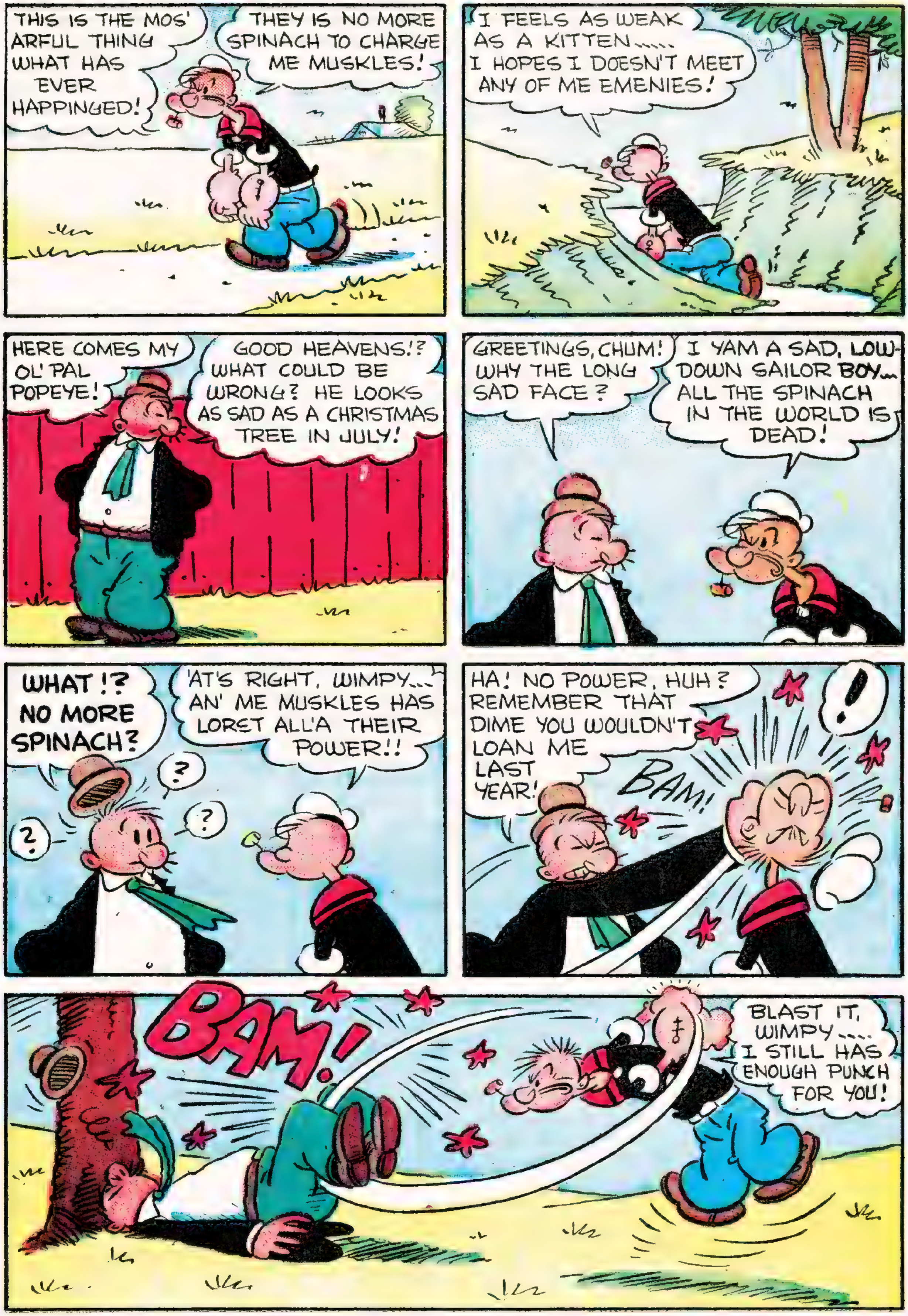

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS -
POPEYE
OLIVE
AND
WIMPY
IN -
"WEED SHORTAGE"
OR
"PASS THE SPINACH!"
BY BUD SAGENDORF
AT LAST I HAVE MY OLD ENEMY POPEYE IN MY POWER!
HE'S DONE FOR, HAGGY!
HEH! HEH! HEH!
AVAST, MR. SMITH... SEND ME OVER A CASE OF SPINACH!
SORRY, POPEYE... I HAVEN'T A CAN OF SPINACH IN THE STORE!
AHOY, MR. JONES... I'LL TAKE A CASE OF SPINACH!!
SORRY.... NO SPINACH!
WHAT THE HECK??
I HAS CALLED EVERY STORE IN TOWN AN' NONE OF 'EM HAS ANY SPINACH!
?
?
?
I WILL GO TO THE SPINACH CANNING FACTORY AN' SAVE TIME!

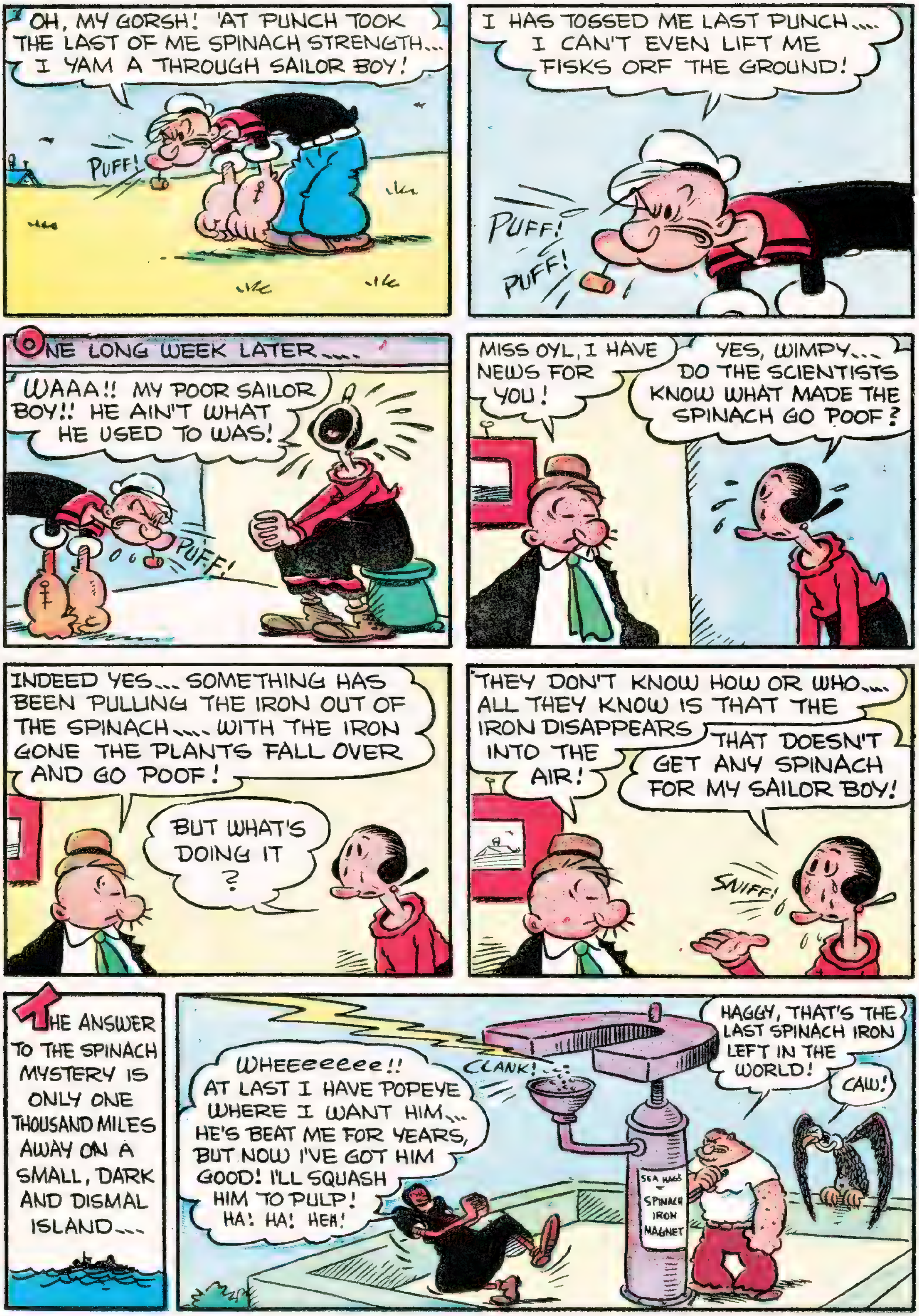

BLOW ME DOWN! CLOSED?
T. N. T. SPINACH CANNING COMPANY PLANT NO. 10
CLOSED
YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME IF YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR A JOB, SAILOR!
I WANTS NO JOB... ALL I WANTS IS A CASE OF SPINACH!
WHEEEee!! OH! BOY! A CASE OF SPINACH! HO! HO! HA! HA! YOU'RE A REAL COMIC, FELLOW! WHEEEee!!
WHA'S SO FUNNY, BUSTER?
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
THAT PLACE HASN'T BEEN OPEN FOR SIX WEEKS...
OH! MY GORSH! AT'S ARFUL! IMAGINE A SPINACH FACTORY BEIN' CLOSED.... IT AIN'T FAIR TO US MUSKLE BOYS!
OKAY, I WILL GO FIND ANOTHER SPINACH PLANT!
HA! YOU'RE WASTIN' TIME AGAIN!
WHATCHA MEAN?
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? EVERY SPINACH CANNERY IN THE WORLD IS CLOSED! THERE'S NO MORE CANNED SPINACH!
PHOOEY!! IF THEY IS NO CANNED SPINACH, I WILL EAT FRESH SPINACH!
I HASTA HAVE ME SPINACH OR I YAM A DEAD GOOSE!!

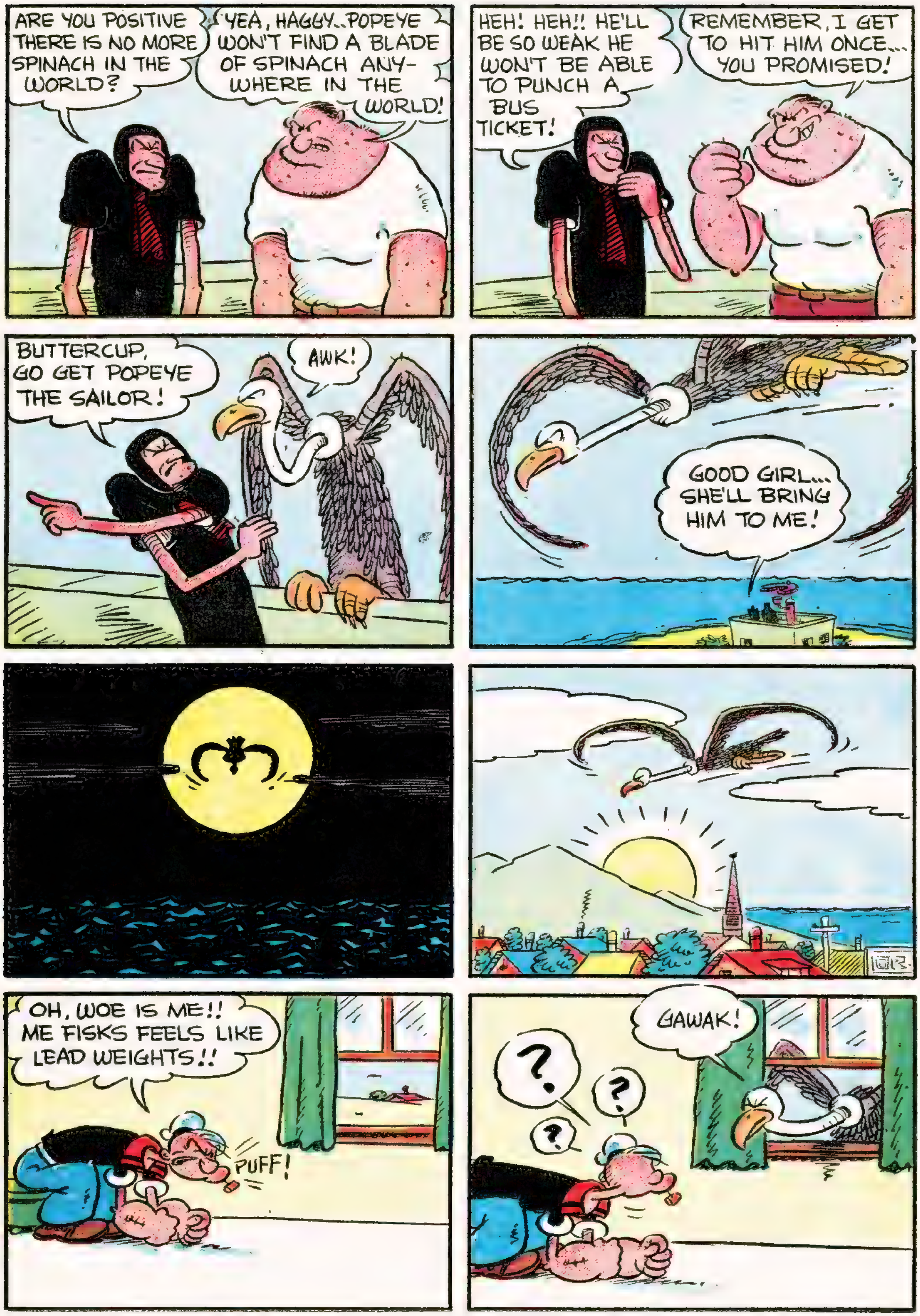

MR. WEED IS THE LARGEST GROWER OF MUSKLE GRASS IN'A WORLD!!
MR. WEED'S SPINACH FARM!
GRADE A SPINACH
BLOW ME DOWN!?! WHAT'S THAT??
SOB!! SNIFF! WOE!
?
MY GORSH!! IT IS MR. WEED!
AHOY, MR. WEED... WHA'S WRONG?
?
SNIFF!
(SOB)... HELLO, POPEYE... (SNIFF!!)
WHY THE TEARS?
SOB! SNIFF!
I'M CRYIN' 'CAUSE I'M A SAD SPINACH MAN!
'AT'S SILLY!! YA OWNS THE BIGGEST SPINACH FARM IN THE WHOLE WORLD, DON'T YA?
SOB! SNIFF!
SURE I DO!!
SO WHY BE SAD? WIT' A FOUR THOUSAND ACRE SPINACH FARM YA SHOULD BE HAPPY!
SOB! SNIFF!
WAAAA!! FOUR THOUSAND ACRES—
—AND THAT'S THE ONLY SPINACH PLANT LEFT!!!
!
?
SOB! SOB!

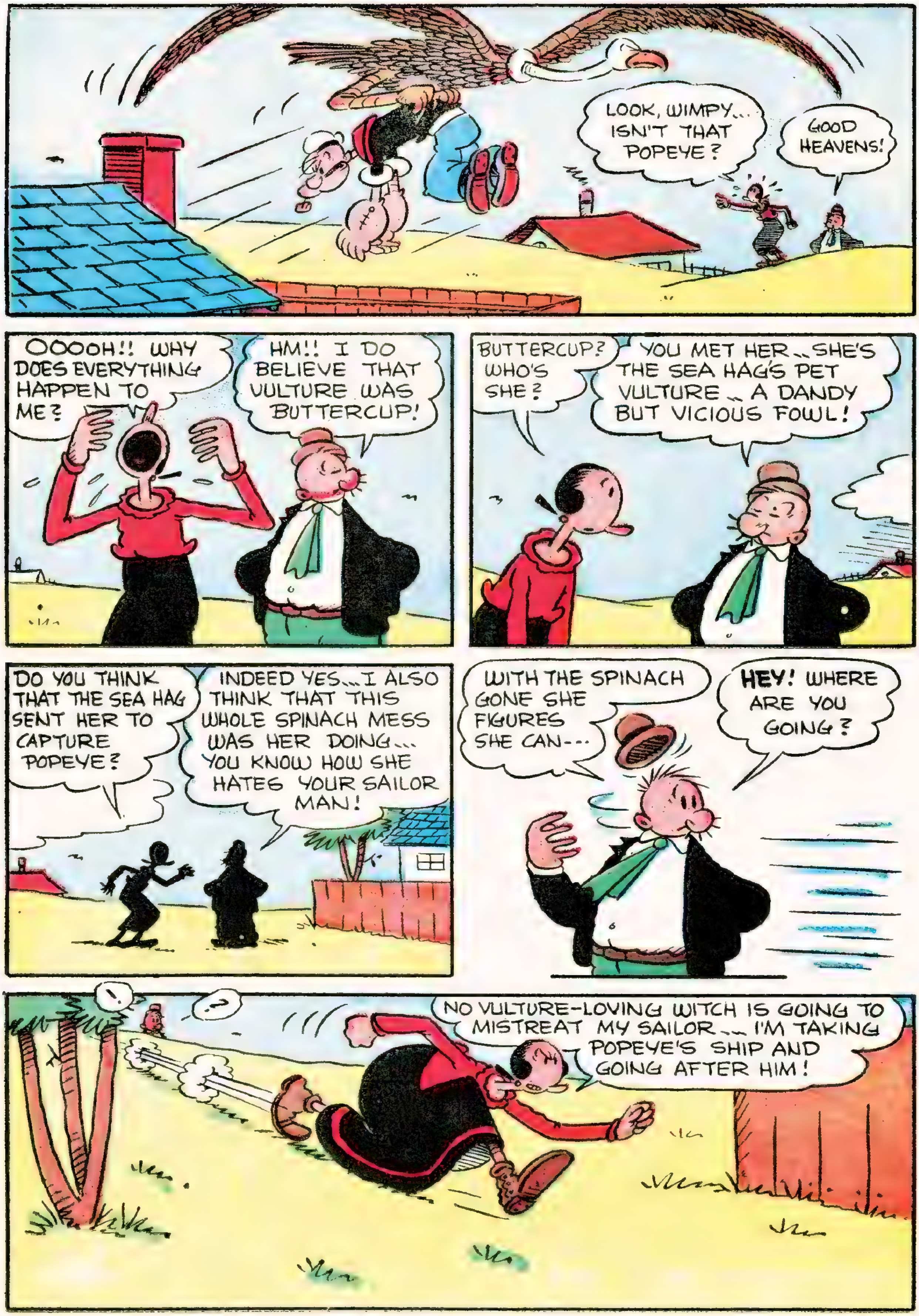


YA REALLY MEANS THAT THIS IS THE ONLY ONE?
YES! AND DON'T BREATHE ON IT... YOU MIGHT GIVE IT PNEUMONIA!!
WHAT DID YOU DO - SELL ALL OF YOUR PLANTS?
HECK NO! THEY JUST LAYED DOWN AN' WENT "POOF"!
IT ALL STARTED ABOUT SIX MONTHS AGO!
FIRST THEY STARTED TO SHAKE--
-THEN THEY LEANED OVER--
-AND LAY FLAT ON THE GROUND!
THEN WHAT HAPPENED?
THEY JUST WENT POOF! AND-
POOF!
-ALL THAT WAS LEFT WAS A LITTLE DUST!
WHA--THE--? WHERE'S THAT LAST SPINACH PLANT?
?
OH, MY GORSH!! THIS IS ARFUL!
THE LAST SPINACH PLANT IN THE WORLD JUST WENT POOF!!
SNIFF!

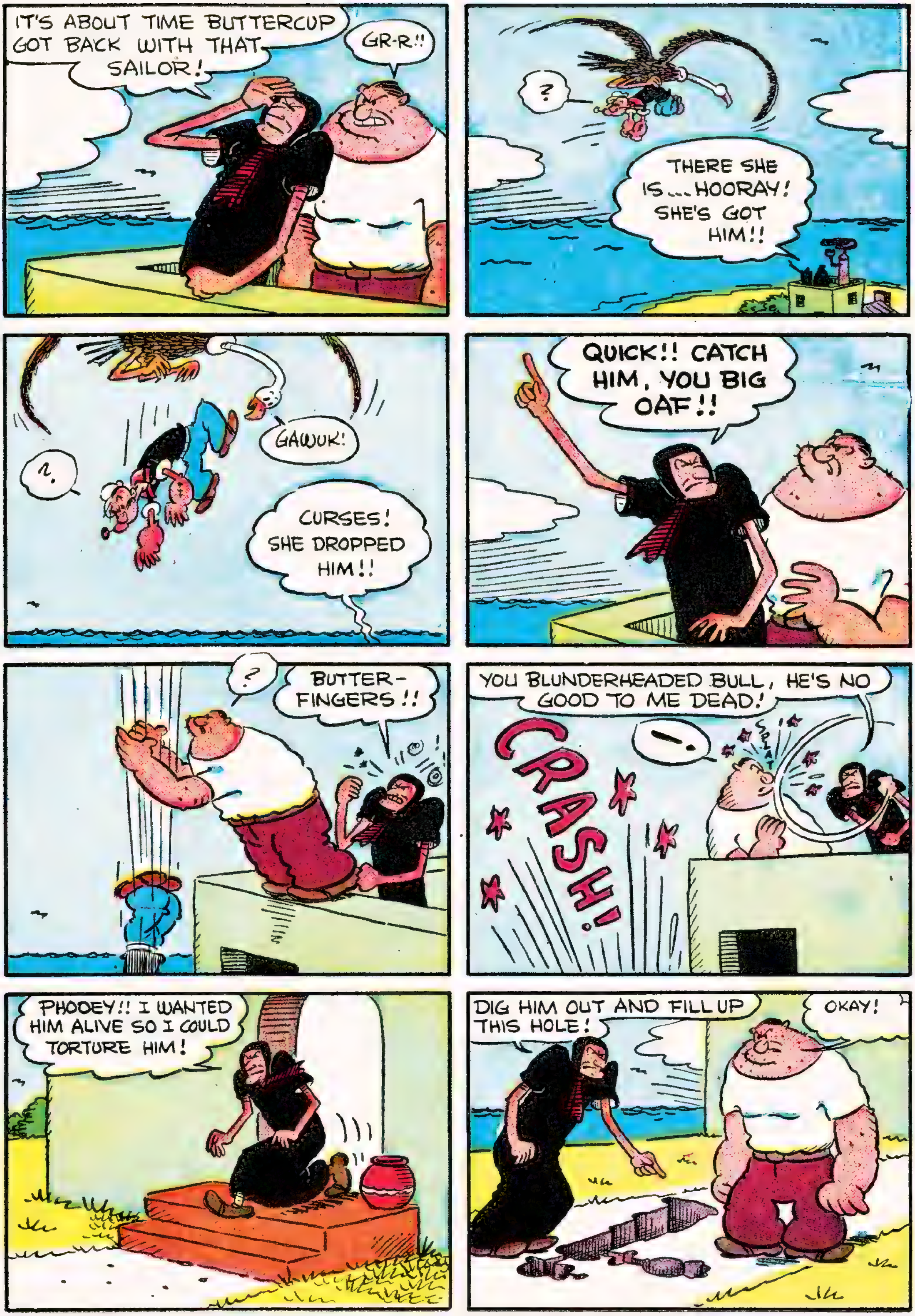

THIS IS THE MOS' ARFUL THING WHAT HAS EVER HAPPINGED!
THEY IS NO MORE SPINACH TO CHARGE ME MUSKLES!
I FEELS AS WEAK AS A KITTEN..... I HOPES I DOESN'T MEET ANY OF ME EMENIES!
HERE COMES MY OL' PAL POPEYE!
GOOD HEAVENS!? WHAT COULD BE WRONG? HE LOOKS AS SAD AS A CHRISTMAS TREE IN JULY!
GREETINGS, CHUM! WHY THE LONG SAD FACE?
I YAM A SAD, LOW-DOWN SAILOR BOY... ALL THE SPINACH IN THE WORLD IS DEAD!
WHAT!? NO MORE SPINACH?
'AT'S RIGHT, WIMPY... AN' ME MUSKLES HAS LOREST ALL'A THEIR POWER!!
HA! NO POWER, HUH? REMEMBER THAT DIME YOU WOULDN'T LOAN ME LAST YEAR!
BAM!
BAM!
BLAST IT, WIMPY.... I STILL HAS ENOUGH PUNCH FOR YOU!


OH, MY GORSH! 'AT PUNCH TOOK THE LAST OF ME SPINACH STRENGTH... I YAM A THROUGH SAILOR BOY!
PUFF!
I HAS TOSSED ME LAST PUNCH.... I CAN'T EVEN LIFT ME FISKS ORF THE GROUND!
PUFF! PUFF!
ONE LONG WEEK LATER....
WAAA!! MY POOR SAILOR BOY!! HE AIN'T WHAT HE USED TO WAS!
PUFF!
MISS OYL, I HAVE NEWS FOR YOU!
YES, WIMPY... DO THE SCIENTISTS KNOW WHAT MADE THE SPINACH GO POOF?
INDEED YES... SOMETHING HAS BEEN PULLING THE IRON OUT OF THE SPINACH.... WITH THE IRON GONE THE PLANTS FALL OVER AND GO POOF!
BUT WHAT'S DOING IT ?
THEY DON'T KNOW HOW OR WHO.... ALL THEY KNOW IS THAT THE IRON DISAPPEARS INTO THE AIR!
THAT DOESN'T GET ANY SPINACH FOR MY SAILOR BOY!
SNIFF!
THE ANSWER TO THE SPINACH MYSTERY IS ONLY ONE THOUSAND MILES AWAY ON A SMALL, DARK AND DISMAL ISLAND...
CLANK!
WHEEEEEEEE!! AT LAST I HAVE POPEYE WHERE I WANT HIM... HE'S BEAT ME FOR YEARS, BUT NOW I'VE GOT HIM GOOD! I'LL SQUASH HIM TO PULP! HA! HA! HEH!
HAGGY, THAT'S THE LAST SPINACH IRON LEFT IN THE WORLD!
CAW!
SEA HAGS SPINACH IRON MAGNET

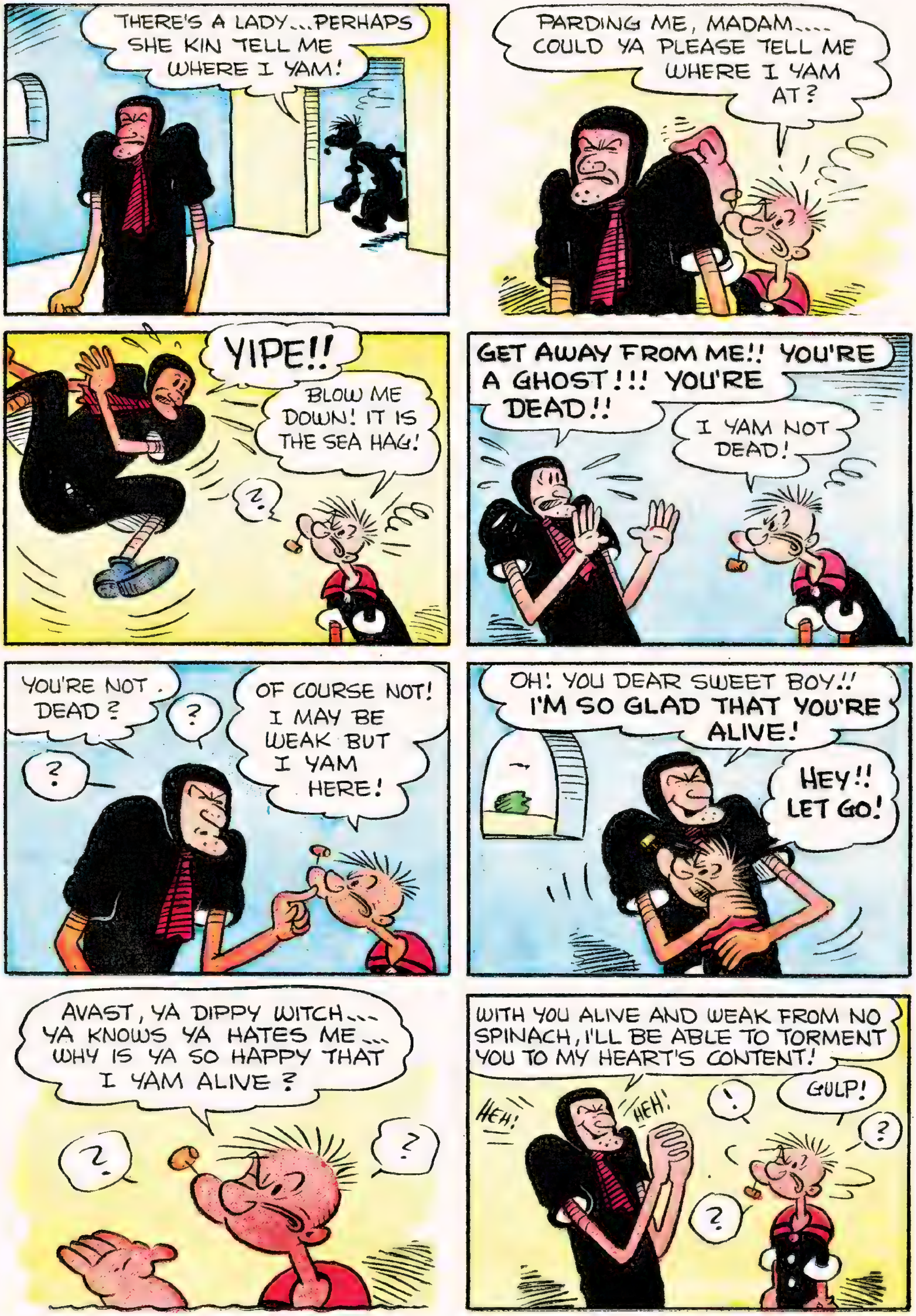

ARE YOU POSITIVE THERE IS NO MORE SPINACH IN THE WORLD?
YEA, HAGGY..POPEYE WON'T FIND A BLADE OF SPINACH ANY-WHERE IN THE WORLD!
HEH! HEH!! HE'LL BE SO WEAK HE WON'T BE ABLE TO PUNCH A BUS TICKET!
REMEMBER, I GET TO HIT HIM ONCE... YOU PROMISED!
BUTTERCUP, GO GET POPEYE THE SAILOR!
AWK!
GOOD GIRL... SHE'LL BRING HIM TO ME!
OH, WOE IS ME!! ME FISKS FEELS LIKE LEAD WEIGHTS!!
PUFF!
GAWAK!
?
?
?

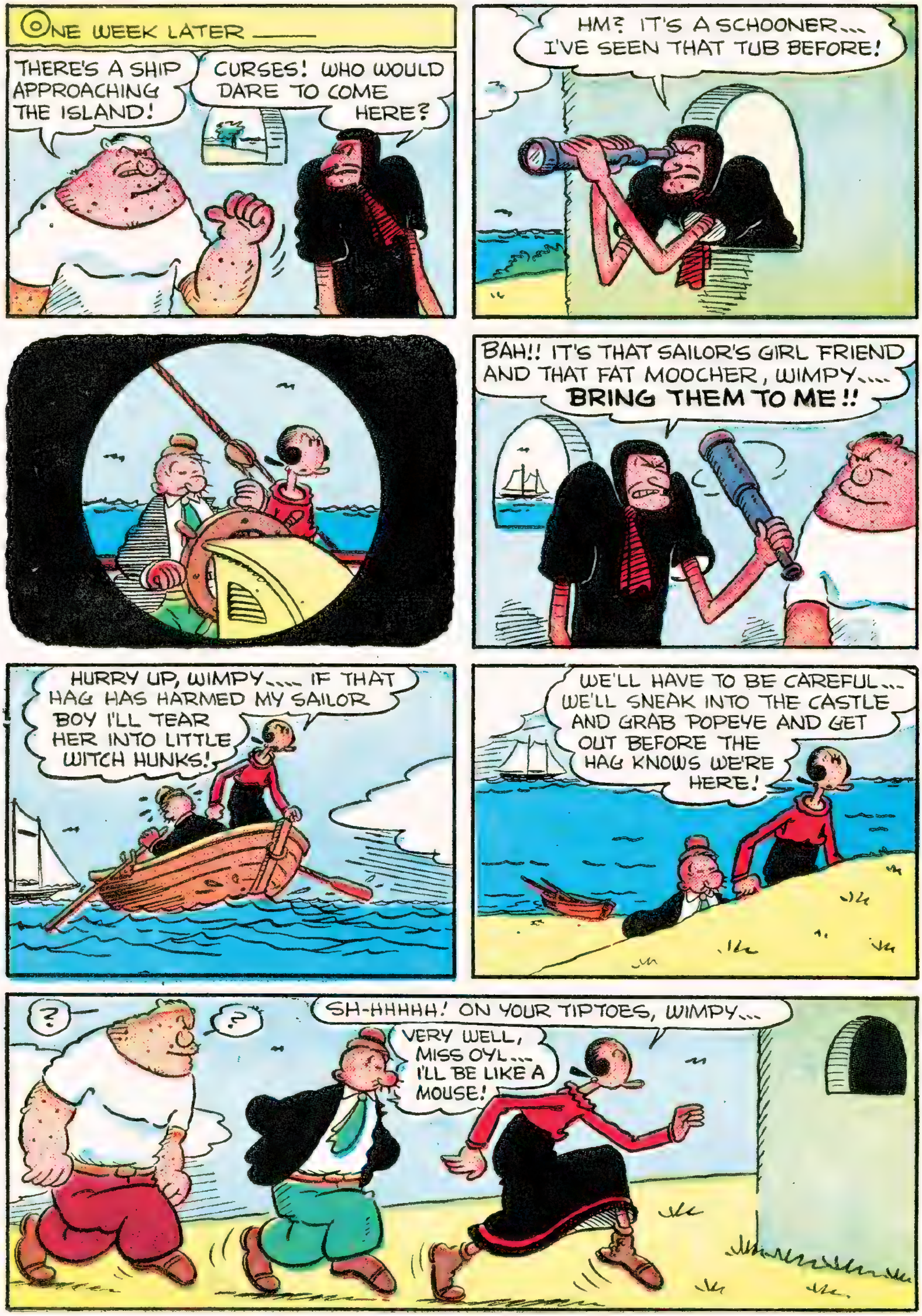


LOOK, WIMPY... ISN'T THAT POPEYE?
GOOD HEAVENS!
OOOOH!! WHY DOES EVERYTHING HAPPEN TO ME?
HM!! I DO BELIEVE THAT VULTURE WAS BUTTERCUP!
BUTTERCUP? WHO'S SHE?
YOU MET HER... SHE'S THE SEA HAG'S PET VULTURE... A DANDY BUT VICIOUS FOWL!
DO YOU THINK THAT THE SEA HAG SENT HER TO CAPTURE POPEYE?
INDEED YES... I ALSO THINK THAT THIS WHOLE SPINACH MESS WAS HER DOING... YOU KNOW HOW SHE HATES YOUR SAILOR MAN!
WITH THE SPINACH GONE SHE FIGURES SHE CAN---
HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
NO VULTURE-LOVING WITCH IS GOING TO MISTREAT MY SAILOR... I'M TAKING POPEYE'S SHIP AND GOING AFTER HIM!

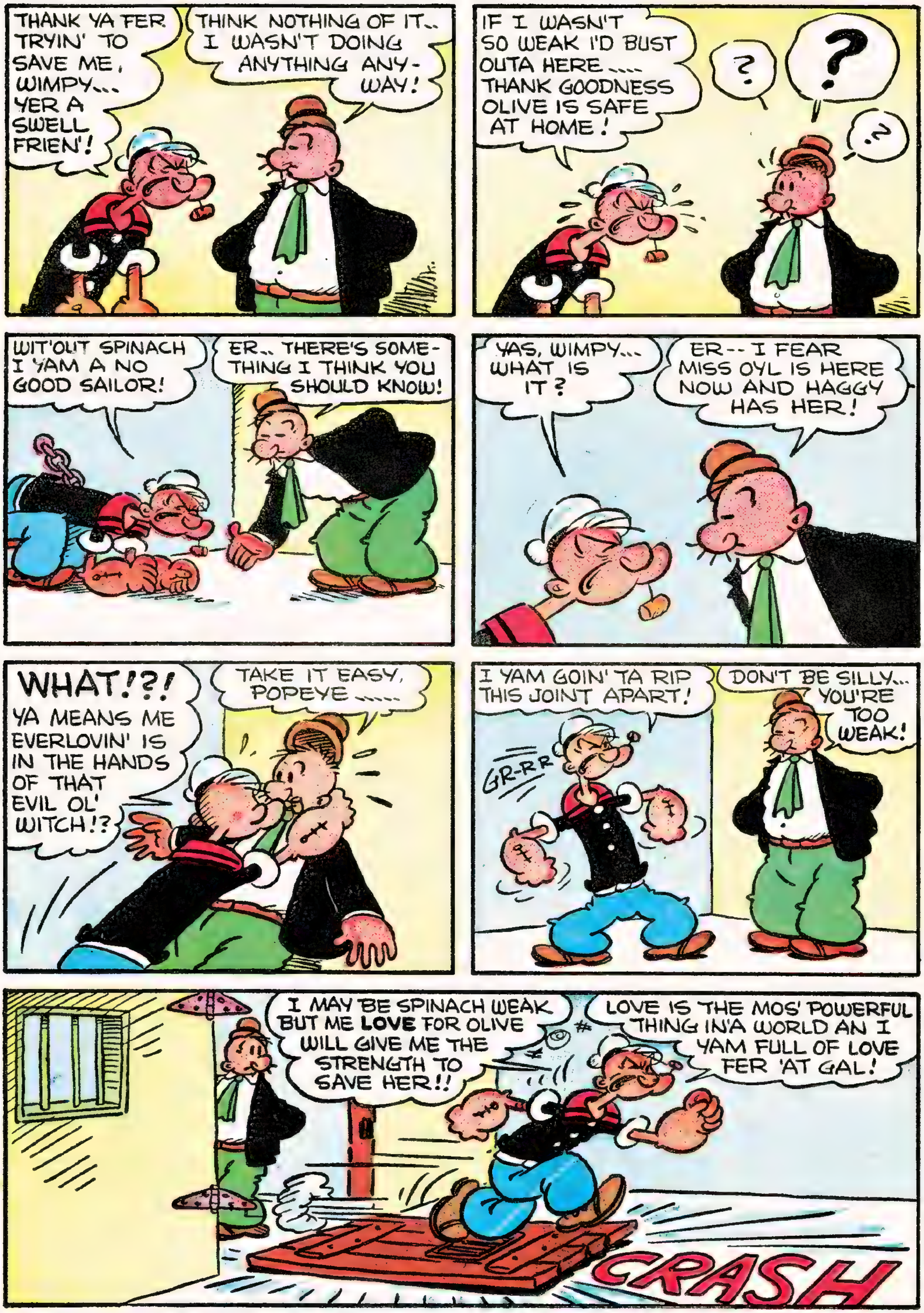

IT'S ABOUT TIME BUTTERCUP GOT BACK WITH THAT SAILOR!
GR-R!!
?
THERE SHE IS.... HOORAY! SHE'S GOT HIM!!
GAWUK!
?
CURSES! SHE DROPPED HIM!!
QUICK!! CATCH HIM, YOU BIG OAF!!
?
BUTTER-FINGERS!!
YOU BLUNDERHEADED BULL, HE'S NO GOOD TO ME DEAD!
CRASH!
SPLAT
PHOOEY!! I WANTED HIM ALIVE SO I COULD TORTURE HIM!
DIG HIM OUT AND FILL UP THIS HOLE!
OKAY!

DRAT THE LUCK! LIFE WON'T BE ANY FUN NOW... POPEYE WAS THE ONLY ONE TOUGH ENOUGH TO MAKE HATING FUN!
WHAT'LL I DO WITH THIS?
TOSS IT IN THE GUEST ROOM FOR NOW!!
PLOP
WHEEEeeew!! I FEELS ARFUL! IT'S LUCKY I HIT ON ME CHIN OR I MIGHT HAVE GOT HURTED!
I WISHES I HAD SOME SPINACH... I YAM AS WEAK AS A LI'L BABY KITTY PUSSY!
I WON'ERS WHERE I YAM?

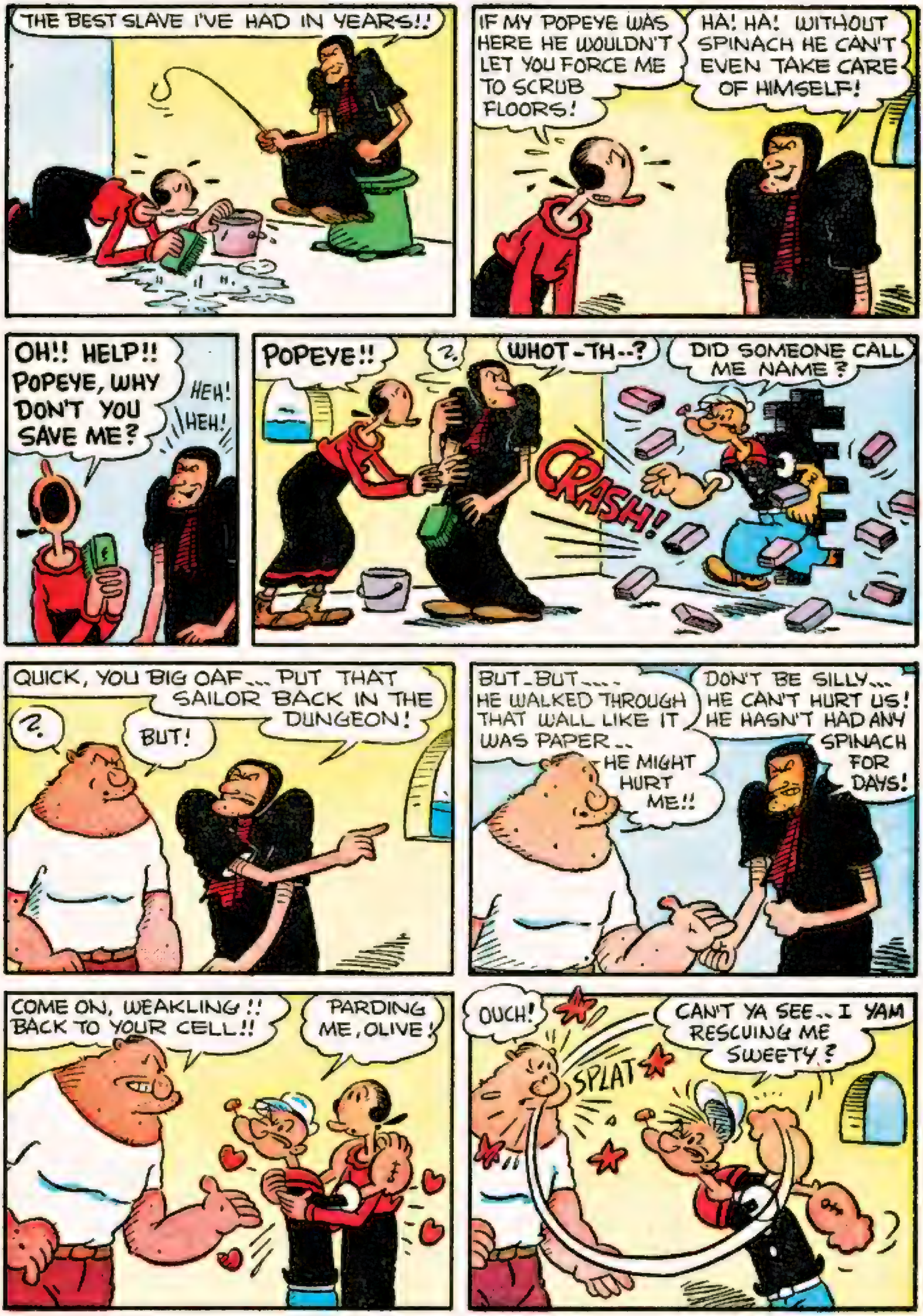

THERE'S A LADY...PERHAPS SHE KIN TELL ME WHERE I YAM!
PARDING ME, MADAM.... COULD YA PLEASE TELL ME WHERE I YAM AT?
YIPE!!
BLOW ME DOWN! IT IS THE SEA HAG!
?
GET AWAY FROM ME!! YOU'RE A GHOST!!! YOU'RE DEAD!!
I YAM NOT DEAD!
YOU'RE NOT DEAD?
?
?
OF COURSE NOT! I MAY BE WEAK BUT I YAM HERE!
OH! YOU DEAR SWEET BOY!! I'M SO GLAD THAT YOU'RE ALIVE!
HEY!! LET GO!
AVAST, YA DIPPY WITCH... YA KNOWS YA HATES ME... WHY IS YA SO HAPPY THAT I YAM ALIVE?
?
?
WITH YOU ALIVE AND WEAK FROM NO SPINACH, I'LL BE ABLE TO TORMENT YOU TO MY HEART'S CONTENT!
HEH!
HEH!
!
GULP!
?
?

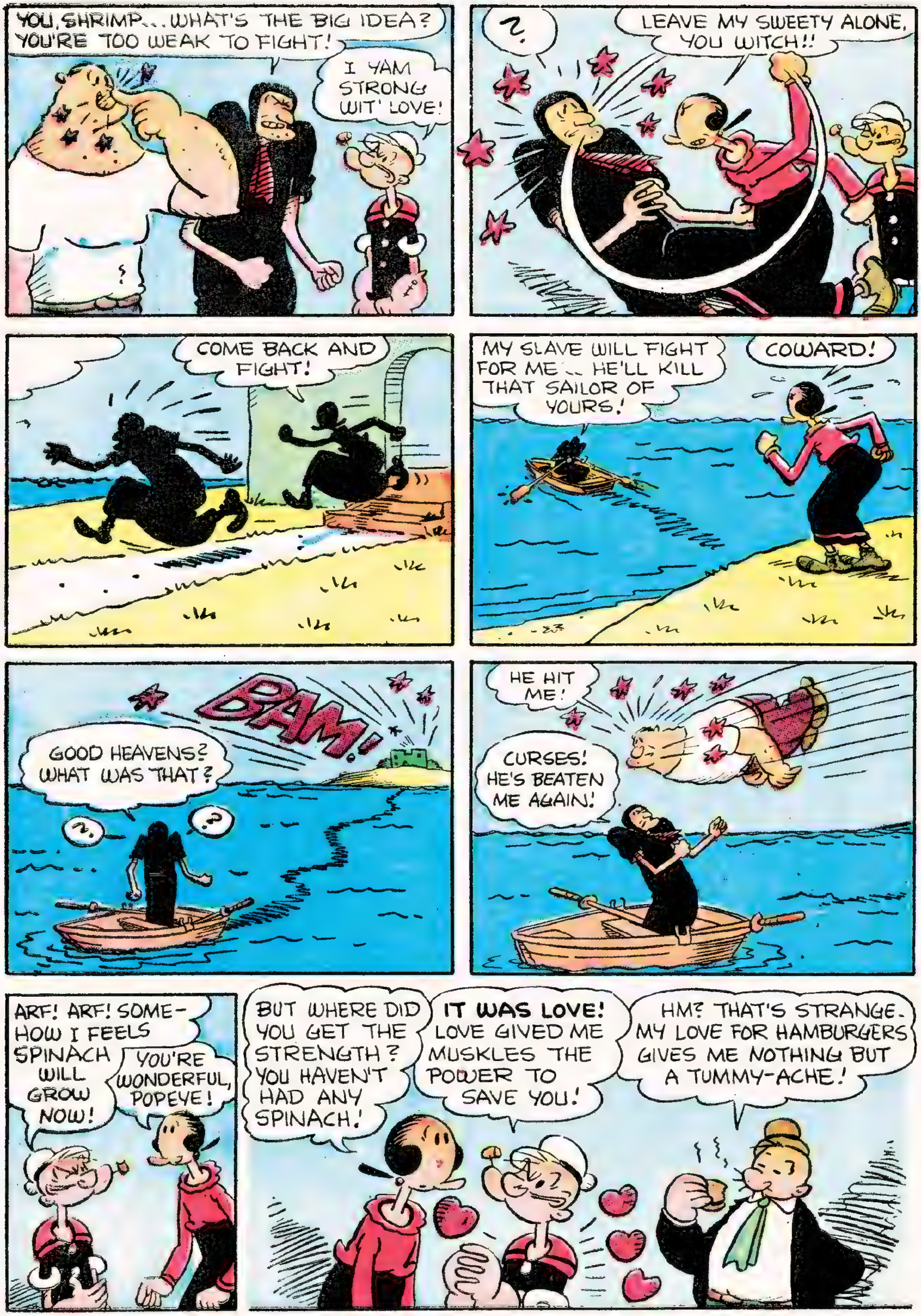

ONE WEEK LATER ___
THERE'S A SHIP APPROACHING THE ISLAND!
CURSES! WHO WOULD DARE TO COME HERE?
HM? IT'S A SCHOONER... I'VE SEEN THAT TUB BEFORE!
BAH!! IT'S THAT SAILOR'S GIRL FRIEND AND THAT FAT MOOCHER, WIMPY.... BRING THEM TO ME!!
HURRY UP, WIMPY.... IF THAT HAG HAS HARMED MY SAILOR BOY I'LL TEAR HER INTO LITTLE WITCH HUNKS!
WE'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL... WE'LL SNEAK INTO THE CASTLE AND GRAB POPEYE AND GET OUT BEFORE THE HAG KNOWS WE'RE HERE!
?
?
SH-HHHHH! ON YOUR TIPTOES, WIMPY...
VERY WELL, MISS OYL... I'LL BE LIKE A MOUSE!

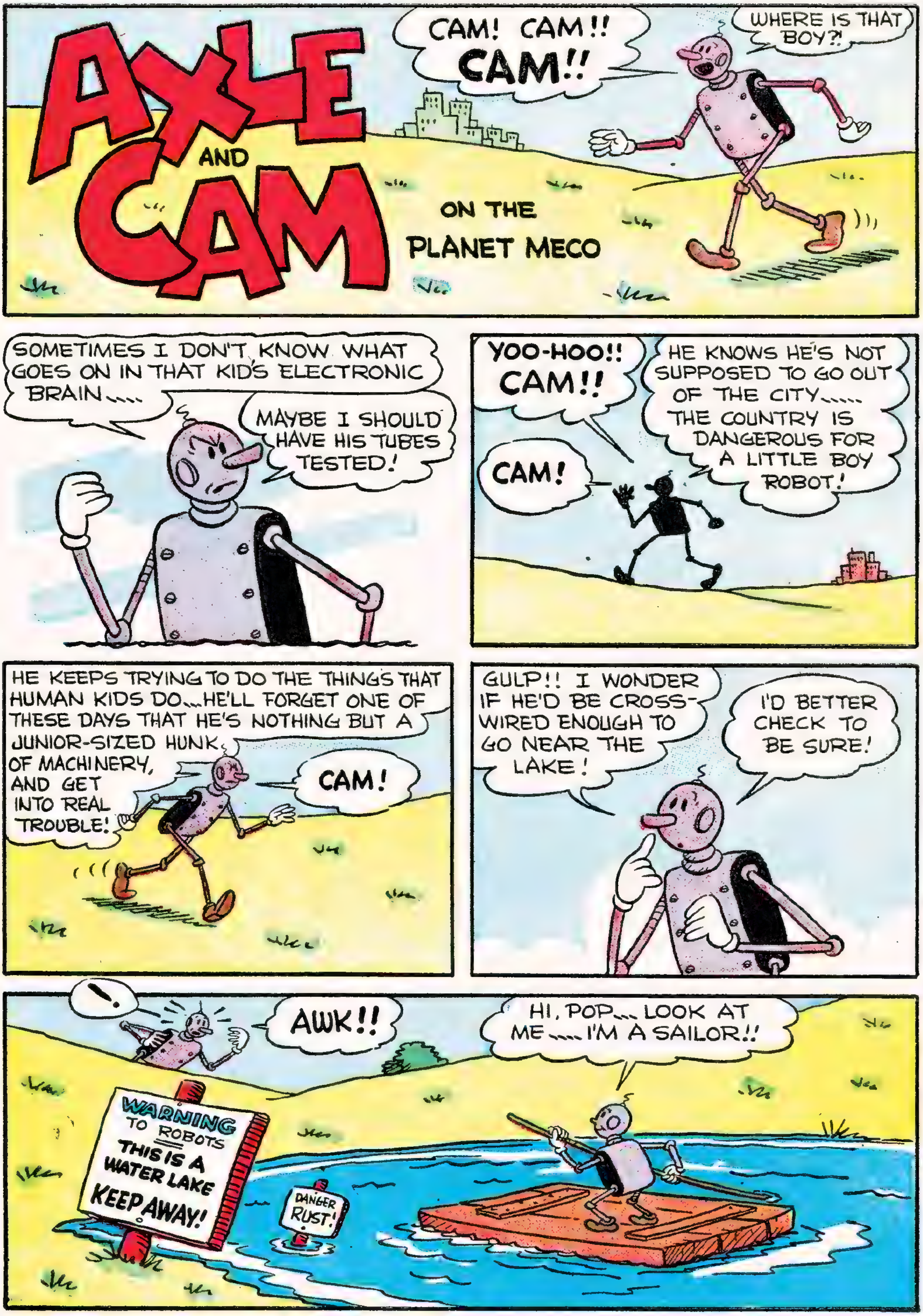
-ER PARDON ME, MISTER
TAP! TAP!
WHY ARE YOU TIP-TOEING?
WE'RE TRYING TO SNEAK INTO THE SEA HAG'S CASTLE.... IF SHE KNEW WE WERE HERE, SHE'D SEND ONE OF HER BIG DUMB SLAVES TO CAPTURE US!
GR-R-R-R!!
GOOD HEAVENS!?! WHO AM I TALKING TO?
?
YOU'RE TALKING TO ONE OF 'EM BIG DUMB SLAVES OF THE SEA HAG'S!
ER-- PLEASED TO MEET YOU!
OL' PAL! OL' PAL!
I HAS BEEN IN THIS DUNGEON FER A WEEK WIT'OUT FOOD OR WATER!
?
?
CLICK!
WIMPY!?! WHATCHA DOIN' HERE?
I CAME TO RESCUE YOU, OL' PAL!
BUT I FEAR THAT SOMETHING WENT WRONG!
?
SLAM!
CLICK!

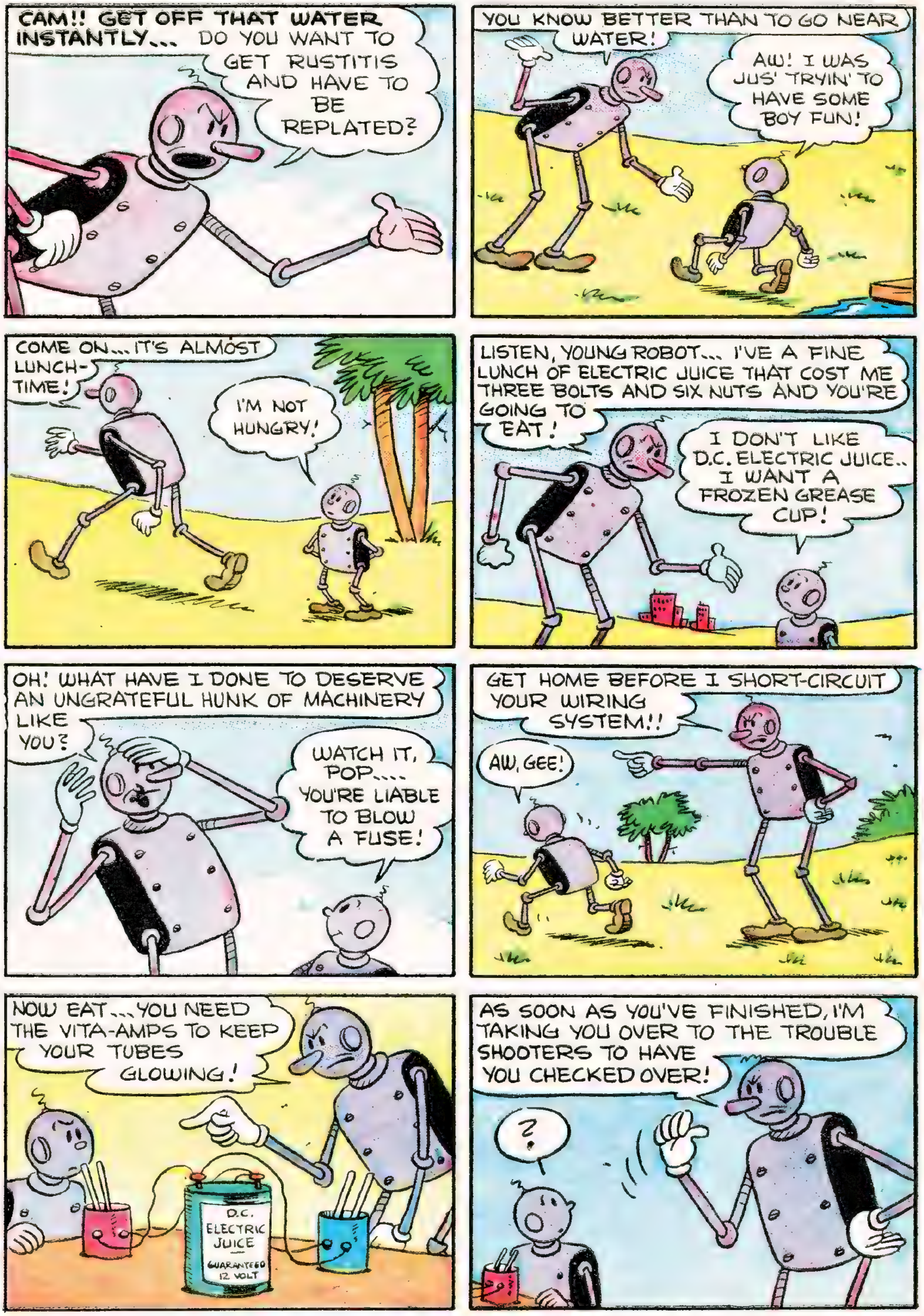


THANK YA FER TRYIN' TO SAVE ME, WIMPY... YER A SWELL FRIEN'!
THINK NOTHING OF IT.. I WASN'T DOING ANYTHING ANY-WAY!
IF I WASN'T SO WEAK I'D BUST OUTA HERE.... THANK GOODNESS OLIVE IS SAFE AT HOME!
?
?
?
WIT'OUT SPINACH I YAM A NO GOOD SAILOR!
ER.. THERE'S SOME-THING I THINK YOU SHOULD KNOW!
YAS, WIMPY... WHAT IS IT?
ER -- I FEAR MISS OYL IS HERE NOW AND HAGGY HAS HER!
WHAT!?! YA MEANS ME EVERLOVIN' IS IN THE HANDS OF THAT EVIL OL' WITCH!?
TAKE IT EASY, POPEYE......
I YAM GOIN' TA RIP THIS JOINT APART!
GR-RR
DON'T BE SILLY... YOU'RE TOO WEAK!
I MAY BE SPINACH WEAK BUT ME LOVE FOR OLIVE WILL GIVE ME THE STRENGTH TO SAVE HER!!
LOVE IS THE MOS' POWERFUL THING IN'A WORLD AN I YAM FULL OF LOVE FER 'AT GAL!
CRASH

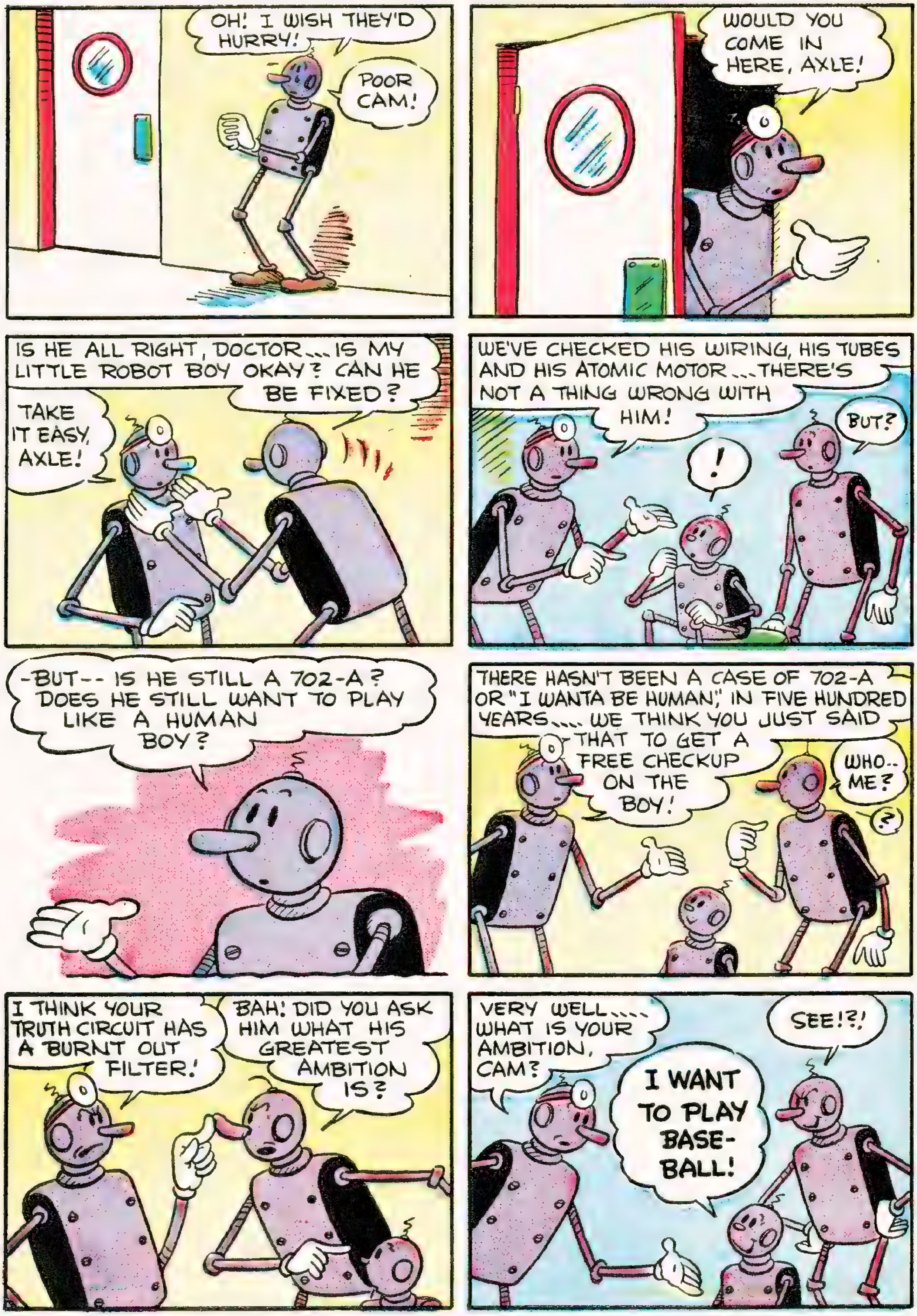

THE BEST SLAVE I'VE HAD IN YEARS!!
IF MY POPEYE WAS HERE HE WOULDN'T LET YOU FORCE ME TO SCRUB FLOORS!
HA! HA! WITHOUT SPINACH HE CAN'T EVEN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF!
OH!! HELP!! POPEYE, WHY DON'T YOU SAVE ME?
HEH! HEH!
POPEYE!!
?
WHOT-TH--?
DID SOMEONE CALL ME NAME?
CRASH!
QUICK, YOU BIG OAF... PUT THAT SAILOR BACK IN THE DUNGEON!
?
BUT!
BUT-BUT.... HE WALKED THROUGH THAT WALL LIKE IT WAS PAPER..
HE MIGHT HURT ME!!
DON'T BE SILLY... HE CAN'T HURT US! HE HASN'T HAD ANY SPINACH FOR DAYS!
COME ON, WEAKLING!! BACK TO YOUR CELL!!
PARDING ME, OLIVE!
OUCH!
SPLAT
CAN'T YA SEE.. I YAM RESCUING ME SWEETY?

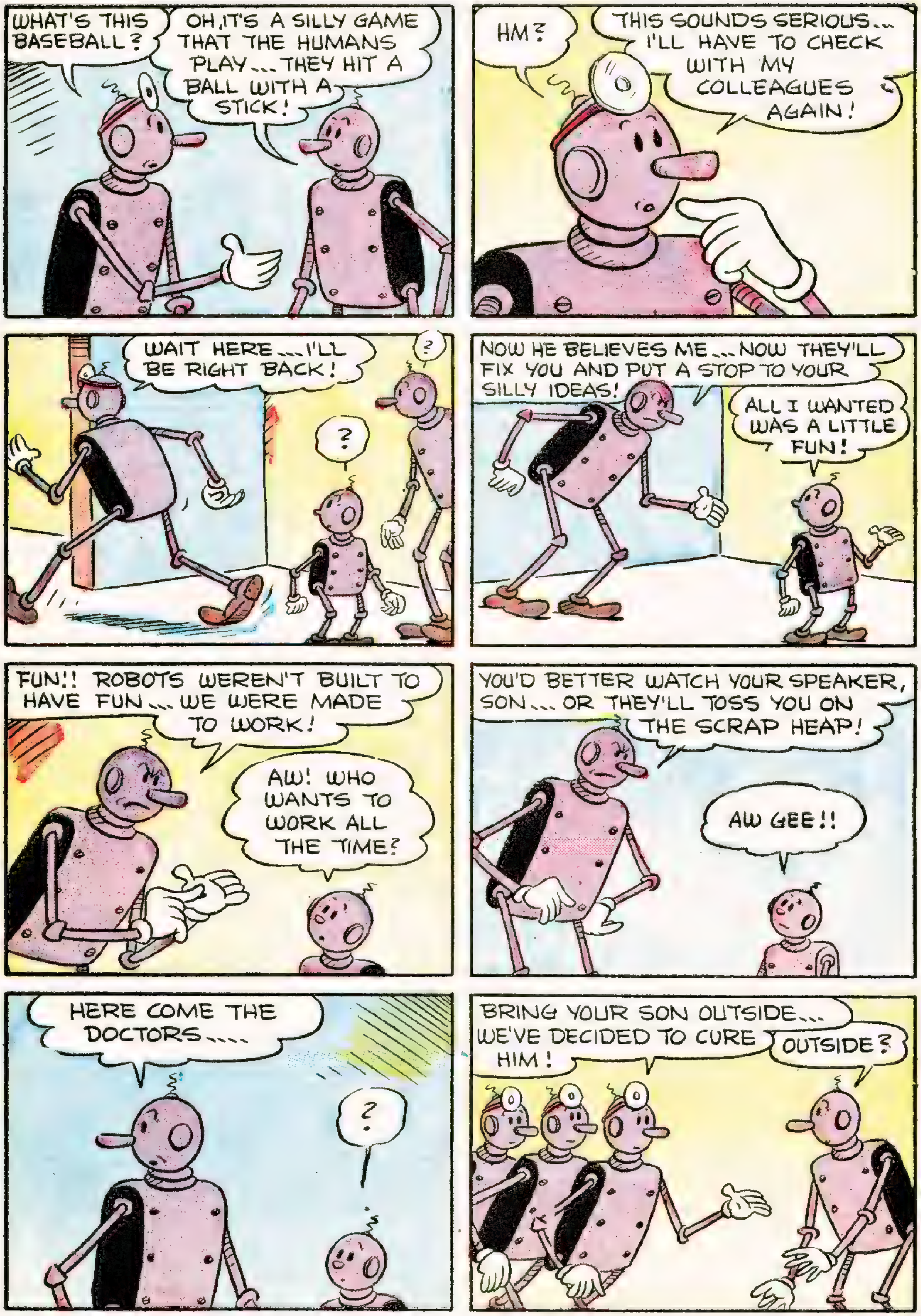

YOU, SHRIMP... WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? YOU'RE TOO WEAK TO FIGHT!
I YAM STRONG WIT' LOVE!
?
LEAVE MY SWEETY ALONE, YOU WITCH!!
COME BACK AND FIGHT!
MY SLAVE WILL FIGHT FOR ME... HE'LL KILL THAT SAILOR OF YOURS!
COWARD!
BAM!
GOOD HEAVENS? WHAT WAS THAT?
HE HIT ME!
CURSES! HE'S BEATEN ME AGAIN!
ARF! ARF! SOMEHOW I FEELS SPINACH WILL GROW NOW!
YOU'RE WONDERFUL, POPEYE!
BUT WHERE DID YOU GET THE STRENGTH? YOU HAVEN'T HAD ANY SPINACH!
IT WAS LOVE! LOVE GIVED ME MUSKLES THE POWER TO SAVE YOU!
HM? THAT'S STRANGE. MY LOVE FOR HAMBURGERS GIVES ME NOTHING BUT A TUMMY-ACHE!

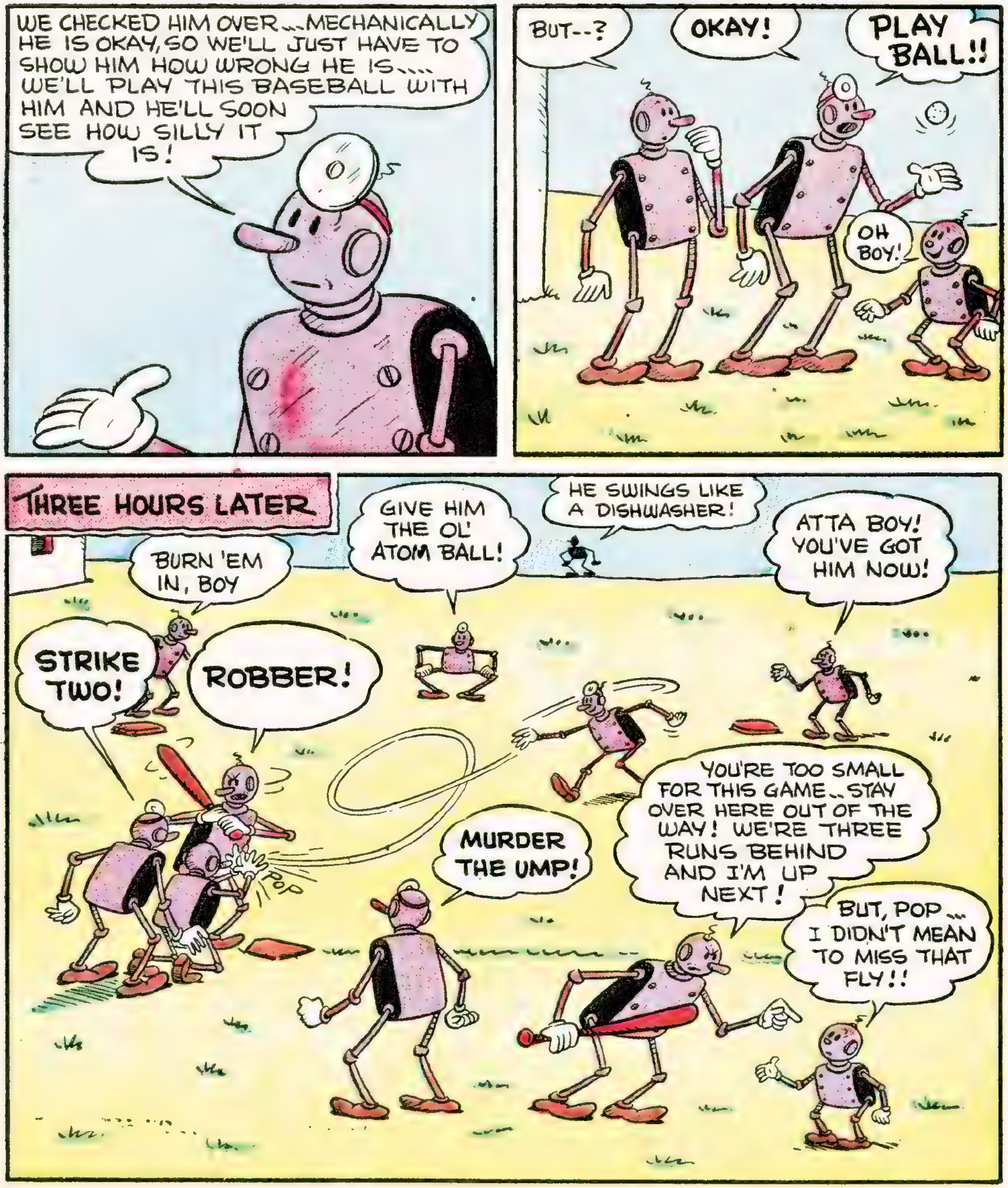

AXLE AND CAM
ON THE PLANET MECO
CAM! CAM!! CAM!!
WHERE IS THAT BOY?!
SOMETIMES I DON'T KNOW WHAT GOES ON IN THAT KID'S ELECTRONIC BRAIN....
MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE HIS TUBES TESTED!
YOO-HOO!! CAM!!
HE KNOWS HE'S NOT SUPPOSED TO GO OUT OF THE CITY.... THE COUNTRY IS DANGEROUS FOR A LITTLE BOY ROBOT!
CAM!
HE KEEPS TRYING TO DO THE THINGS THAT HUMAN KIDS DO...HE'LL FORGET ONE OF THESE DAYS THAT HE'S NOTHING BUT A JUNIOR-SIZED HUNK OF MACHINERY, AND GET INTO REAL TROUBLE!
CAM!
GULP!! I WONDER IF HE'D BE CROSS-WIRED ENOUGH TO GO NEAR THE LAKE!
I'D BETTER CHECK TO BE SURE!
!
AWK!!
HI, POP... LOOK AT ME.... I'M A SAILOR!!
WARNING TO ROBOTS THIS IS A WATER LAKE KEEP AWAY!
DANGER RUST!


CAM!! GET OFF THAT WATER INSTANTLY... DO YOU WANT TO GET RUSTITIS AND HAVE TO BE REPLATED?
YOU KNOW BETTER THAN TO GO NEAR WATER!
AW! I WAS JUS' TRYIN' TO HAVE SOME BOY FUN!
COME ON... IT'S ALMOST LUNCH-TIME!
I'M NOT HUNGRY!
LISTEN, YOUNG ROBOT... I'VE A FINE LUNCH OF ELECTRIC JUICE THAT COST ME THREE BOLTS AND SIX NUTS AND YOU'RE GOING TO EAT!
I DON'T LIKE D.C. ELECTRIC JUICE.. I WANT A FROZEN GREASE CUP!
OH! WHAT HAVE I DONE TO DESERVE AN UNGRATEFUL HUNK OF MACHINERY LIKE YOU?
WATCH IT, POP.... YOU'RE LIABLE TO BLOW A FUSE!
GET HOME BEFORE I SHORT-CIRCUIT YOUR WIRING SYSTEM!!
AW, GEE!
NOW EAT... YOU NEED THE VITA-AMPS TO KEEP YOUR TUBES GLOWING!
D.C. ELECTRIC JUICE
GUARANTEED 12 VOLT
AS SOON AS YOU'VE FINISHED, I'M TAKING YOU OVER TO THE TROUBLE SHOOTERS TO HAVE YOU CHECKED OVER!
?

THERE'S NOTHIN' WRONG WITH ME, POP.... I'M WORKING FINE!
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!
AH! THIS IS THE PLACE ... THEY'LL FIND OUT WHY YOU LIKE TO ACT LIKE A HUMAN BOY!
ROBOT CHECK SHOP
TROUBLE SHOOTERS FOR ALL OF THE BETTER ROBOTS!
?
TUBES CHECKED FREE
I'D LIKE TO HAVE MY SON CHECKED OVER!
WHAT SEEMS TO BE WRONG WITH HIM?
HE LIKES TO PLAY LIKE A HUMAN BOY!
WHAT?
?
EMERGENCY! EMERGENCY!! A CASE OF 702-A!!! CALLING DOCTOR HAMMER! CALLING DOCTOR WRENCH!! A 702-A! A 702-A! EMERGENCY!
WHERE'S THE 702-A? GET HIM TO THE EXAMINATION ROOM AT ONCE!
THIS IS IT, DOCTOR... ISN'T IT TERRIBLE?
?
HM?
HM?
?
AH!
X-OSCOPE
?
YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT OUTSIDE, AXLE!
OIL
!
?


OH! I WISH THEY'D HURRY!
POOR CAM!
WOULD YOU COME IN HERE, AXLE!
IS HE ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR... IS MY LITTLE ROBOT BOY OKAY? CAN HE BE FIXED?
TAKE IT EASY, AXLE!
WE'VE CHECKED HIS WIRING, HIS TUBES AND HIS ATOMIC MOTOR... THERE'S NOT A THING WRONG WITH HIM!
!
BUT?
-BUT-- IS HE STILL A 702-A? DOES HE STILL WANT TO PLAY LIKE A HUMAN BOY?
THERE HASN'T BEEN A CASE OF 702-A OR "I WANTA BE HUMAN," IN FIVE HUNDRED YEARS.... WE THINK YOU JUST SAID THAT TO GET A FREE CHECKUP ON THE BOY!
WHO.. ME?
?
I THINK YOUR TRUTH CIRCUIT HAS A BURNT OUT FILTER!
BAH! DID YOU ASK HIM WHAT HIS GREATEST AMBITION IS?
VERY WELL.... WHAT IS YOUR AMBITION, CAM?
I WANT TO PLAY BASE-BALL!
SEE!?!


WHAT'S THIS BASEBALL?
OH, IT'S A SILLY GAME THAT THE HUMANS PLAY... THEY HIT A BALL WITH A STICK!
HM?
THIS SOUNDS SERIOUS... I'LL HAVE TO CHECK WITH MY COLLEAGUES AGAIN!
WAIT HERE... I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
?
?
NOW HE BELIEVES ME... NOW THEY'LL FIX YOU AND PUT A STOP TO YOUR SILLY IDEAS!
ALL I WANTED WAS A LITTLE FUN!
FUN!! ROBOTS WEREN'T BUILT TO HAVE FUN... WE WERE MADE TO WORK!
AW! WHO WANTS TO WORK ALL THE TIME?
YOU'D BETTER WATCH YOUR SPEAKER, SON... OR THEY'LL TOSS YOU ON THE SCRAP HEAP!
AW GEE!!
HERE COME THE DOCTORS....
?
BRING YOUR SON OUTSIDE... WE'VE DECIDED TO CURE HIM!
OUTSIDE?


WE CHECKED HIM OVER...MECHANICALLY HE IS OKAY, SO WE'LL JUST HAVE TO SHOW HIM HOW WRONG HE IS.... WE'LL PLAY THIS BASEBALL WITH HIM AND HE'LL SOON SEE HOW SILLY IT IS!
BUT--?
OKAY!
PLAY BALL!!
OH BOY!
THREE HOURS LATER
BURN 'EM IN, BOY
GIVE HIM THE OL' ATOM BALL!
HE SWINGS LIKE A DISHWASHER!
ATTA BOY! YOU'VE GOT HIM NOW!
STRIKE TWO!
ROBBER!
POP
MURDER THE UMP!
YOU'RE TOO SMALL FOR THIS GAME.. STAY OVER HERE OUT OF THE WAY! WE'RE THREE RUNS BEHIND AND I'M UP NEXT!
BUT, POP... I DIDN'T MEAN TO MISS THAT FLY!!

Anthony, the third, was considered by most of the inhabitants of the alley to be the greatest hunter since his great-grandfather Anthony, the first. But Freddie, the frog, who was the unofficial historian of the alley, said that of all the cats who had come and gone, Anthony, the first, was the greatest and that good as he was, there was little chance of Anthony, the third, ever equaling his illustrious forefather.

Anthony, the third, was determined that he would make Freddie and the rest of the gang admit that he was as great or greater than the old cat gent had been.

It was towards the end of a very hot summer that the following incident took place. It had been a blistering summer, so hot that all the people who lived on the alley had gone to the shore to escape the heat. With the humans gone the small creatures of the alley found it difficult to get enough to eat. The garbage cans were as bare as the middle of the highway and even the ants were hungry most of the time. The condition became so desperate that a meeting of all of the animals and bugs was called to see if something couldn't be done to ease the hunger situation.

"We must have food immediately!" shouted Herman, the Hoot Owl, who was spokesman. "My children haven't had a square meal in weeks."

"HARUMPH!" croaked Freddie. "If Anthony's great-grandfather were alive we'd never be in this situation. Why, I remember one time when he—"

"STOP IT! STOP IT!" shouted Anthony, the third. "All I ever hear is how wonderful my great-grandfather was. I SHALL HAVE FOOD FOR ALL OF YOU BY SUNDOWN!"

As soon as the words were out of his mouth, Anthony wished that he had kept quiet. It was too late by then to do anything, as all of the animals and bugs were dancing up and down, joyful at the thought of the wonderful feast that he was going to bring them before sundown.

Herman, the Owl, took Anthony aside where the others couldn't hear and talked to him.

"Look, Anthony, I hope you can find enough food for the gang because they are expecting it and if you don't come through I'd hate to be in your shoes. They're in no mood to be disappointed."

Anthony assured him that there would be food for all by nightfall. It sounded good and Herman was satisfied. Anthony only wished that he could believe it himself, for he didn't have the slightest idea where he was going to get enough food for the whole alley.

But it must be said for Anthony that he made a good bluff of it. He announced that he was about to depart on his hunting trip and that he wished to go alone. The whole gang escorted him to the end of the alley and watched him with hopeful eyes as he disappeared up the street.

After what seemed like miles of walking Anthony was ready to give up. It was only an hour to sundown and he hadn't seen the suggestion of anything to eat.

"I guess the only thing to do is to become

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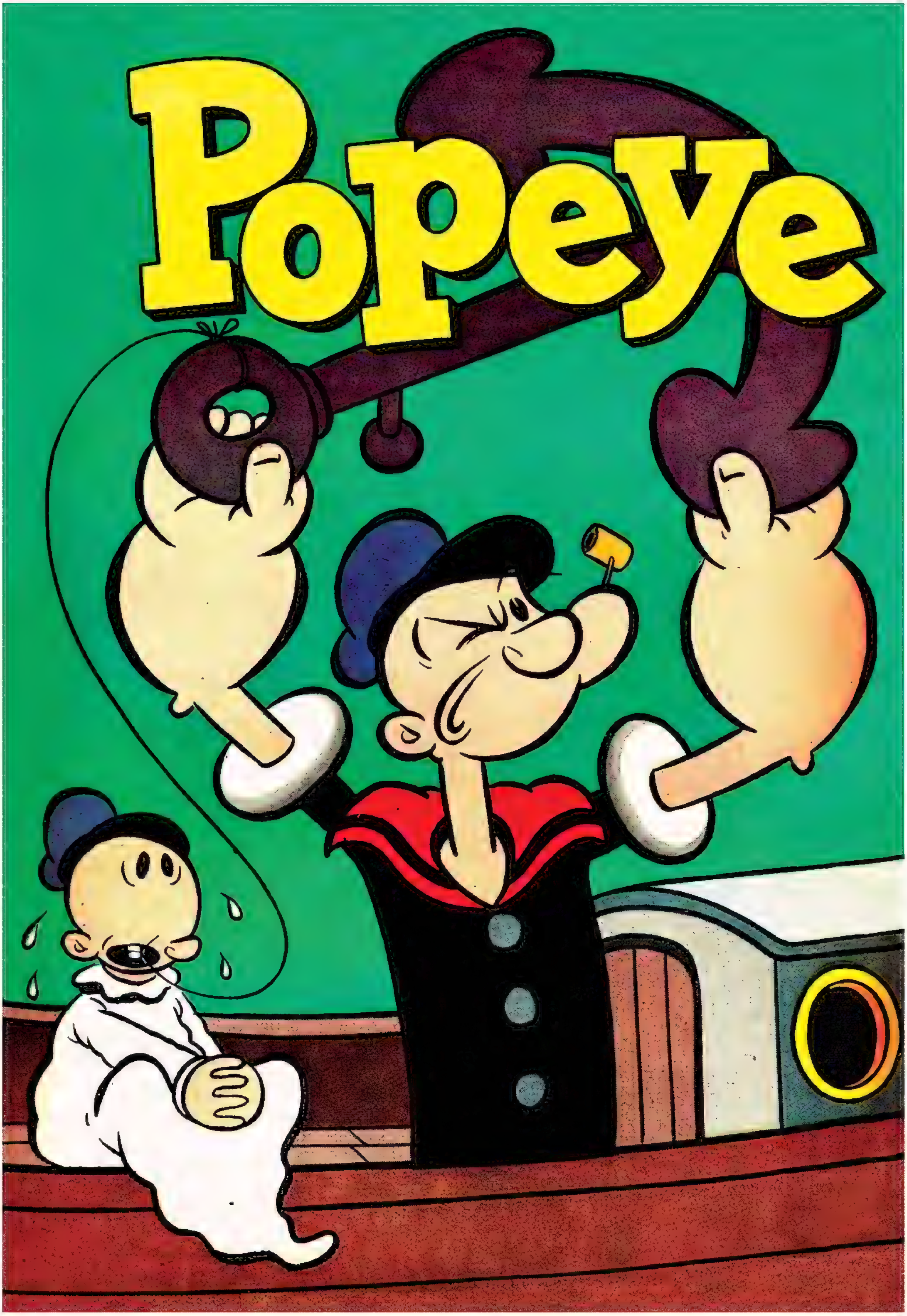
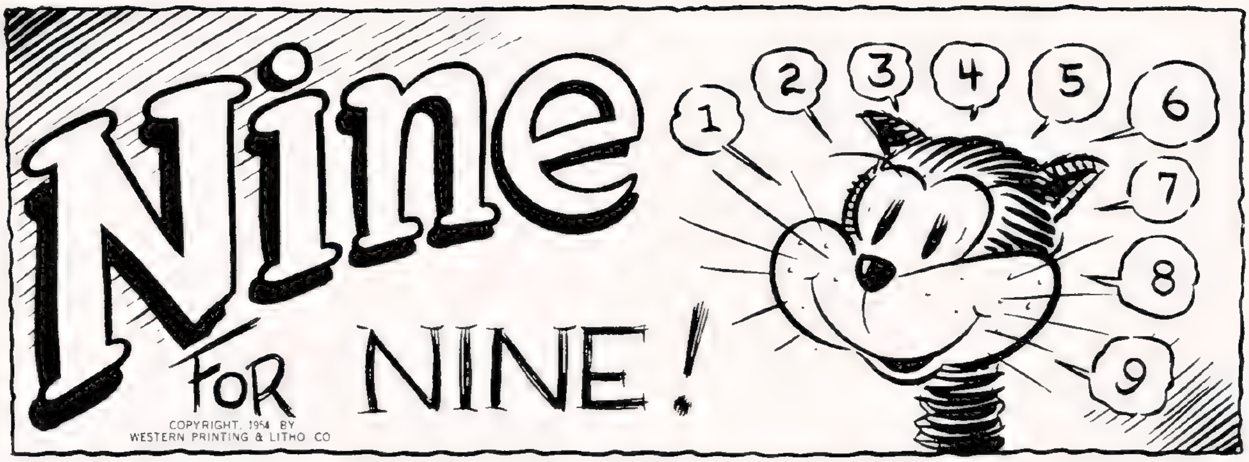


Popeye #29, July-September 1954



Garry, the cat, was very proud of the nine lives he claimed he had. He never missed a chance to tell all of the other animals on the street that he had been given nine lives because he was so much smarter than any of the other pets in the neighborhood.

"I am not only the smartest animal on the block," he was always saying, "I am also the bravest. After all I have nine lives to toss around. I can afford to gamble a life now and then."

The thing that made his bragging so hard for the other animals to take was the fact that he usually was the bravest of the gang. He was so sure that he had nine lives that he wouldn't hesitate to tackle any dangerous enemy that invaded the neighborhood. Even though it had happened two years ago, Garry was still bragging about the rattlesnake he had killed.

"Someday that Garry is going to realize that nine lives don't mean as much as he thinks," remarked the wise old owl that lived in the oak tree on the corner. "In my book you can only die once."

It wasn't more than two or three days after the owl had said this that a great stir was created on the block by a new family moving into the old Smith house. A new family on any street is an exciting event and Garry's street was no exception.

"I must go over as soon as they are settled and let any pets they have know how brave I am," said the boastful feline as he and a group of other animals watched the unloading of the moving van from across the street.

"Better wait and see if they have any dogs and how big they are before you go calling," laughed the old owl.

"Don't be silly," mewed Garry, "with nine lives I have nothing to fear."

It took most of the day for the moving men to get all of the furniture into the house and it was late in the evening before the people who had rented the house arrived. As it was dark and all of the other animals on the street were in their own homes only the old owl watched the folks drive in. In the morning, when all of the pets gathered across the street to look over the new neighbors, the owl had a word of advice for them.

"I think it would be best if all of you stayed clear of the back yard of that house until you've had a chance to become acquainted with the animal pets who are now living there."

"HA! HA!" laughed Garry scornfully, just as the wise old owl knew he would. "Listen to old scary! BAH! I'm not afraid! I've got nine lives and if I waste one of 'em I'll still have eight left."

"Listen to me, Garry! Stay away from that back yard!" warned the old fellow again.

But his warning was wasted because Garry was halfway across the street. All of the other animals laughed and were happy because they knew this was just what the wise old owl had wanted Garry to do.

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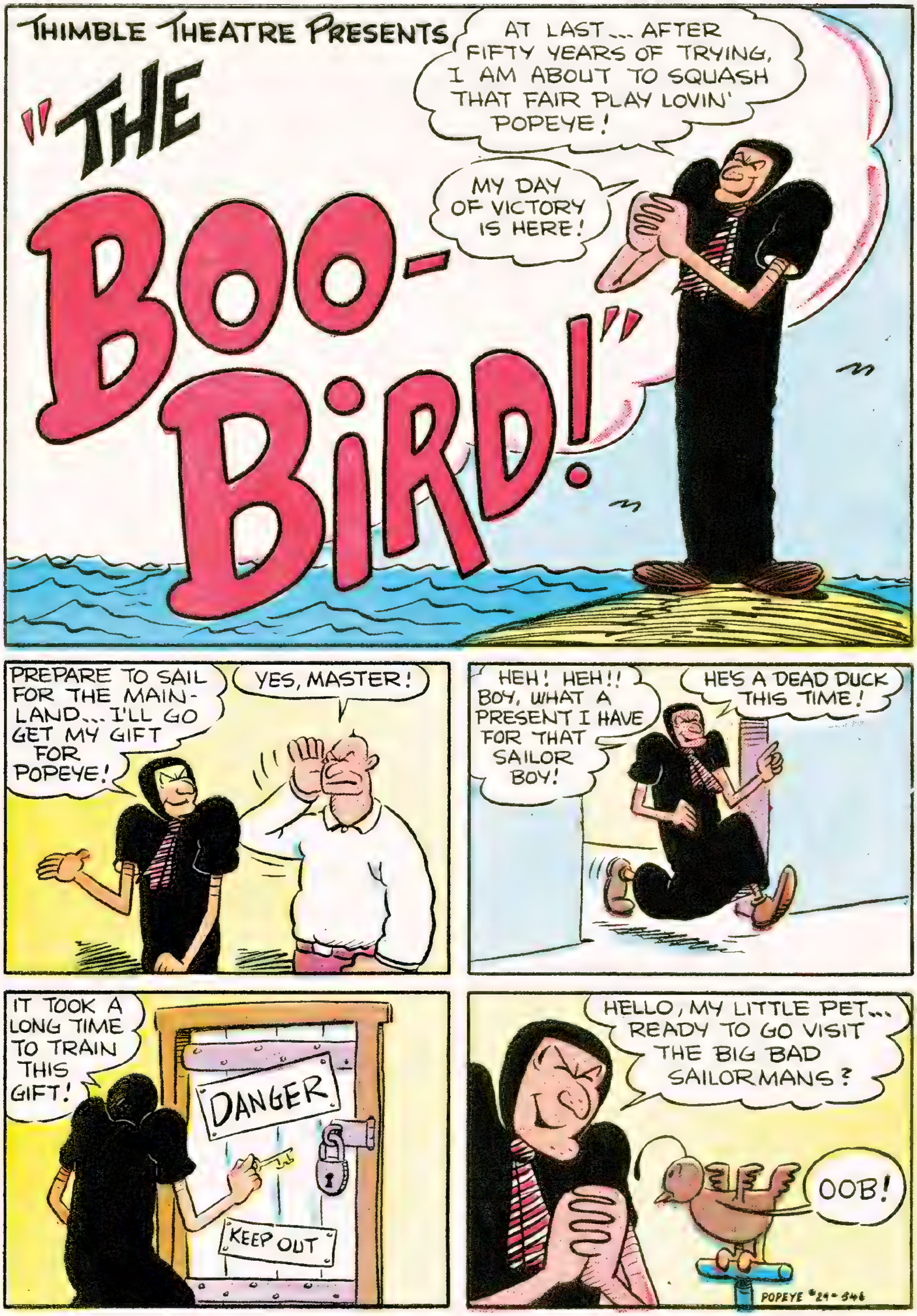
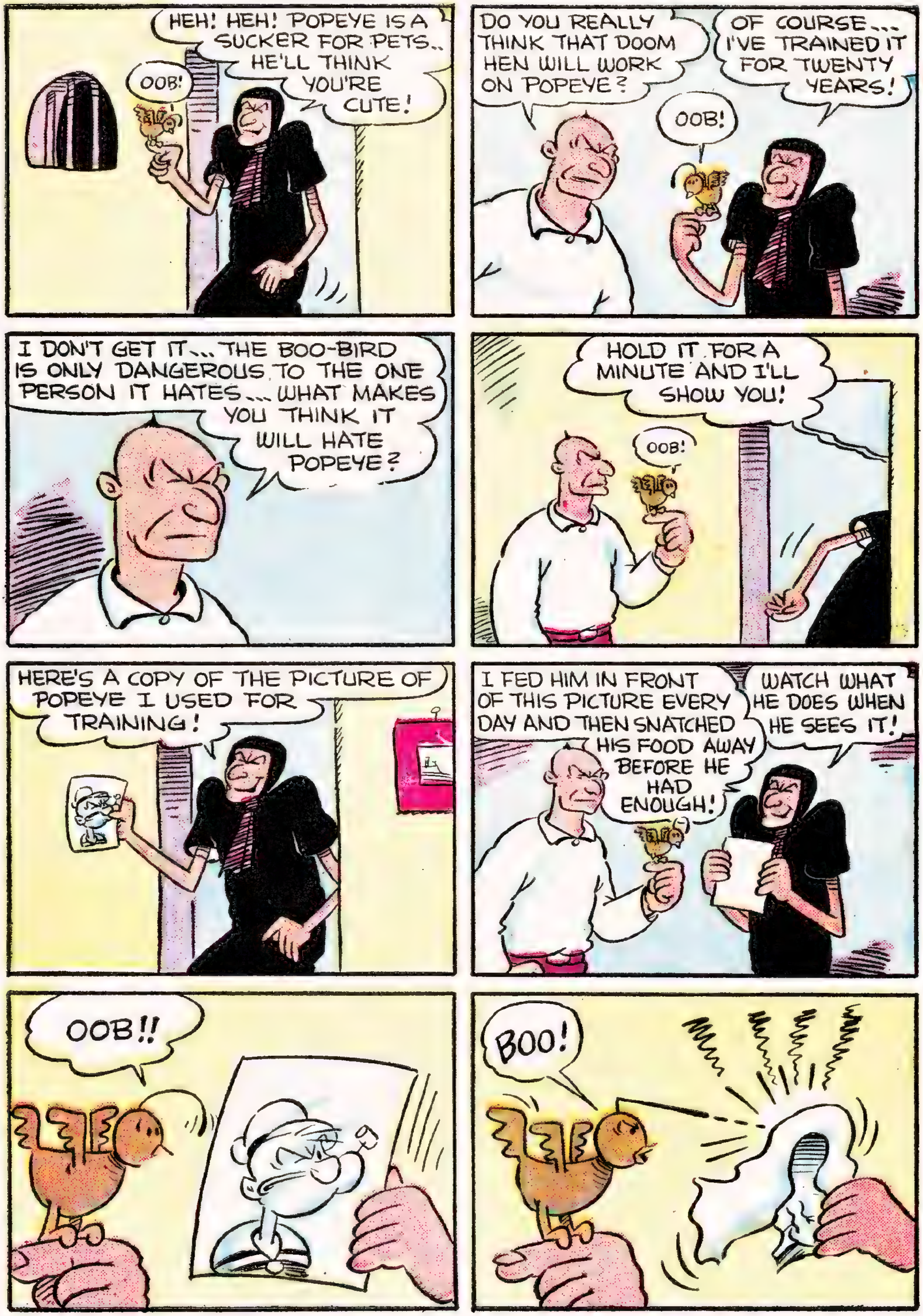
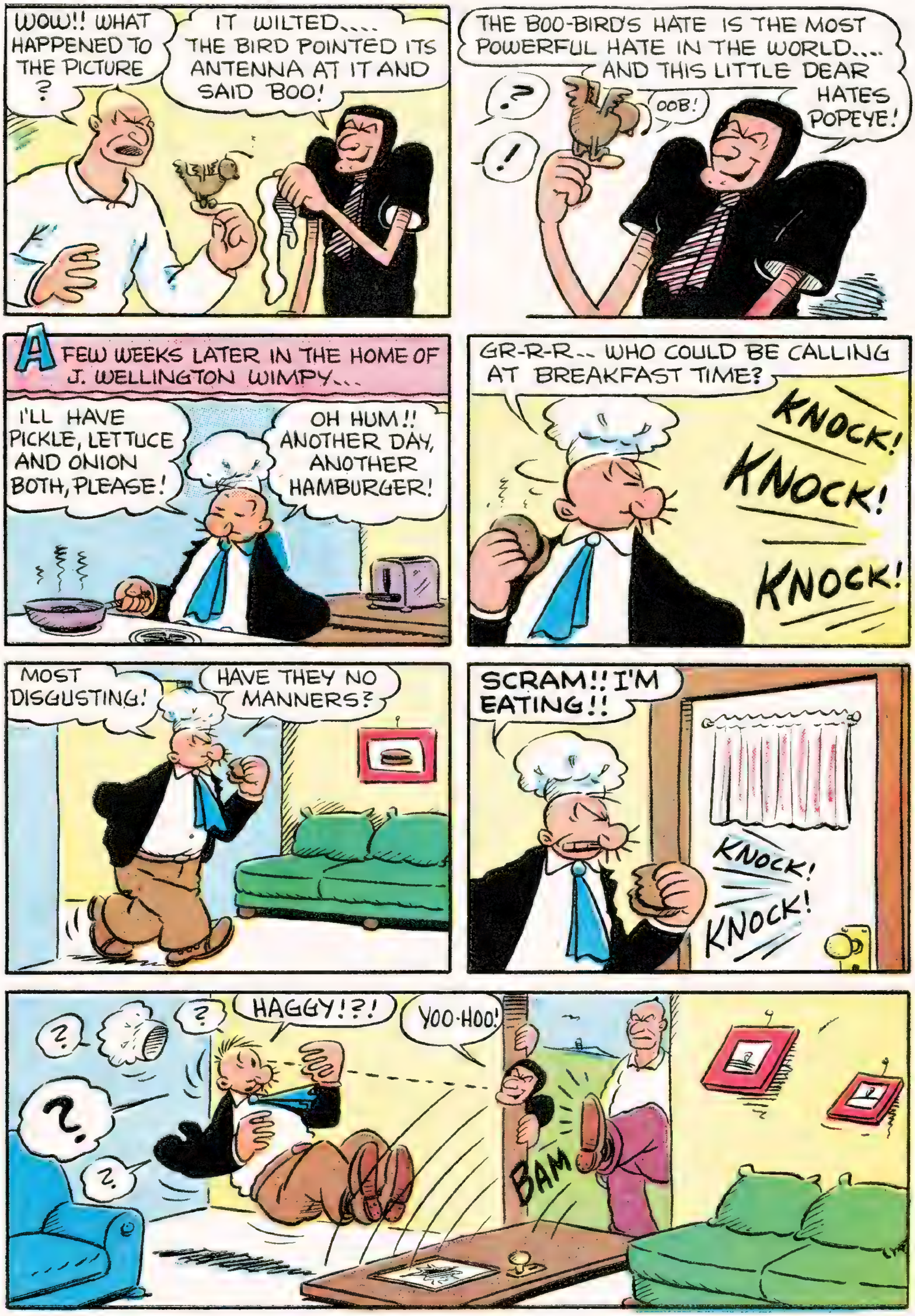
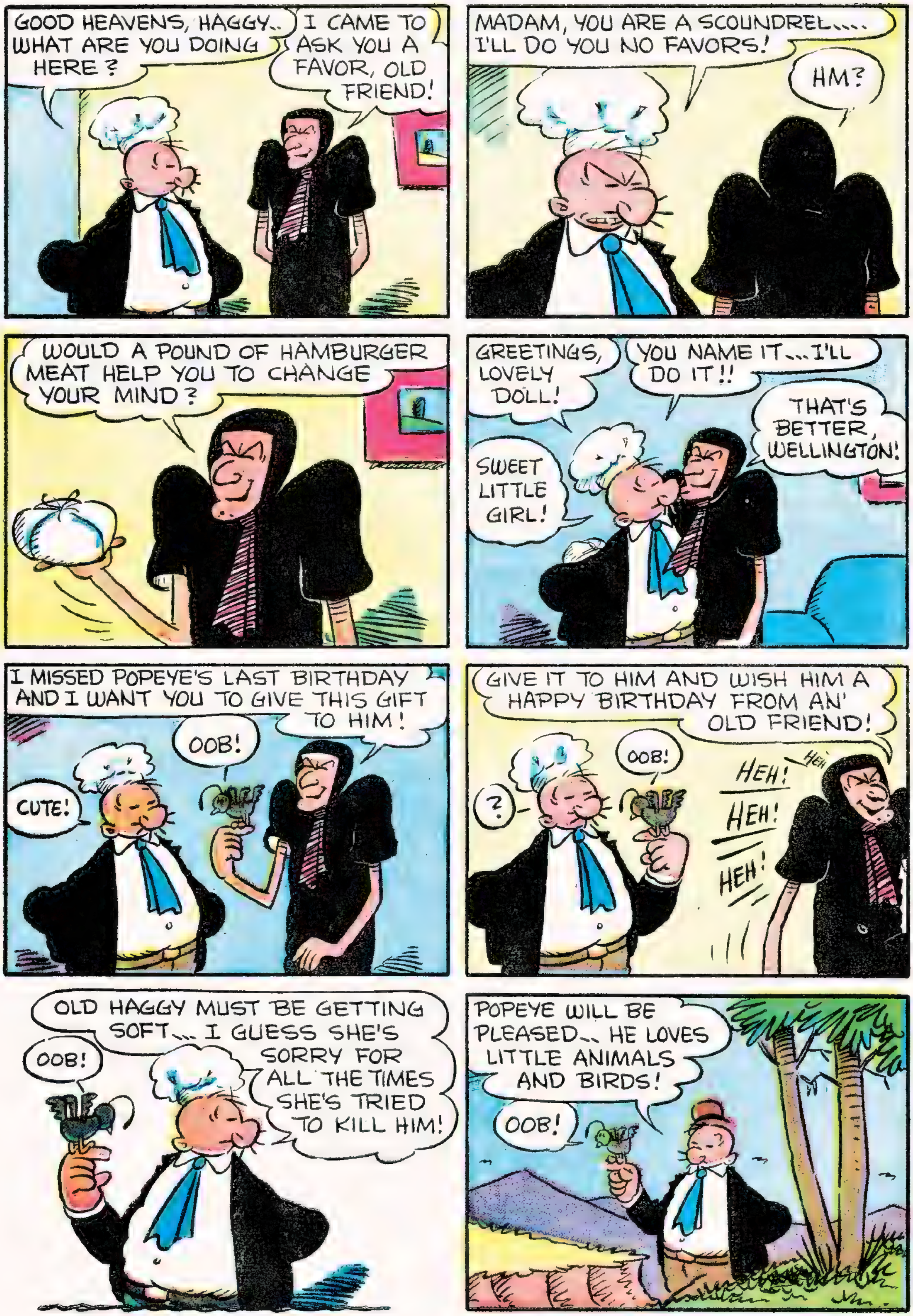
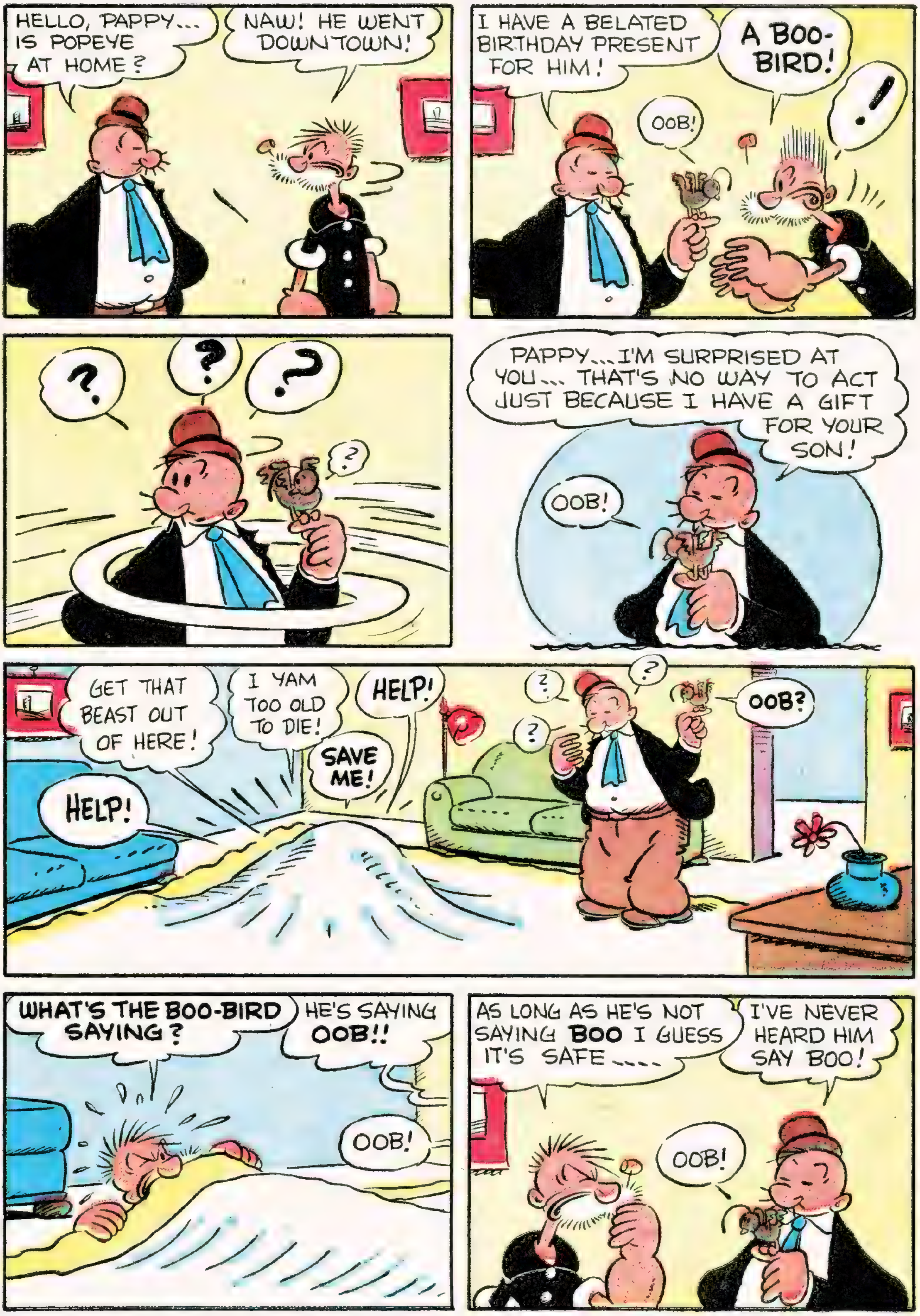

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
"THE BOO-BIRD!"
AT LAST... AFTER FIFTY YEARS OF TRYING, I AM ABOUT TO SQUASH THAT FAIR PLAY LOVIN' POPEYE!
MY DAY OF VICTORY IS HERE!
PREPARE TO SAIL FOR THE MAINLAND... I'LL GO GET MY GIFT FOR POPEYE!
YES, MASTER!
HEH! HEH!! BOY, WHAT A PRESENT I HAVE FOR THAT SAILOR BOY!
HE'S A DEAD DUCK THIS TIME!
IT TOOK A LONG TIME TO TRAIN THIS GIFT!
DANGER
KEEP OUT
HELLO, MY LITTLE PET... READY TO GO VISIT THE BIG BAD SAILORMANS?
OOB!
POPEYE #29-346

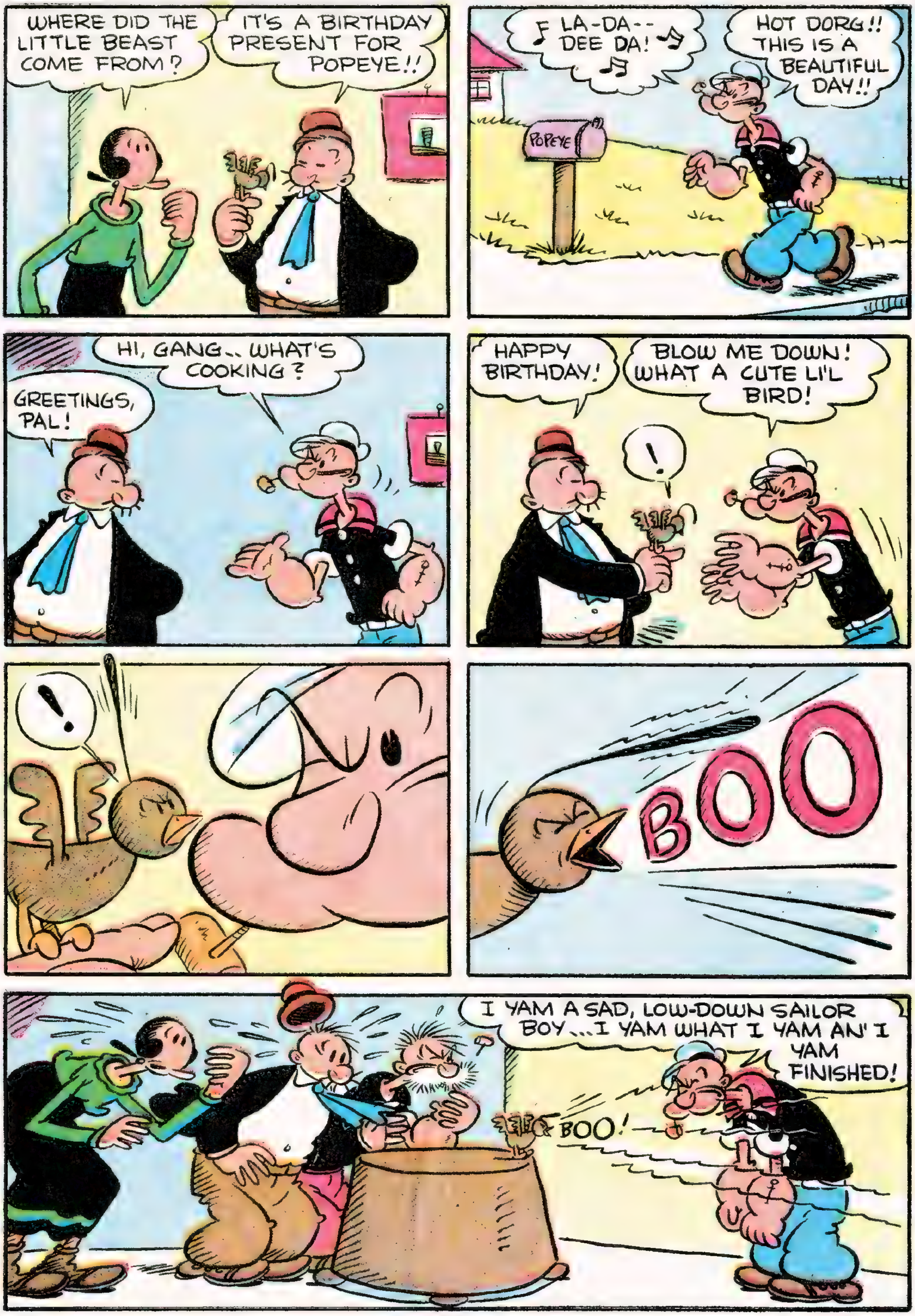

HEH! HEH! POPEYE IS A SUCKER FOR PETS.. HE'LL THINK YOU'RE CUTE!
OOB!
DO YOU REALLY THINK THAT DOOM HEN WILL WORK ON POPEYE?
OF COURSE... I'VE TRAINED IT FOR TWENTY YEARS!
OOB!
I DON'T GET IT... THE BOO-BIRD IS ONLY DANGEROUS TO THE ONE PERSON IT HATES... WHAT MAKES YOU THINK IT WILL HATE POPEYE?
HOLD IT FOR A MINUTE AND I'LL SHOW YOU!
OOB!
HERE'S A COPY OF THE PICTURE OF POPEYE I USED FOR TRAINING!
I FED HIM IN FRONT OF THIS PICTURE EVERY DAY AND THEN SNATCHED HIS FOOD AWAY BEFORE HE HAD ENOUGH!
WATCH WHAT HE DOES WHEN HE SEES IT!
OOB!!
BOO!


WOW!! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PICTURE ?
IT WILTED.... THE BIRD POINTED ITS ANTENNA AT IT AND SAID BOO!
THE BOO-BIRD'S HATE IS THE MOST POWERFUL HATE IN THE WORLD.... AND THIS LITTLE DEAR HATES POPEYE!
?
!
OOB!
A FEW WEEKS LATER IN THE HOME OF J. WELLINGTON WIMPY...
I'LL HAVE PICKLE, LETTUCE AND ONION BOTH, PLEASE!
OH HUM!! ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER HAMBURGER!
GR-R-R-- WHO COULD BE CALLING AT BREAKFAST TIME?
KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!
MOST DISGUSTING!
HAVE THEY NO MANNERS?
SCRAM!! I'M EATING!!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
?
?
HAGGY!?!
YOO-HOO!
?
?
BAM

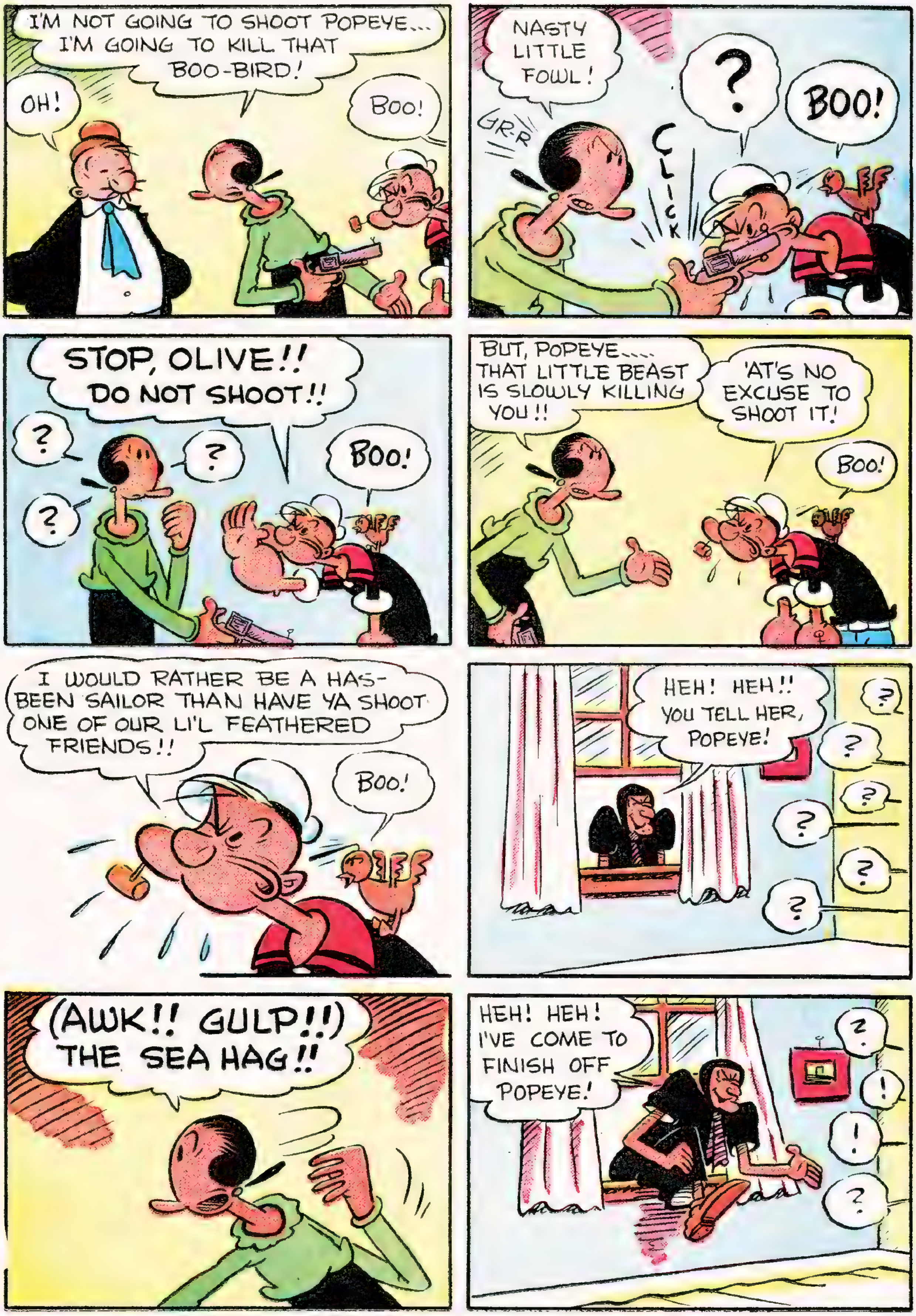

GOOD HEAVENS, HAGGY.. WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I CAME TO ASK YOU A FAVOR, OLD FRIEND!
MADAM, YOU ARE A SCOUNDREL.... I'LL DO YOU NO FAVORS!
HM?
WOULD A POUND OF HAMBURGER MEAT HELP YOU TO CHANGE YOUR MIND?
GREETINGS, LOVELY DOLL!
YOU NAME IT...I'LL DO IT!!
THAT'S BETTER, WELLINGTON!
SWEET LITTLE GIRL!
I MISSED POPEYE'S LAST BIRTHDAY AND I WANT YOU TO GIVE THIS GIFT TO HIM!
OOB!
CUTE!
GIVE IT TO HIM AND WISH HIM A HAPPY BIRTHDAY FROM AN' OLD FRIEND!
OOB!
?
HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH!
OLD HAGGY MUST BE GETTING SOFT... I GUESS SHE'S SORRY FOR ALL THE TIMES SHE'S TRIED TO KILL HIM!
OOB!
POPEYE WILL BE PLEASED.. HE LOVES LITTLE ANIMALS AND BIRDS!
OOB!


HELLO, PAPPY... IS POPEYE AT HOME?
NAW! HE WENT DOWNTOWN!
I HAVE A BELATED BIRTHDAY PRESENT FOR HIM!
A BOO-BIRD!
OOB!
!
?
?
?
?
PAPPY... I'M SURPRISED AT YOU... THAT'S NO WAY TO ACT JUST BECAUSE I HAVE A GIFT FOR YOUR SON!
OOB!
GET THAT BEAST OUT OF HERE!
I YAM TOO OLD TO DIE!
HELP!
SAVE ME!
HELP!
?
?
?
OOB?
WHAT'S THE BOO-BIRD SAYING?
HE'S SAYING OOB!!
OOB!
AS LONG AS HE'S NOT SAYING BOO I GUESS IT'S SAFE ....
I'VE NEVER HEARD HIM SAY BOO!
OOB!

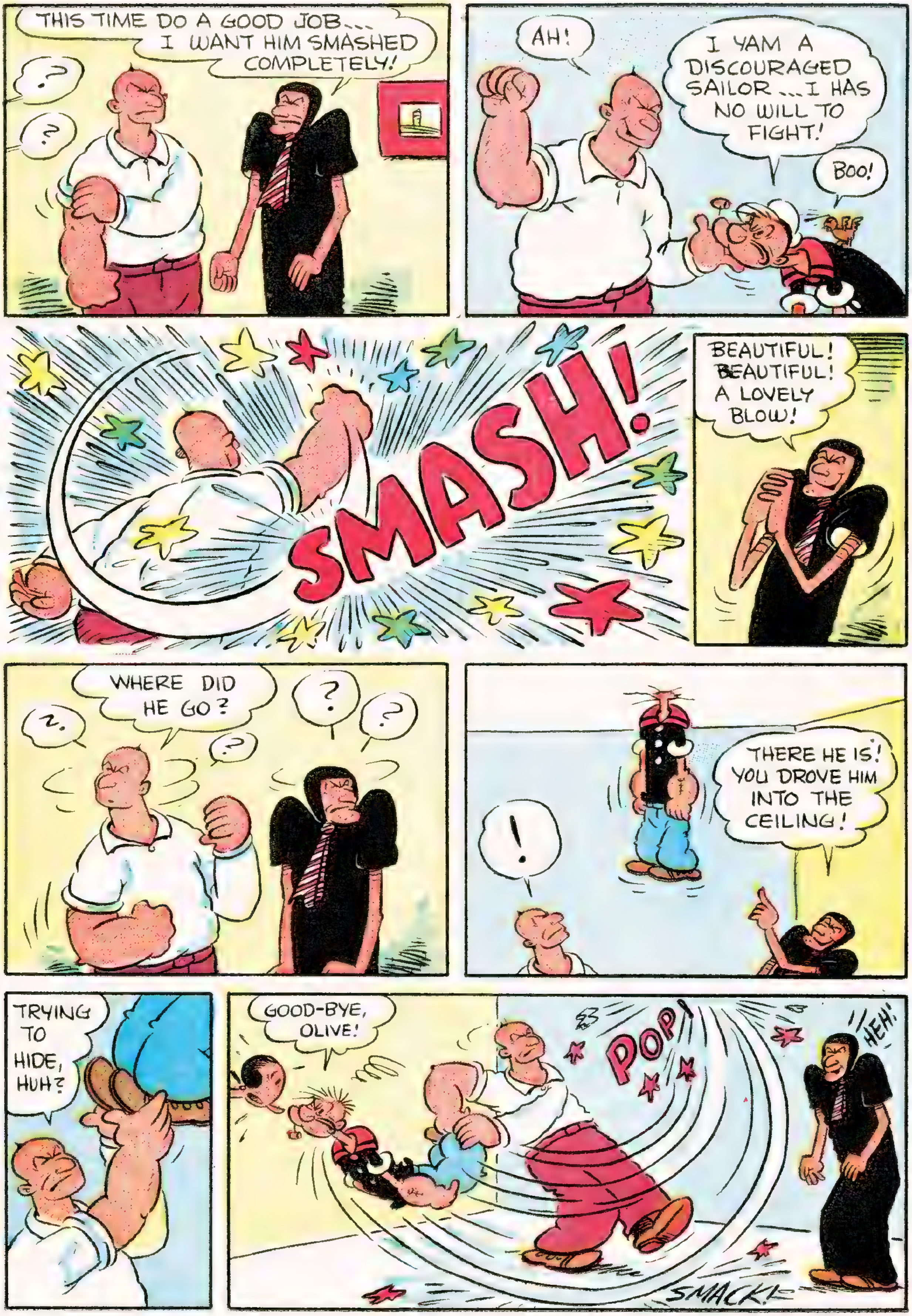
I KNOWS YA HASN'T... IF YA HAD YA WOULD BE DEAD.... WHEN THE BOO-BIRD POINTS HIS ANTENNA AT YA AND SAYS 'BOO', YA IS A COOKED DUCK!
GOOD HEAVENS ... DO THEY SAY 'BOO' VERY OFTEN?
?
OOB!
!
NAW...THEY KIN ONLY SAY BOO TO THE PERSON THEY HATES.... LUCKY FER US THEY IS A ONE-HATE FOWL ... HE DOES NOT HATE US SO WE IS SAFE!!
HM?
HI, BOYS!!
GREETINGS, MISS OYL!
?
GULP!
!
?
?
OOB?
?
?
CRASH
SWISH
THAT'S A BOO-BIRD!
OF COURSE IT IS, YA DUMB DAME!
IT'S OKAY, MISS OYL ... THE BOO-BIRD IS SAYING OOB!
OOB!


WHERE DID THE LITTLE BEAST COME FROM?
IT'S A BIRTHDAY PRESENT FOR POPEYE!!
LA-DA-- DEE DA!
HOT DORG!! THIS IS A BEAUTIFUL DAY!!
POPEYE
HI, GANG.. WHAT'S COOKING?
GREETINGS, PAL!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY!
BLOW ME DOWN! WHAT A CUTE LI'L BIRD!
!
!
BOO
I YAM A SAD, LOW-DOWN SAILOR BOY...I YAM WHAT I YAM AN' I YAM FINISHED!
BOO!

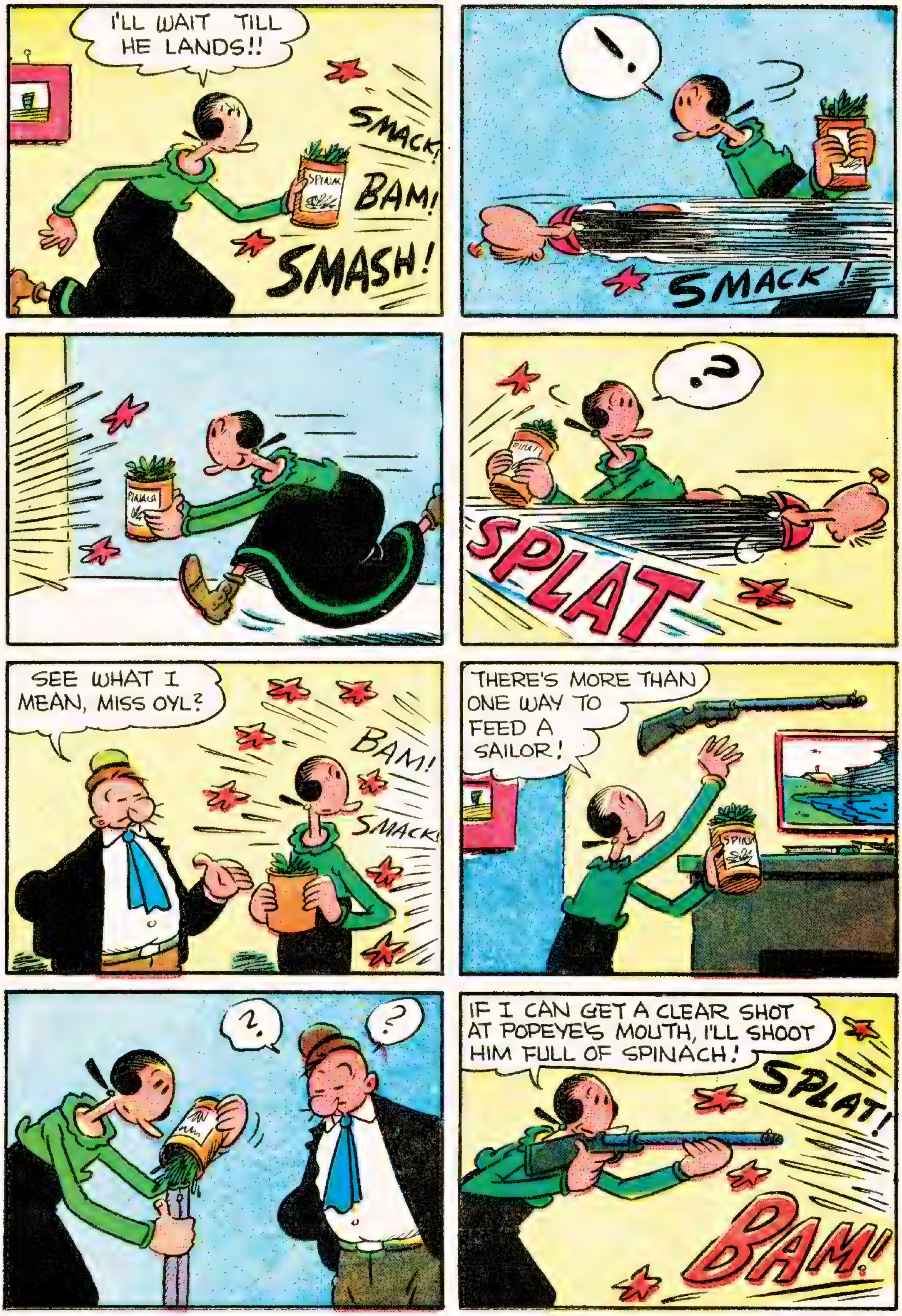
WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY POOR SAILOR BOY?
THE BOO-BIRD'S HATE HAS TORN DOWN HIS WILLINGNESS TO FACE LIFE... HE HAS NO FIGHT LEFT!
WOE!
WOE!
POPEYE, SPEAK TO ME!! SMILE FOR YOUR SWEETIE!
WOE IS ME!! I YAM JUS' A SHELL WHAT LOOKS LIKE A SAILOR!
BOO!
YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, MISS OYL!
PHOOEY! MY LOVE IS STRONGER THAN THAT BIRD'S HATE!
NO BIRD IS GOING TO TAKE MY MAN AWAY!
SMACK
BOO! BOO! BOO!!!
?
?
?
?
THERE! DON'T MY KISSES HELP?
YEAH! THEY HELPS ME FEEL SAD AN' LOW-DOWN!
BOO!
GR-R-!
PHOOEY!!
GR-R-R!
GR-R
?
?
!
?
STOP, MISS OYL!! POPEYE IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT HE SAYS!
?
BOO!
GR-R!


I'M NOT GOING TO SHOOT POPEYE... I'M GOING TO KILL THAT BOO-BIRD!
OH!
BOO!
NASTY LITTLE FOWL!
GR-R
CLICK
?
BOO!
STOP, OLIVE!! DO NOT SHOOT!!
?
?
?
BOO!
BUT, POPEYE.... THAT LITTLE BEAST IS SLOWLY KILLING YOU!!
'AT'S NO EXCUSE TO SHOOT IT!
BOO!
I WOULD RATHER BE A HAS-BEEN SAILOR THAN HAVE YA SHOOT ONE OF OUR LI'L FEATHERED FRIENDS!!
BOO!
HEH! HEH!! YOU TELL HER, POPEYE!
(AWK!! GULP!!) THE SEA HAG!!
HEH! HEH! I'VE COME TO FINISH OFF POPEYE!

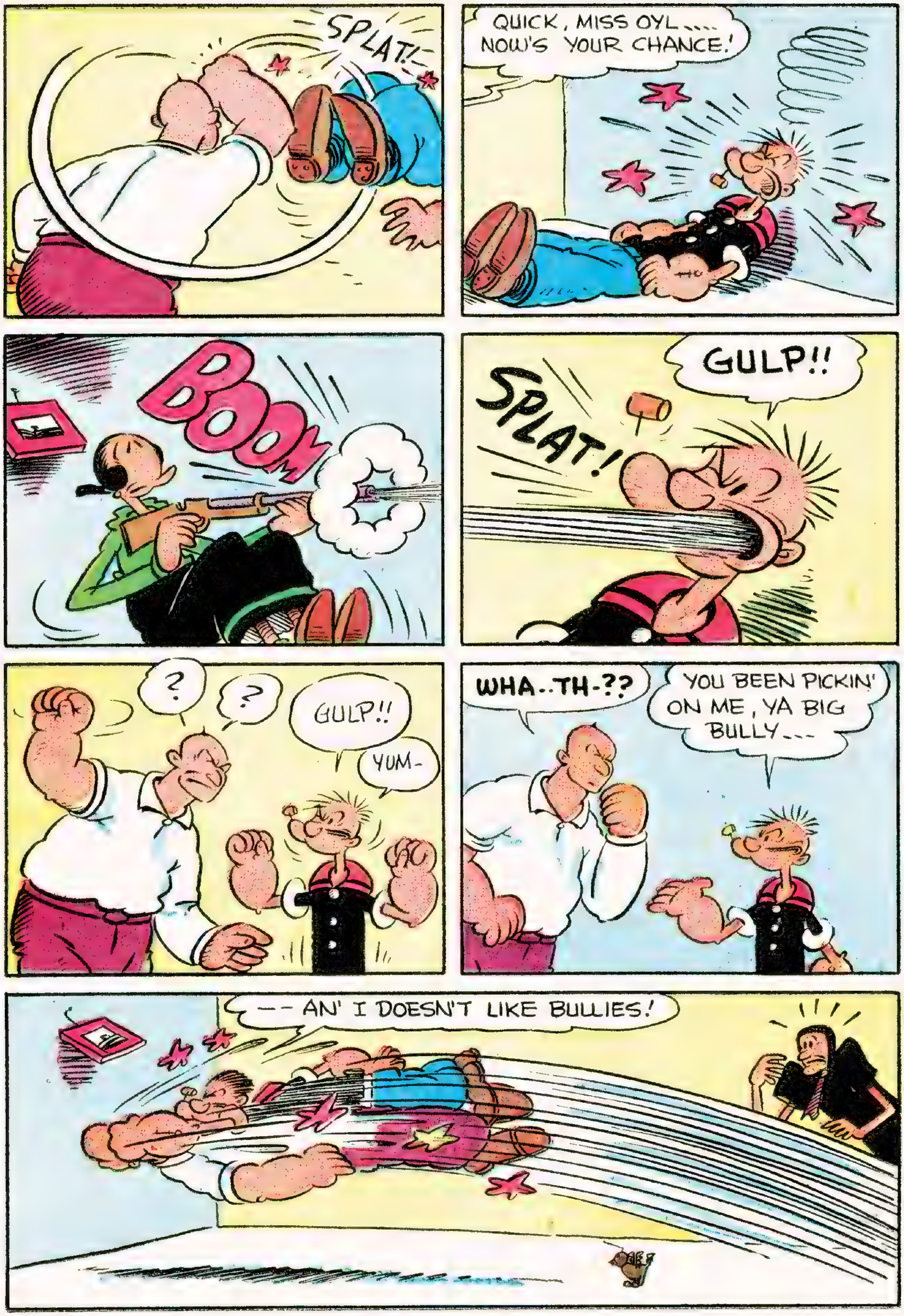
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, POPEYE!!
?
!
?
?
THANKS FOR THE LI'L BIRD!
BOO!
SO YOU'RE AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS TROUBLE!
BAH! MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, LATH LEGS!
SPLAT
SHE STRUCK ME!! I'M A GUEST IN YOUR HOME AND SHE HIT ME!!
'AT'S ARFUL!
BOO!
BUT, POPEYE?
HEH! HEH!
SHE IS RIGHT, OLIVE.. LEAVE HER ALONE!
BOO!
YOO-HOO... COME ON IN, WILLIAM!!
HERE I AM, MASTER!
THE BOO-BIRD HAS DONE ITS WORK...POPEYE HAS NO RESISTANCE! FINISH HIM OFF!
BOO!

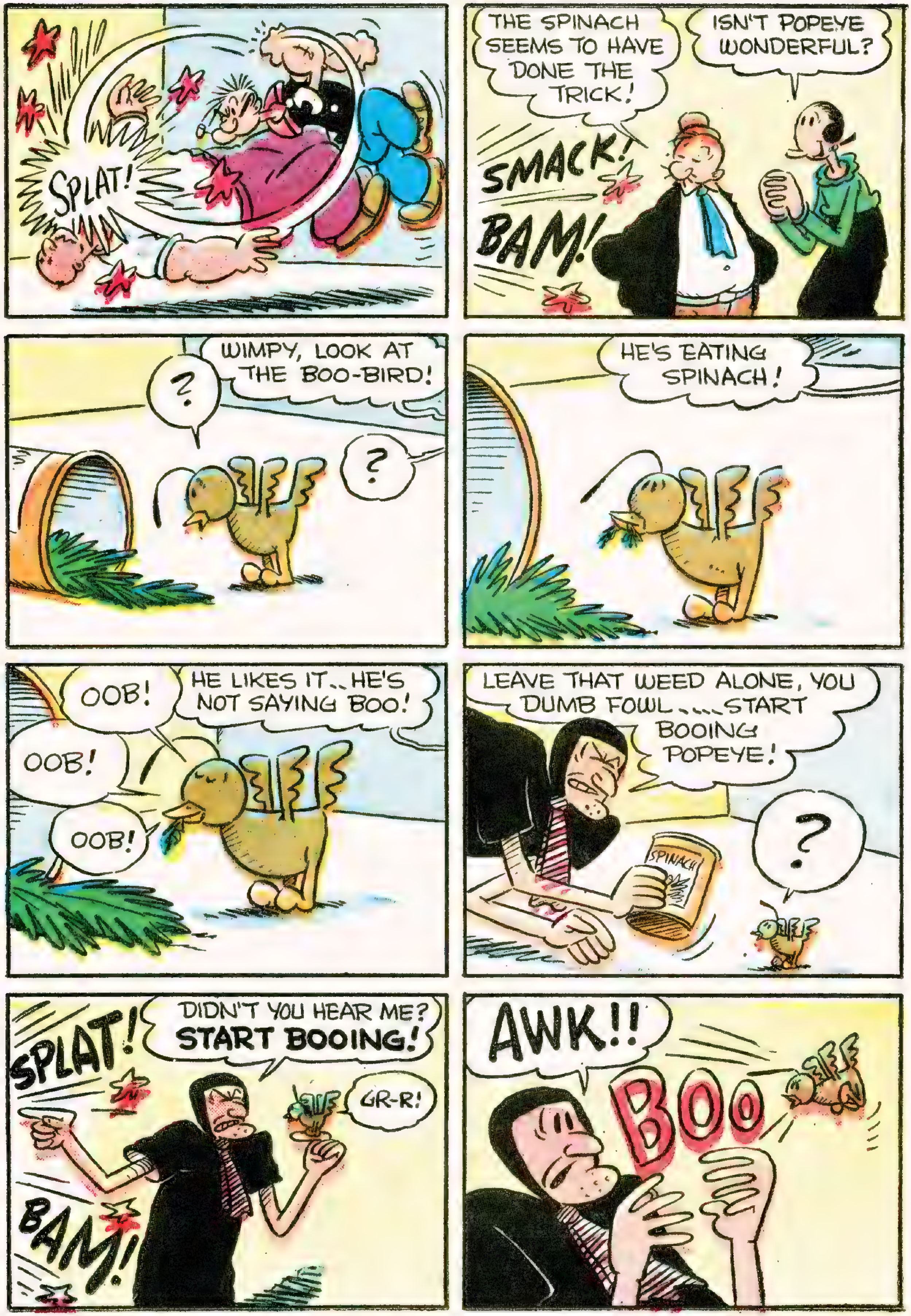

THIS TIME DO A GOOD JOB... I WANT HIM SMASHED COMPLETELY!
?
?
AH!
I YAM A DISCOURAGED SAILOR ...I HAS NO WILL TO FIGHT!
BOO!
SMASH!
BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL! A LOVELY BLOW!
WHERE DID HE GO?
?
?
?
?
THERE HE IS! YOU DROVE HIM INTO THE CEILING!
!
TRYING TO HIDE, HUH?
GOOD-BYE, OLIVE!
POP!
HEH!
SMACK!

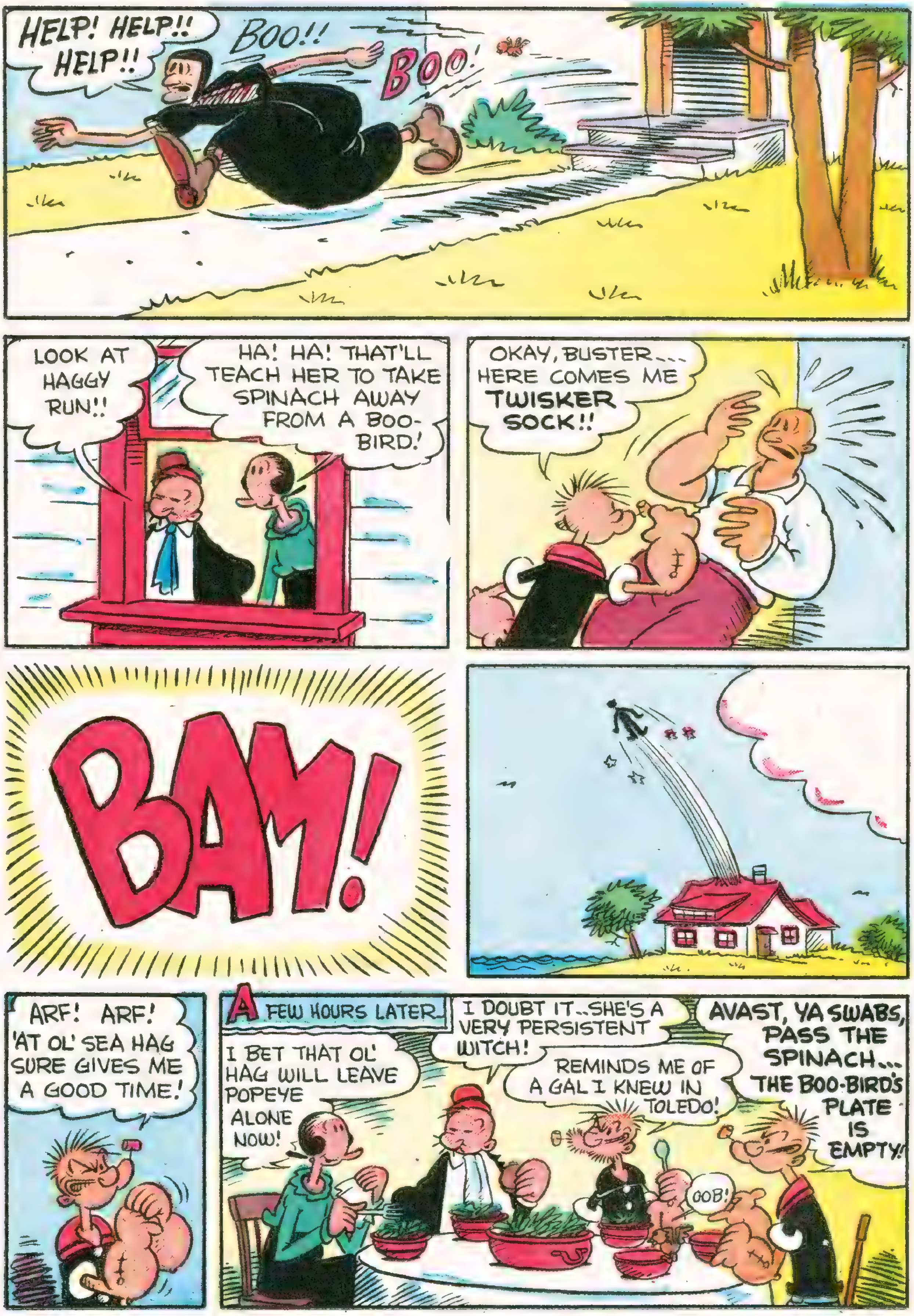
SMACK!
GET UP AND FIGHT!!
I YAM A GONE SAILOR...I DOESN'T CARE TA FIGHT!
BOO!
I FEAR YOU ARE WASTING YOUR TIME, MISS OYL!
BUT THAT BEAST IS KILLING MY MAN!!
SMACK!
BAM!
THE PUNCHES AREN'T BEATING HIM ... IT'S THAT BIRD!
SMACK!
BAM!
SMACK!
GR-RR!
SMACK!
SPINACH
SPINACH
THIS WILL OFFSET THAT BOO-BIRD!
SMACK!
BAM!
IT'S A FINE IDEA BUT HOW ARE YOU GOING TO FEED IT TO POPEYE ? HE'S BOUNCING ALL OVER THE HOUSE!
SPINACH
SMACK!
BAM!



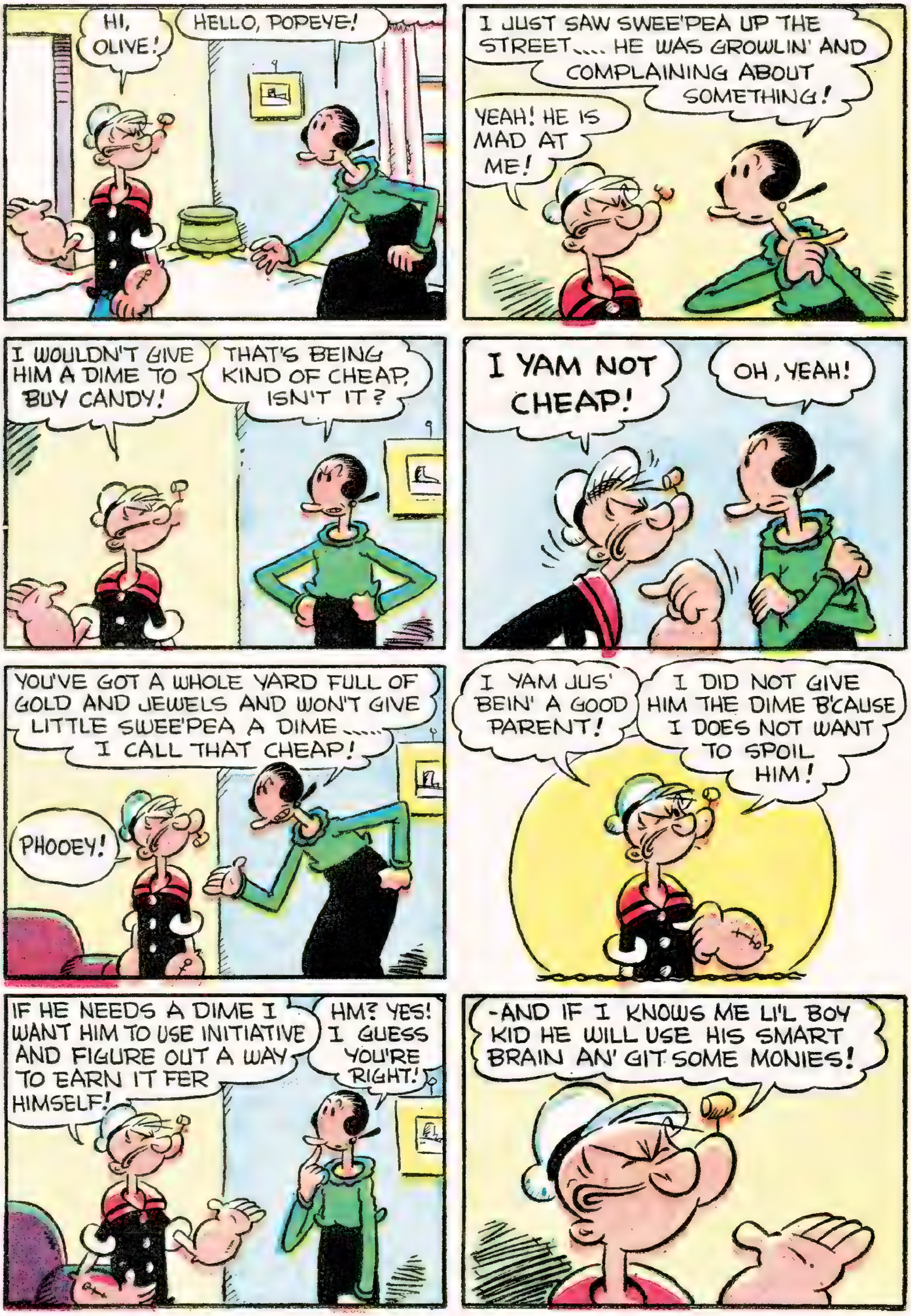
I'LL WAIT TILL HE LANDS!!
SMACK!
BAM!
SMASH!
SPINAC
!
SMACK!
SPINACA
?
SPLAT
SEE WHAT I MEAN, MISS OYL?
BAM!
SMACK!
THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO FEED A SAILOR!
SPINA
?
?
IF I CAN GET A CLEAR SHOT AT POPEYE'S MOUTH, I'LL SHOOT HIM FULL OF SPINACH!
SPLAT!
BAM!

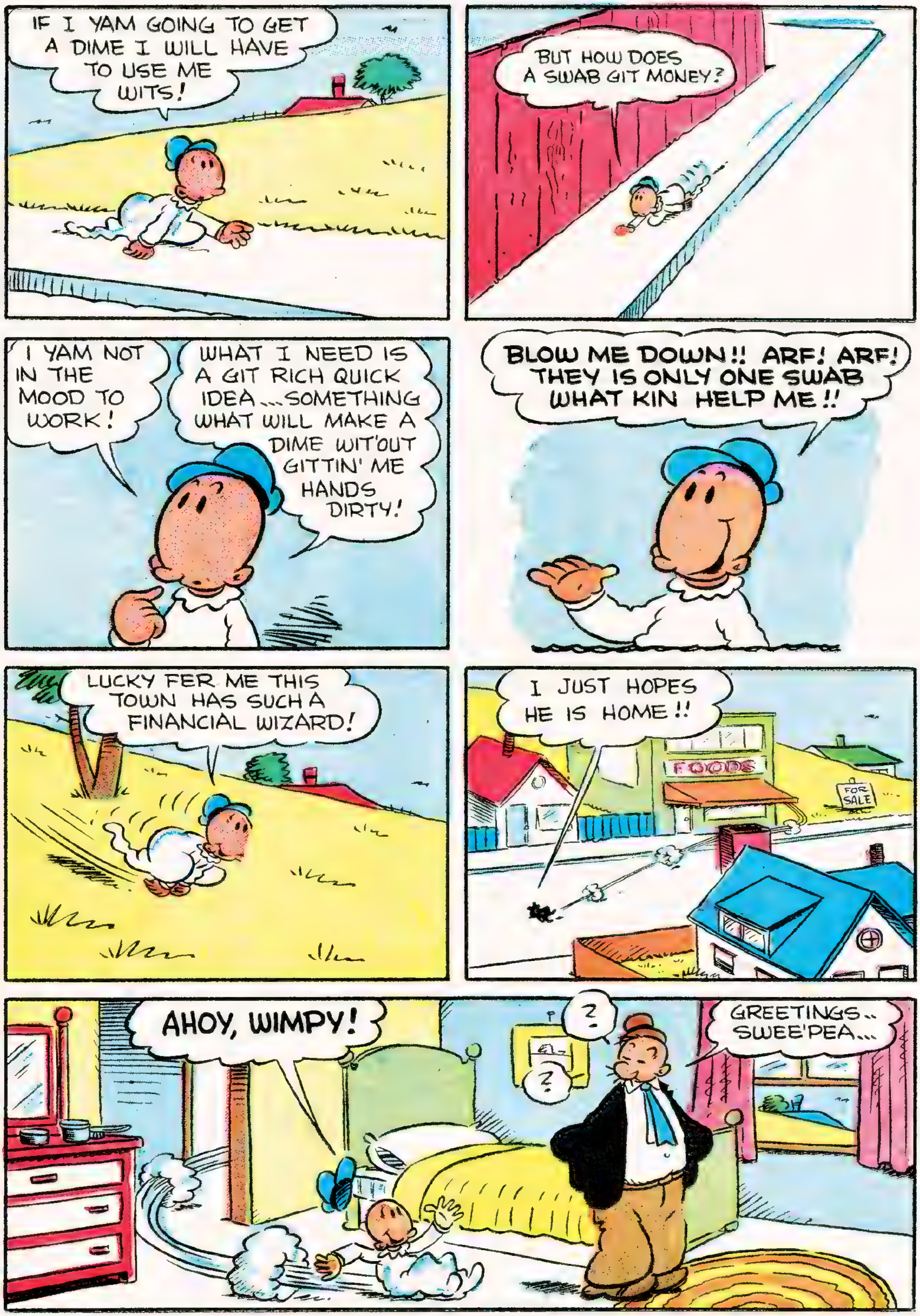

SPLAT!
QUICK, MISS OYL....
NOW'S YOUR CHANCE!
BOOM
SPLAT!
GULP!!
?
?
GULP!!
YUM-
WHA..TH-??
YOU BEEN PICKIN'
ON ME, YA BIG
BULLY---
--AN' I DOESN'T LIKE BULLIES!

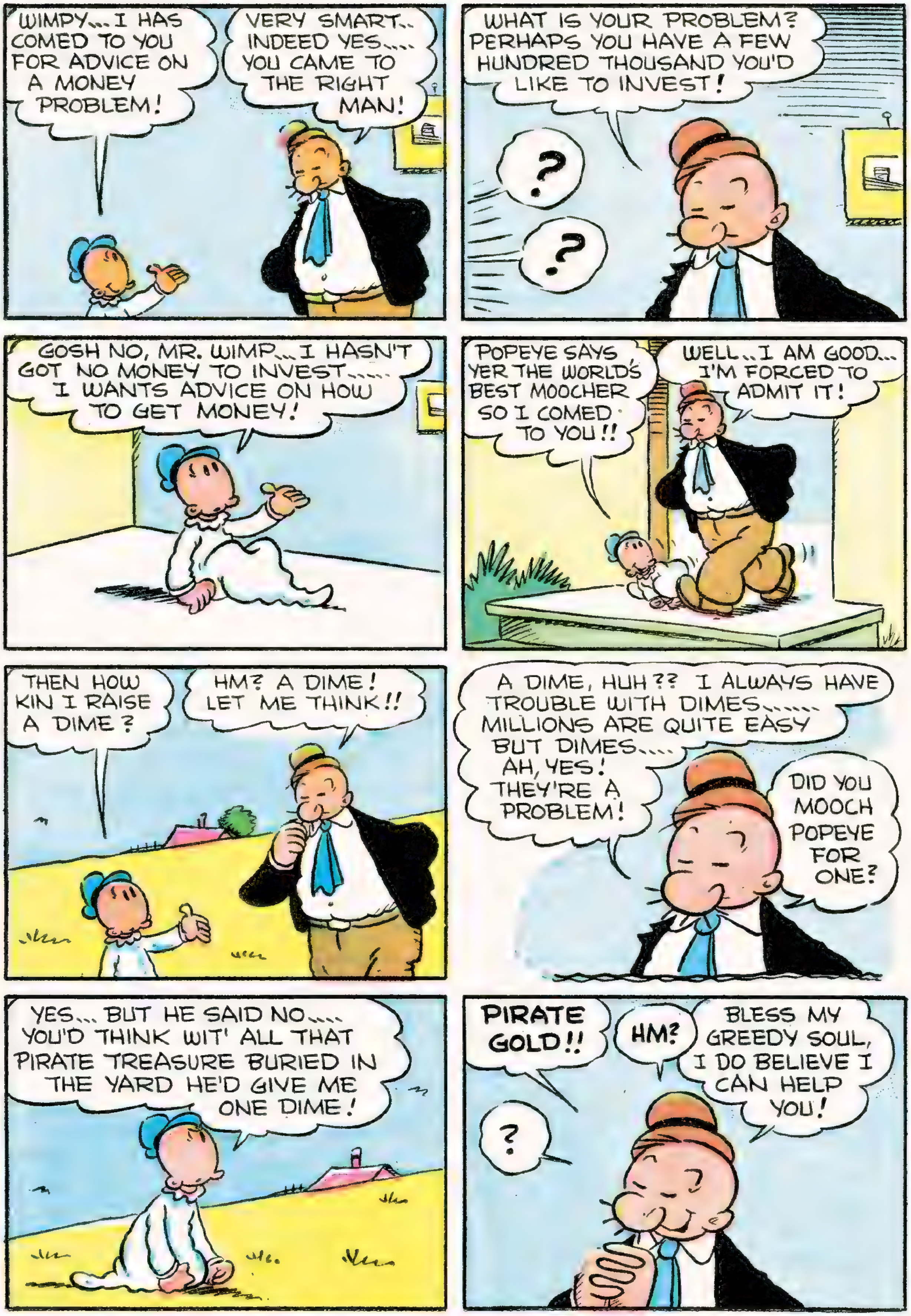

SPLAT!
THE SPINACH SEEMS TO HAVE DONE THE TRICK!
ISN'T POPEYE WONDERFUL?
SMACK!
BAM!
WIMPY, LOOK AT THE BOO-BIRD!
?
?
HE'S EATING SPINACH!
OOB!
HE LIKES IT.. HE'S NOT SAYING BOO!
OOB!
OOB!
LEAVE THAT WEED ALONE, YOU DUMB FOWL.....START BOOING POPEYE!
SPINACH
?
SPLAT!
DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME? START BOOING!
GR-R!
BAM!
AWK!!
BOO

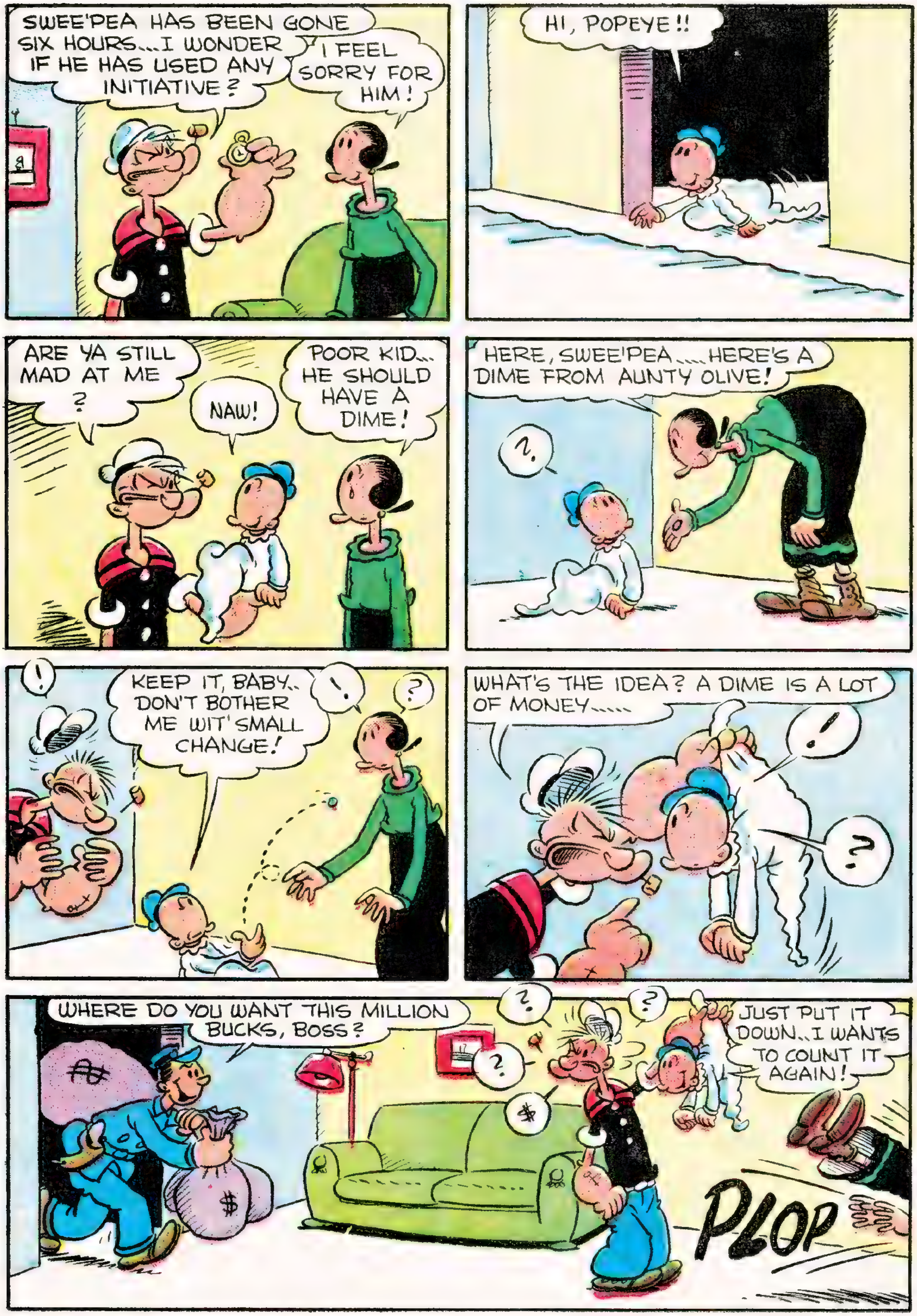

HELP! HELP!! HELP!!
BOO!!
BOO!
LOOK AT HAGGY RUN!!
HA! HA! THAT'LL TEACH HER TO TAKE SPINACH AWAY FROM A BOO-BIRD!
OKAY, BUSTER... HERE COMES ME TWISKER SOCK!!
BAM!
ARF! ARF! 'AT OL' SEA HAG SURE GIVES ME A GOOD TIME!
A FEW HOURS LATER
I BET THAT OL' HAG WILL LEAVE POPEYE ALONE NOW!
I DOUBT IT...SHE'S A VERY PERSISTENT WITCH!
REMINDS ME OF A GAL I KNEW IN TOLEDO!
AVAST, YA SWABS, PASS THE SPINACH... THE BOO-BIRD'S PLATE IS EMPTY!
OOB!

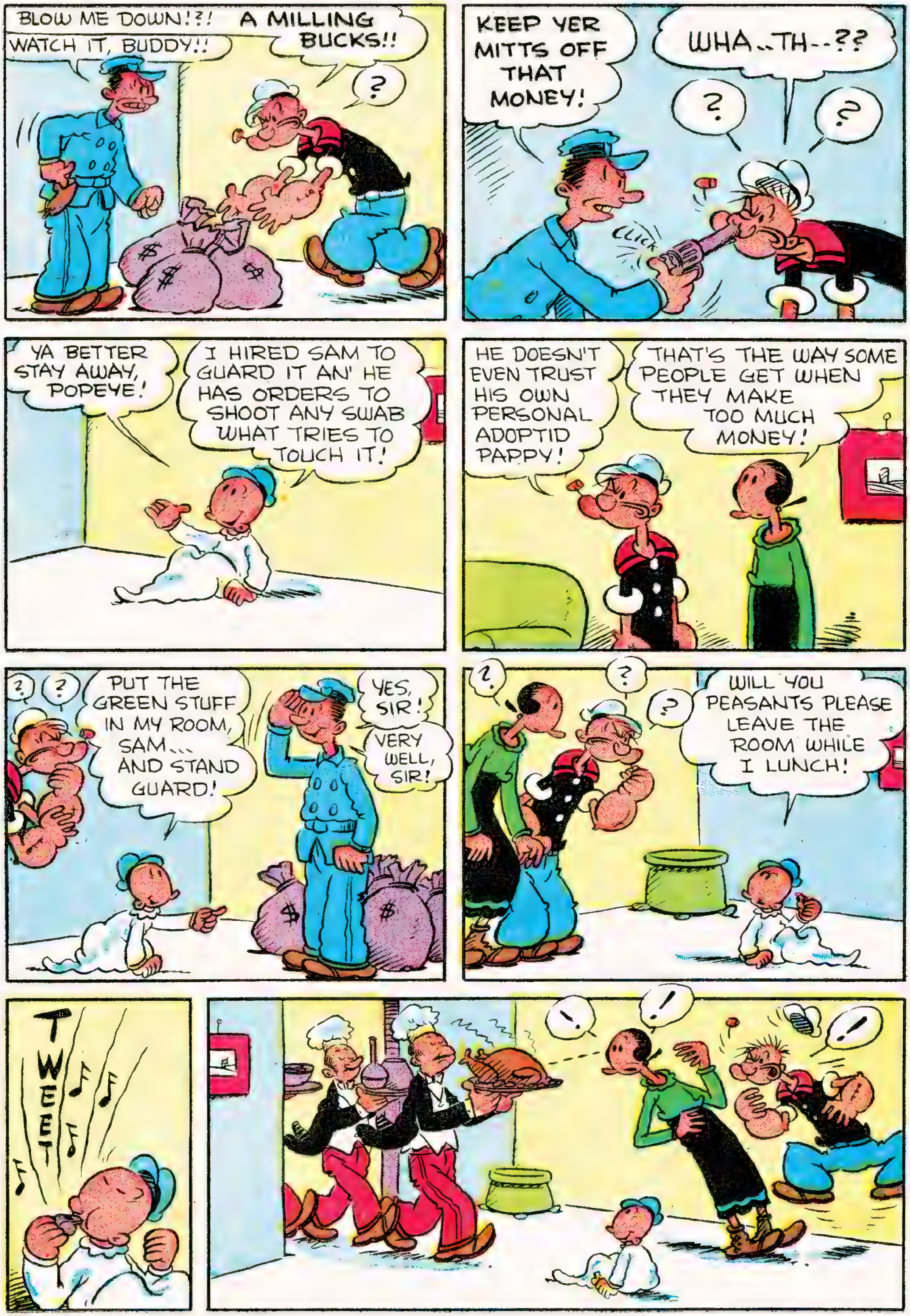
THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
POPEYE
IN
"PAY DIRT!"
NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! AND NO!
AW!
PHOOEY! (GRUMBLE! GRUMBLE!)
OL' STINGY!!
YOU'D THINK I WAS ASKIN' FER THE MOON!
ALL HE KNOWS HOW TO SAY IS NO!
BY GORSH... IF I HAD A LI'L KID I'D GIVE IT TO HIM!!
JUS' 'CAUSE I HAS SEVENTY-TWO MILLION DOLLARS IN PIRATE TREASURE BURIED IN ME YARD DOES NOT MEAN THAT I YAM GOIN' TO SPOIL ME LI'L BOY KID BY GIVIN' HIM A DIME EVERY TIME HE WANTS ONE!


HI, OLIVE!
HELLO, POPEYE!
I JUST SAW SWEE'PEA UP THE STREET..... HE WAS GROWLIN' AND COMPLAINING ABOUT SOMETHING!
YEAH! HE IS MAD AT ME!
I WOULDN'T GIVE HIM A DIME TO BUY CANDY!
THAT'S BEING KIND OF CHEAP, ISN'T IT?
I YAM NOT CHEAP!
OH, YEAH!
YOU'VE GOT A WHOLE YARD FULL OF GOLD AND JEWELS AND WON'T GIVE LITTLE SWEE'PEA A DIME...... I CALL THAT CHEAP!
PHOOEY!
I YAM JUS' BEIN' A GOOD PARENT!
I DID NOT GIVE HIM THE DIME B'CAUSE I DOES NOT WANT TO SPOIL HIM!
IF HE NEEDS A DIME I WANT HIM TO USE INITIATIVE AND FIGURE OUT A WAY TO EARN IT FER HIMSELF!
HM? YES! I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT!
-AND IF I KNOWS ME LI'L BOY KID HE WILL USE HIS SMART BRAIN AN' GIT SOME MONIES!

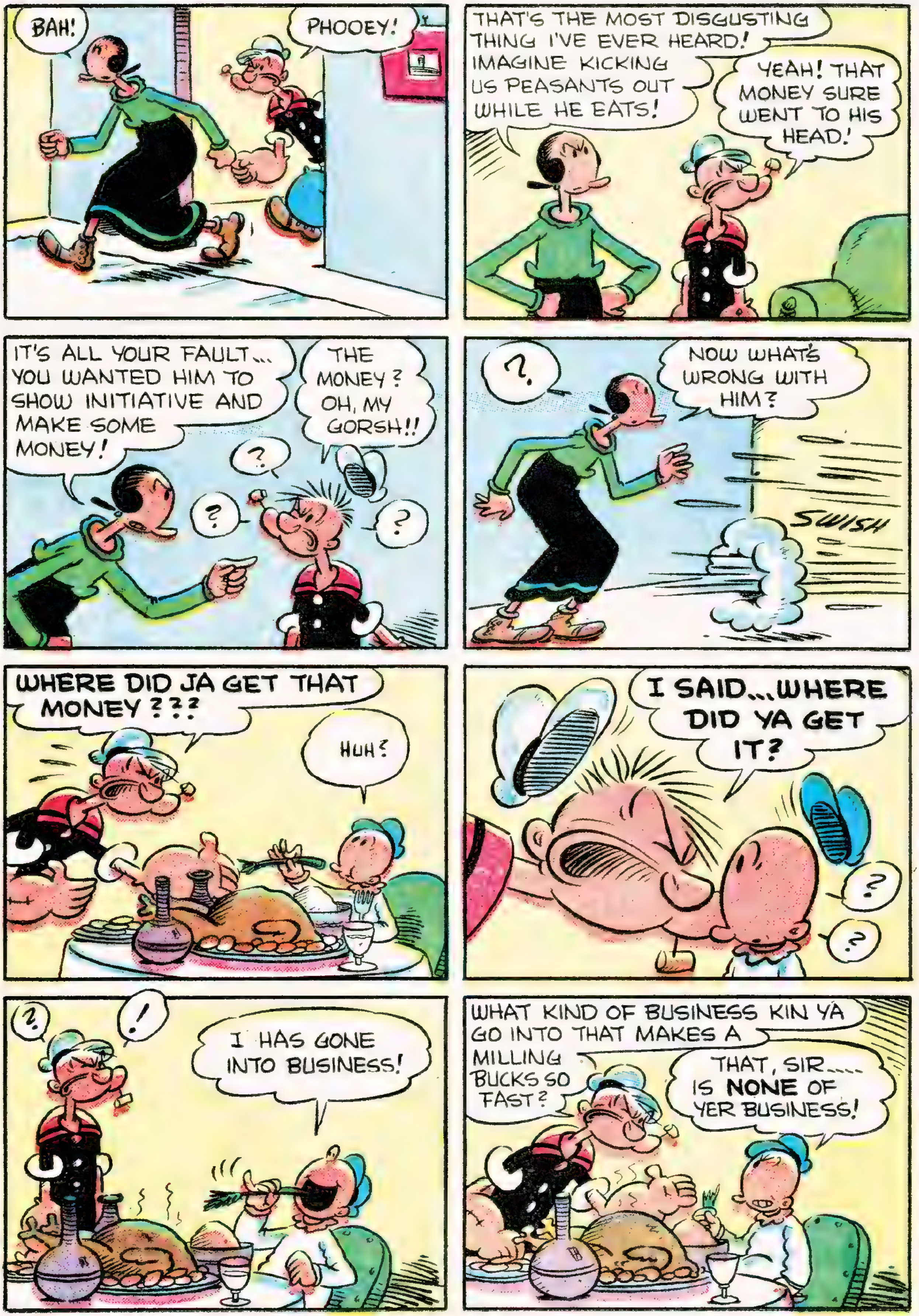

IF I YAM GOING TO GET A DIME I WILL HAVE TO USE ME WITS!
BUT HOW DOES A SWAB GIT MONEY?
I YAM NOT IN THE MOOD TO WORK!
WHAT I NEED IS A GIT RICH QUICK IDEA....SOMETHING WHAT WILL MAKE A DIME WIT'OUT GITTIN' ME HANDS DIRTY!
BLOW ME DOWN!! ARF! ARF! THEY IS ONLY ONE SWAB WHAT KIN HELP ME!!
LUCKY FER ME THIS TOWN HAS SUCH A FINANCIAL WIZARD!
I JUST HOPES HE IS HOME!!
FOODS
FOR SALE
AHOY, WIMPY!
?
?
GREETINGS.. SWEE'PEA...

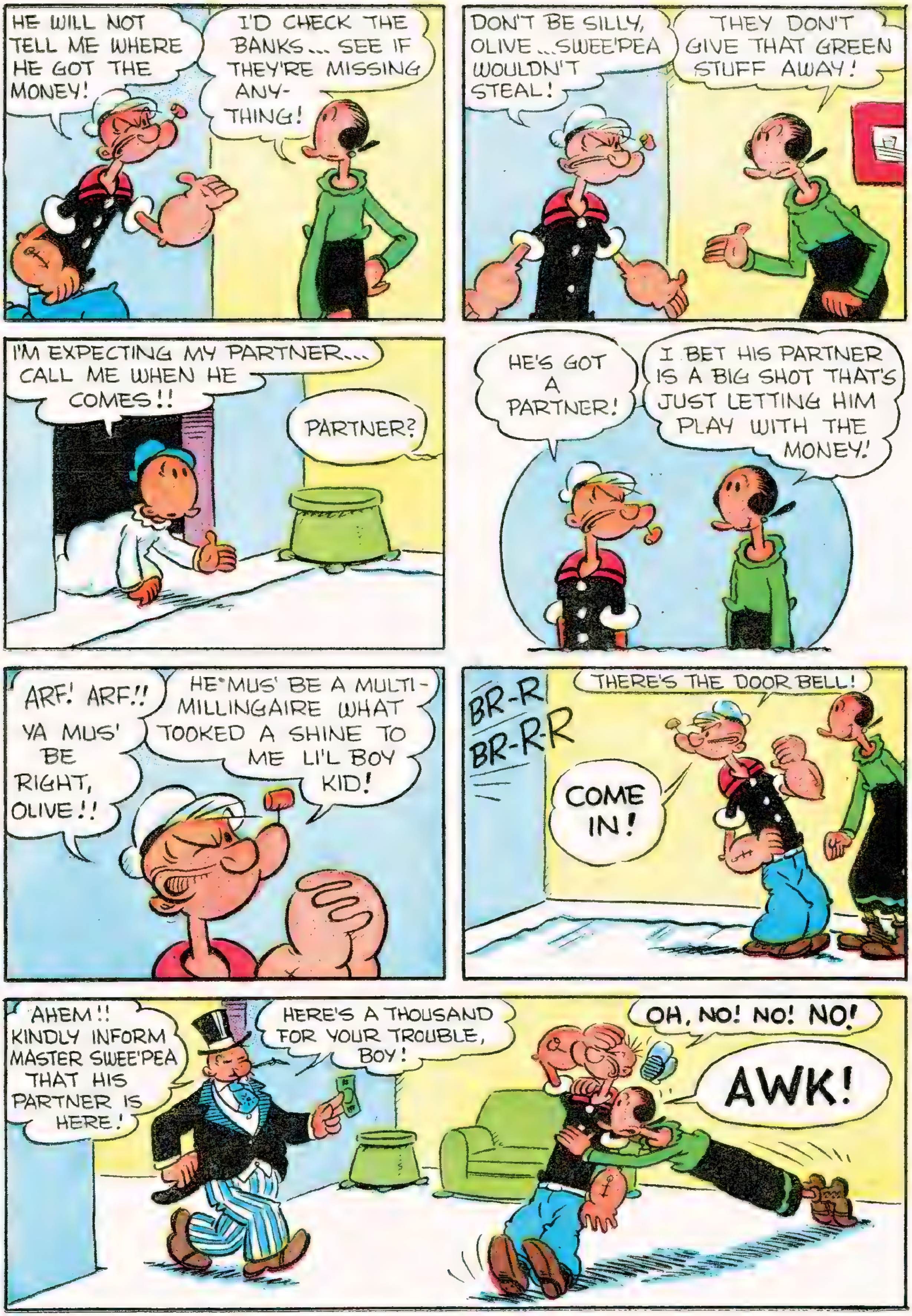

WIMPY... I HAS COMED TO YOU FOR ADVICE ON A MONEY PROBLEM!
VERY SMART.. INDEED YES.... YOU CAME TO THE RIGHT MAN!
WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM? PERHAPS YOU HAVE A FEW HUNDRED THOUSAND YOU'D LIKE TO INVEST!
?
?
GOSH NO, MR. WIMP... I HASN'T GOT NO MONEY TO INVEST..... I WANTS ADVICE ON HOW TO GET MONEY!
POPEYE SAYS YER THE WORLD'S BEST MOOCHER SO I COMED TO YOU!!
WELL..I AM GOOD... I'M FORCED TO ADMIT IT!
THEN HOW KIN I RAISE A DIME?
HM? A DIME! LET ME THINK!!
A DIME, HUH?? I ALWAYS HAVE TROUBLE WITH DIMES...... MILLIONS ARE QUITE EASY BUT DIMES.... AH, YES! THEY'RE A PROBLEM!
DID YOU MOOCH POPEYE FOR ONE?
YES... BUT HE SAID NO.... YOU'D THINK WIT' ALL THAT PIRATE TREASURE BURIED IN THE YARD HE'D GIVE ME ONE DIME!
PIRATE GOLD!!
HM?
BLESS MY GREEDY SOUL, I DO BELIEVE I CAN HELP YOU!
?


SWEE'PEA HAS BEEN GONE SIX HOURS...I WONDER IF HE HAS USED ANY INITIATIVE?
I FEEL SORRY FOR HIM!
HI, POPEYE!!
ARE YA STILL MAD AT ME ?
NAW!
POOR KID... HE SHOULD HAVE A DIME!
HERE, SWEE'PEA.....HERE'S A DIME FROM AUNTY OLIVE!
KEEP IT, BABY.. DON'T BOTHER ME WIT' SMALL CHANGE!
WHAT'S THE IDEA? A DIME IS A LOT OF MONEY.....
WHERE DO YOU WANT THIS MILLION BUCKS, BOSS?
JUST PUT IT DOWN..I WANTS TO COUNT IT AGAIN!
PLOP

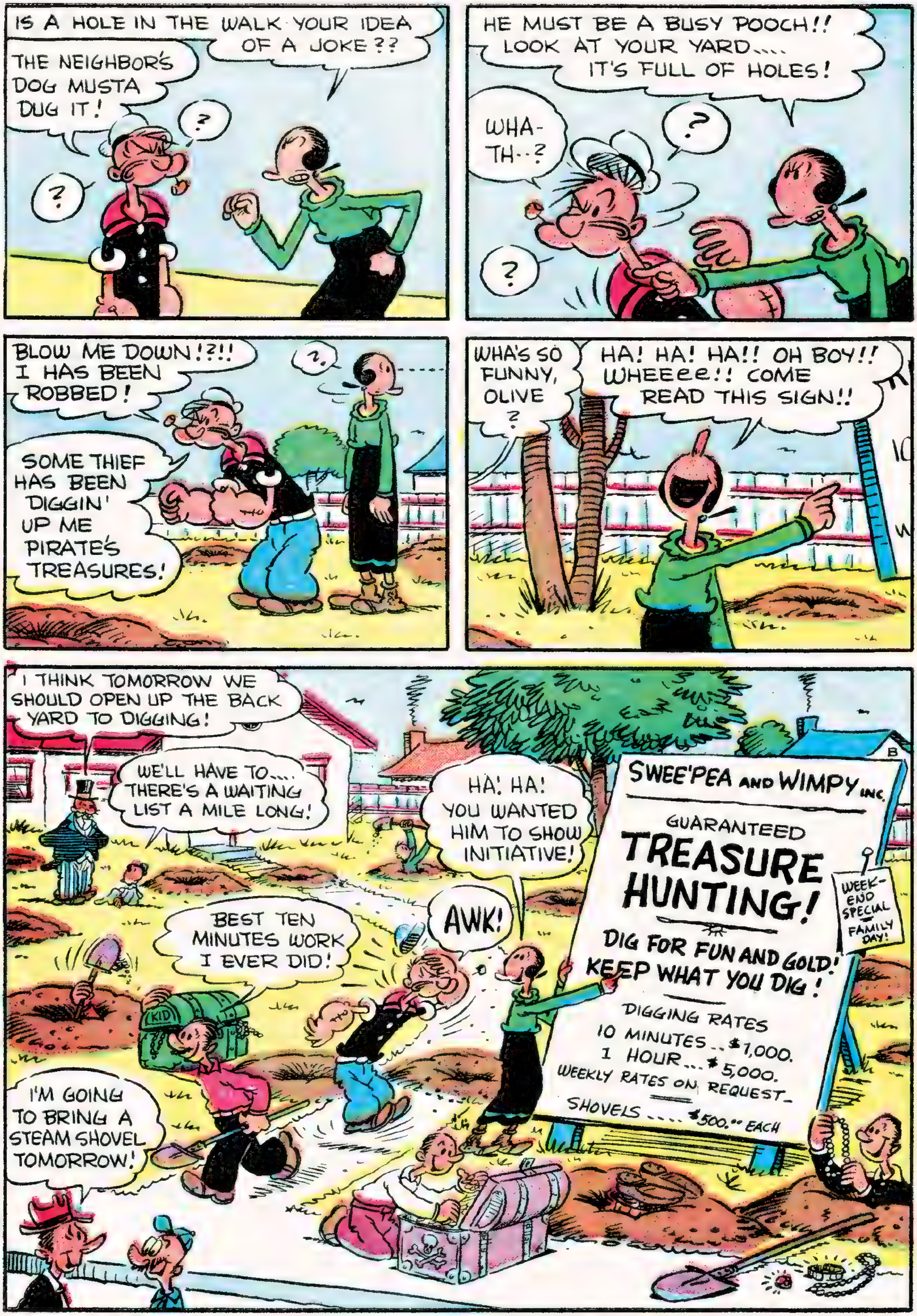


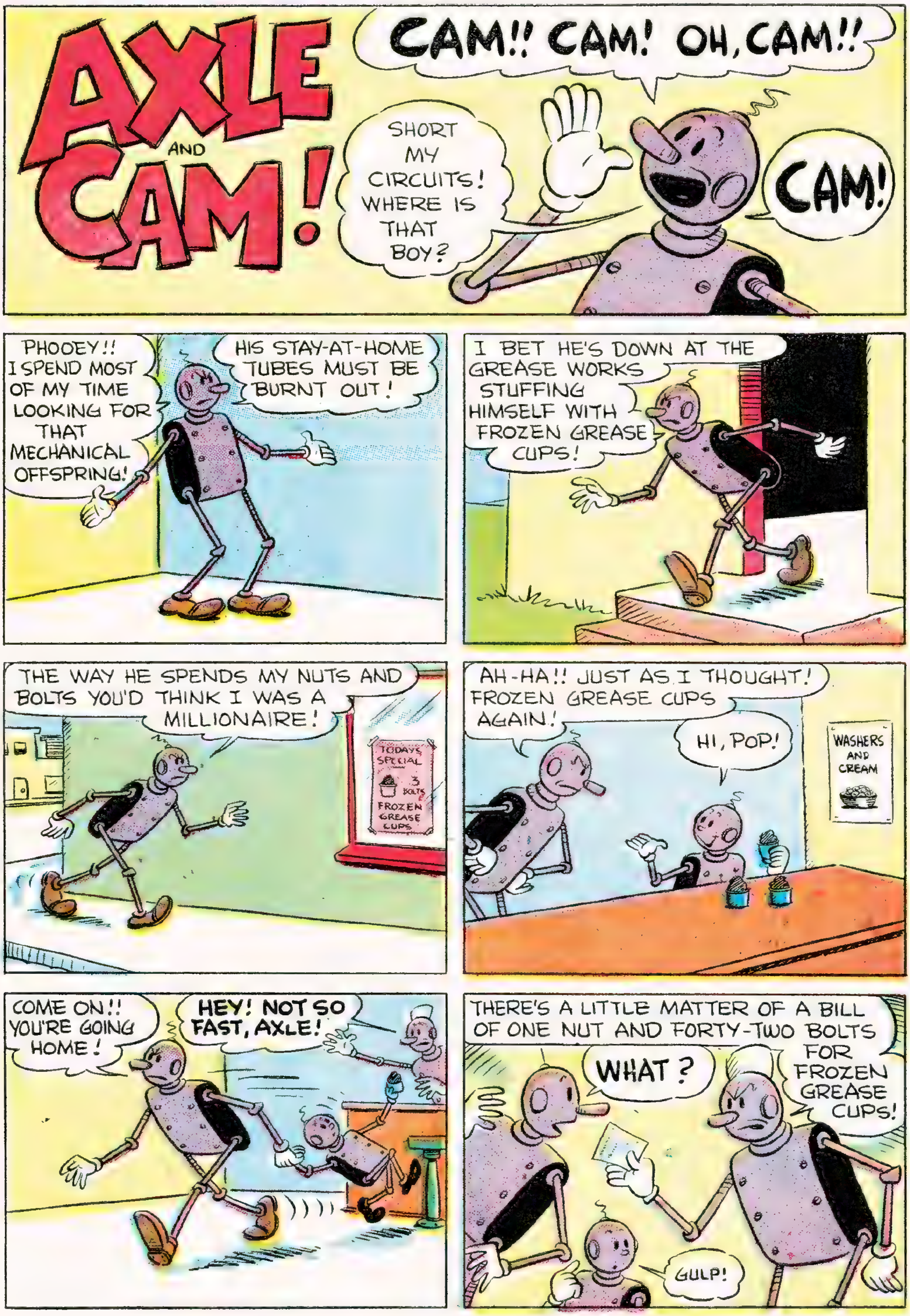
BLOW ME DOWN!?!
A MILLING BUCKS!!
WATCH IT, BUDDY!!
?
KEEP YER MITTS OFF THAT MONEY!
WHA..TH--??
?
?
CLICK
YA BETTER STAY AWAY, POPEYE!
I HIRED SAM TO GUARD IT AN' HE HAS ORDERS TO SHOOT ANY SWAB WHAT TRIES TO TOUCH IT!
HE DOESN'T EVEN TRUST HIS OWN PERSONAL ADOPTID PAPPY!
THAT'S THE WAY SOME PEOPLE GET WHEN THEY MAKE TOO MUCH MONEY!
?
?
PUT THE GREEN STUFF IN MY ROOM, SAM... AND STAND GUARD!
YES, SIR!
VERY WELL, SIR!
?
?
?
WILL YOU PEASANTS PLEASE LEAVE THE ROOM WHILE I LUNCH!
TWEET
!
!
!

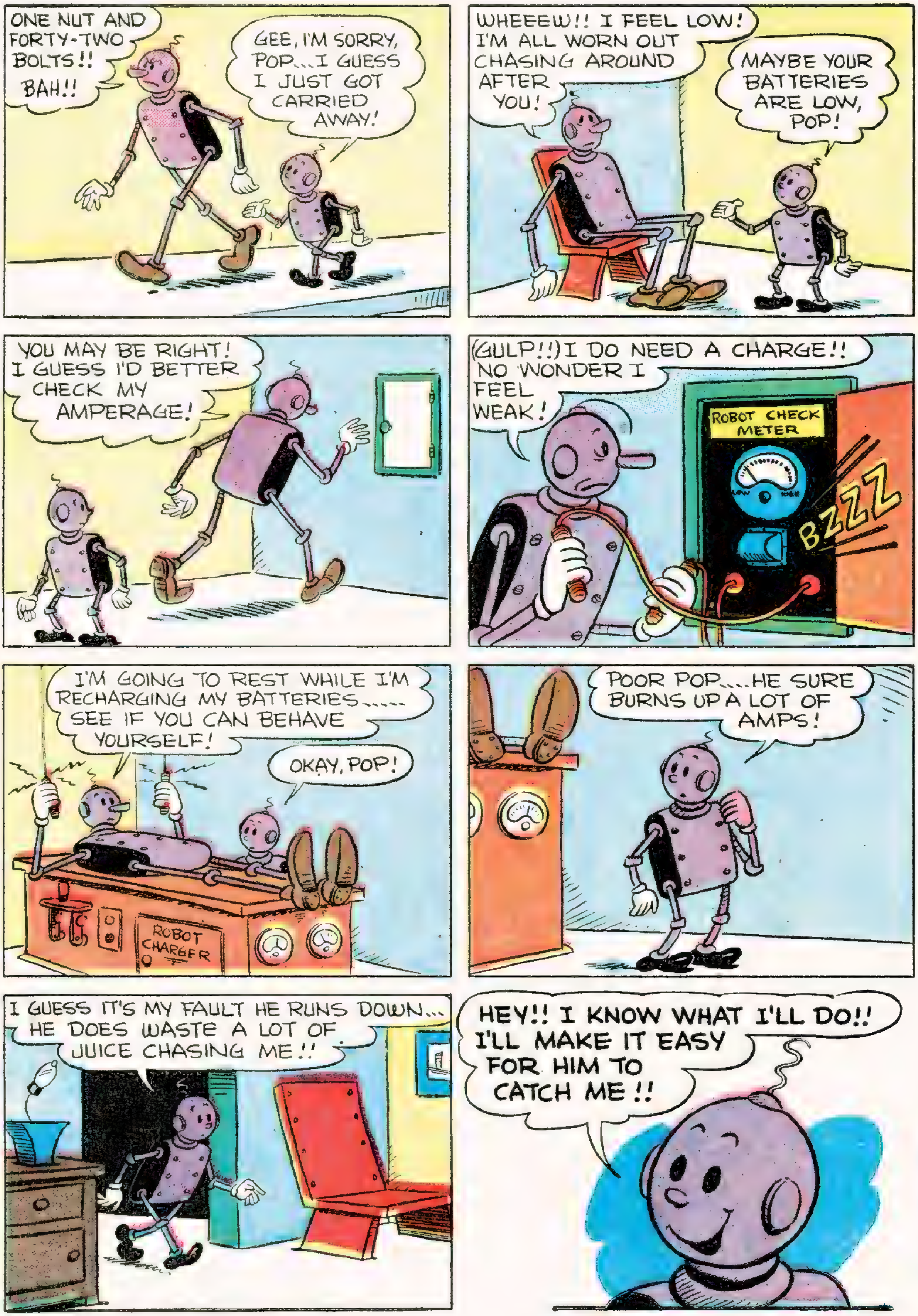

BAH!
PHOOEY!
THAT'S THE MOST DISGUSTING THING I'VE EVER HEARD! IMAGINE KICKING US PEASANTS OUT WHILE HE EATS!
YEAH! THAT MONEY SURE WENT TO HIS HEAD!
IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT... YOU WANTED HIM TO SHOW INITIATIVE AND MAKE SOME MONEY!
THE MONEY? OH, MY GORSH!!
?
?
?
?
NOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?
SWISH
WHERE DID JA GET THAT MONEY???
HUH?
I SAID...WHERE DID YA GET IT?
?
?
?
!
I HAS GONE INTO BUSINESS!
WHAT KIND OF BUSINESS KIN YA GO INTO THAT MAKES A MILLING BUCKS SO FAST?
THAT, SIR.... IS NONE OF YER BUSINESS!

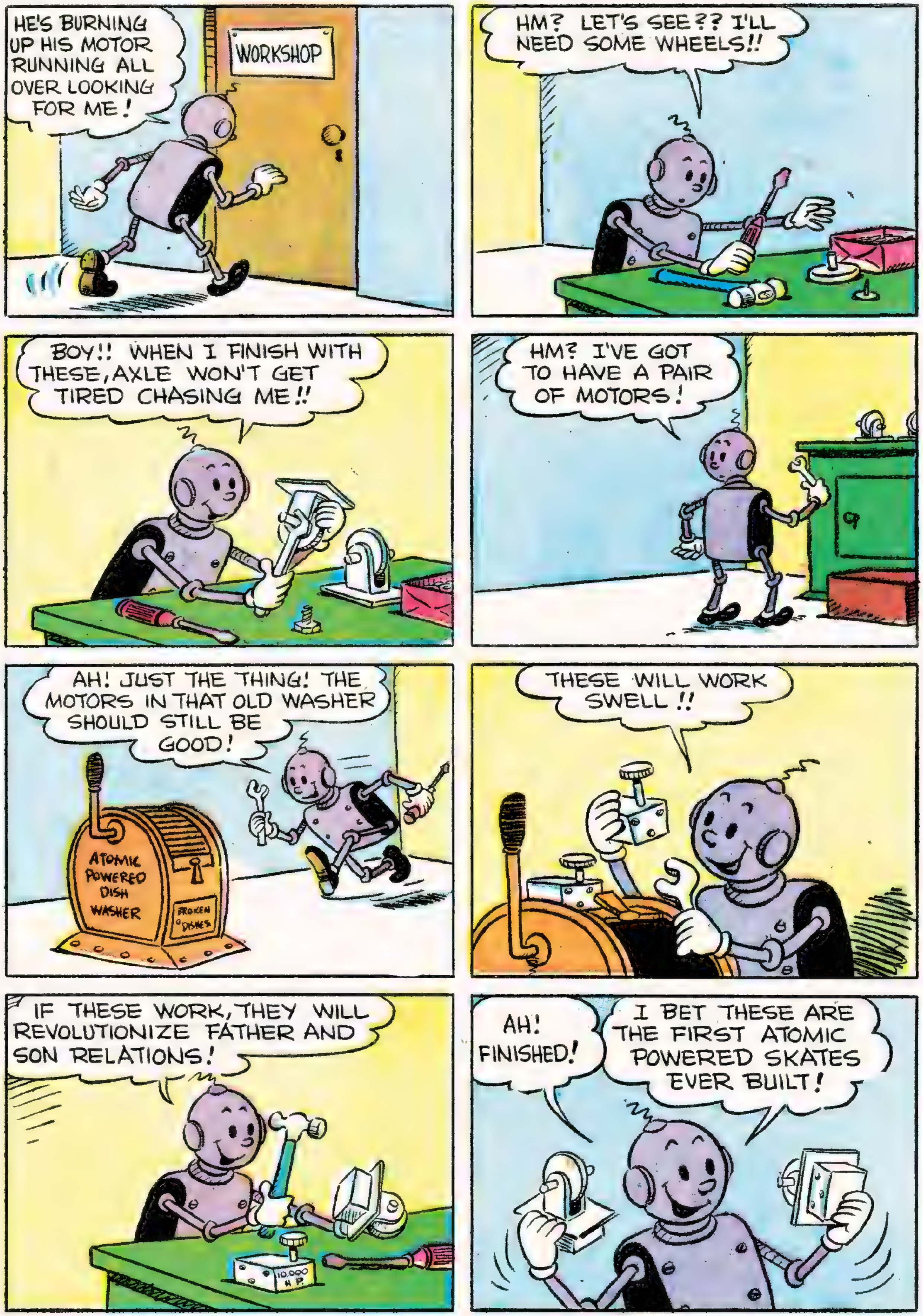

HE WILL NOT TELL ME WHERE HE GOT THE MONEY!
I'D CHECK THE BANKS... SEE IF THEY'RE MISSING ANY-THING!
DON'T BE SILLY, OLIVE...SWEE'PEA WOULDN'T STEAL!
THEY DON'T GIVE THAT GREEN STUFF AWAY!
I'M EXPECTING MY PARTNER... CALL ME WHEN HE COMES!!
PARTNER?
HE'S GOT A PARTNER!
I BET HIS PARTNER IS A BIG SHOT THAT'S JUST LETTING HIM PLAY WITH THE MONEY!
ARF! ARF!! YA MUS' BE RIGHT, OLIVE!!
HE MUS' BE A MULTI-MILLINGAIRE WHAT TOOKED A SHINE TO ME LI'L BOY KID!
BR-R BR-R-R
THERE'S THE DOOR BELL!
COME IN!
AHEM!! KINDLY INFORM MASTER SWEE'PEA THAT HIS PARTNER IS HERE!
HERE'S A THOUSAND FOR YOUR TROUBLE, BOY!
OH, NO! NO! NO!
AWK!

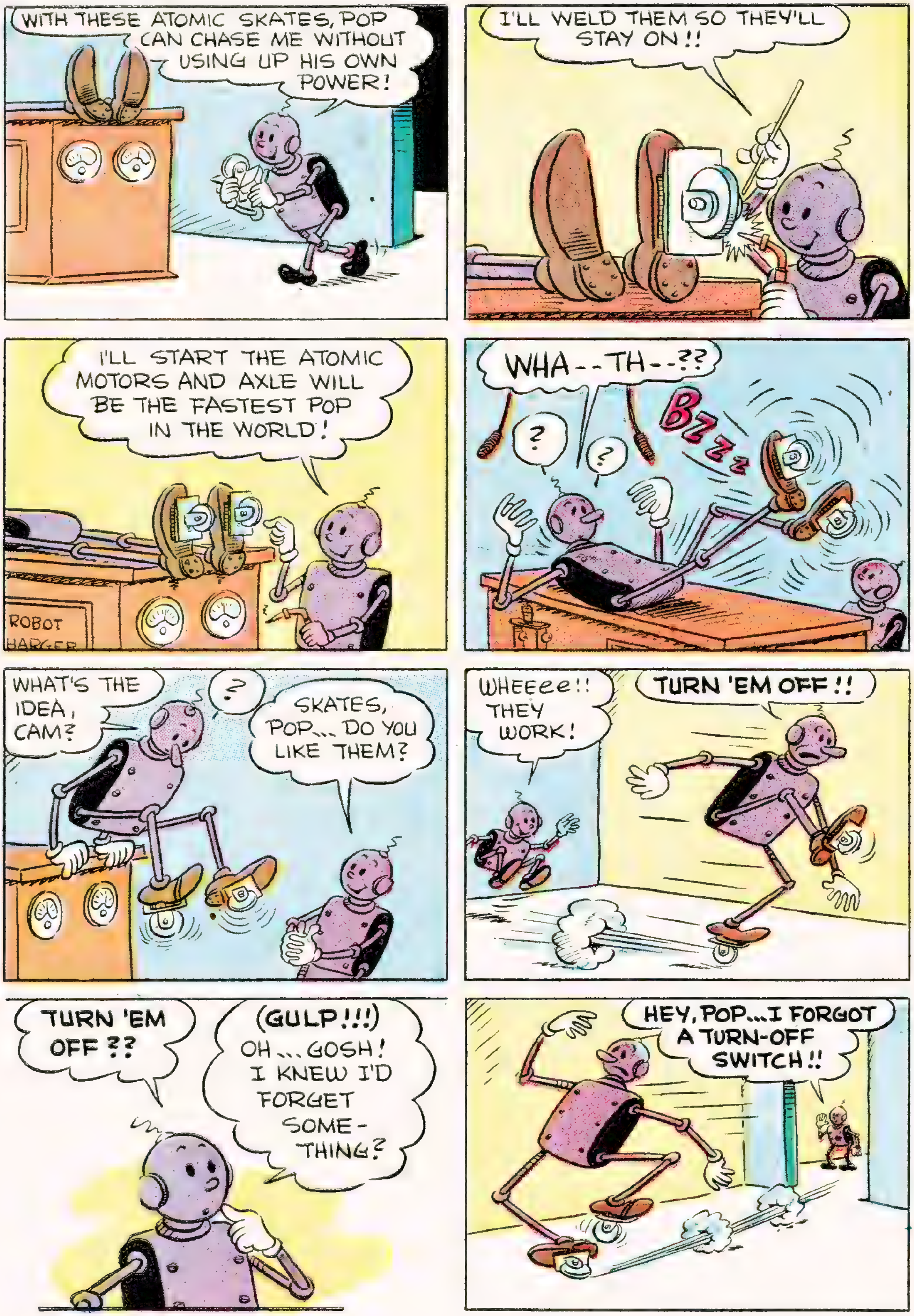
WIMPY, WHAT KIND OF MONKEY BUSINESS IS YOU AN' SWEE'PEA UP TO?
THE NAME, SIR... IS MISTER J. WELLINGTON WIMPY!
AVAST, WIMP.... DIDJA WANT TO SEE ME ON BUSINESS?
I'VE LOCATED A RAILROAD WE CAN BUY FOR ONLY ONE MILLION DOWN!
FINE, PARTNER... LE'S CLOSE THE DEAL!
?
?
?
?
!
I'VE HAD ENOUGH ...I'M GOING HOME....
?
?
CRASH!
?
?
MY GORSH! WHAT WAS THAT?
?
OLIVE!! WHAT IS YA DOIN' IN 'AT HOLE?
?
CALL A LAWYER! I'M GOING TO SUE!
HOLES IN THE PATH! IT'S AN OUTRAGE!

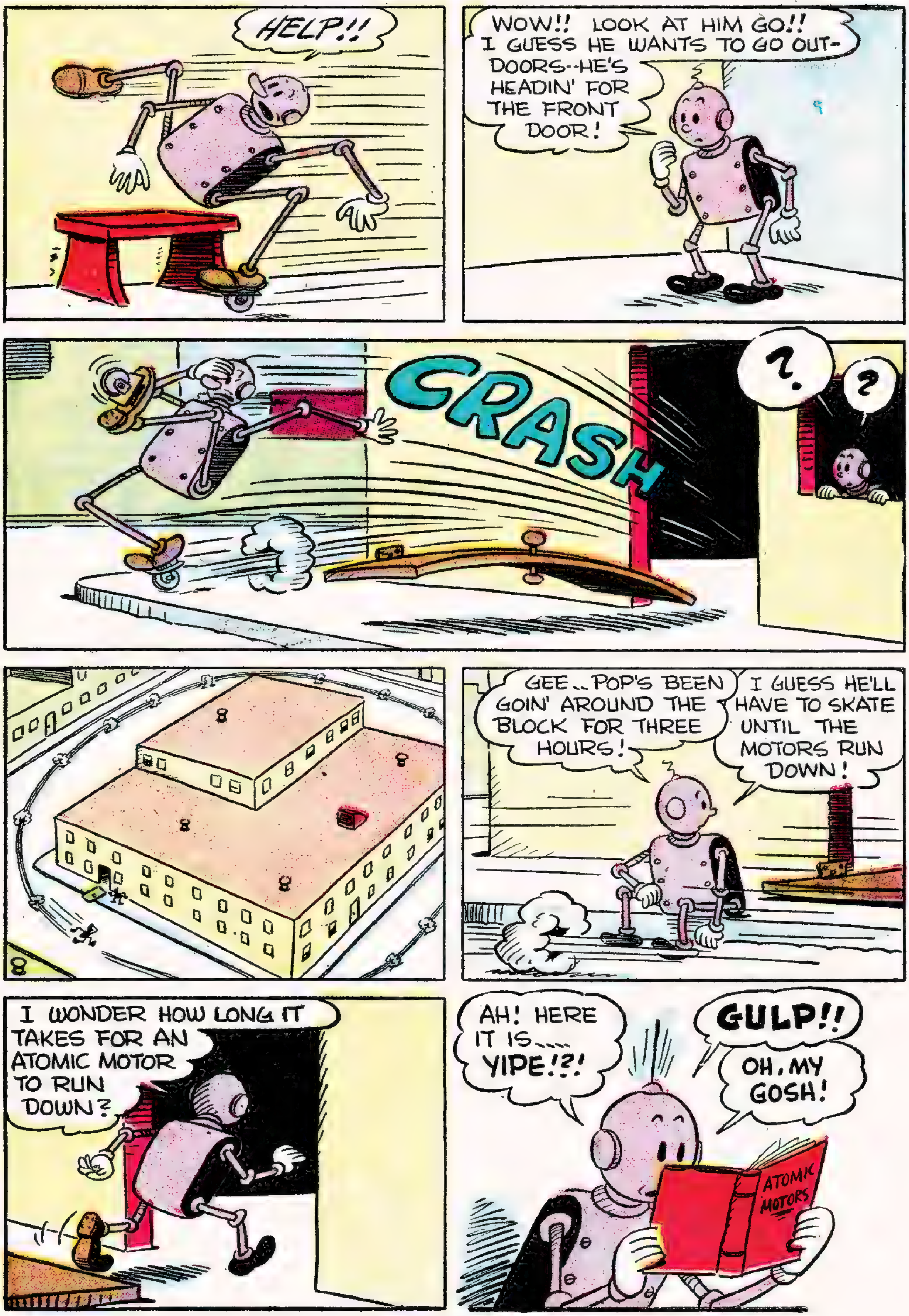

IS A HOLE IN THE WALK YOUR IDEA OF A JOKE??
THE NEIGHBOR'S DOG MUSTA DUG IT!
?
?
HE MUST BE A BUSY POOCH!! LOOK AT YOUR YARD.... IT'S FULL OF HOLES!
WHA-TH--?
?
?
BLOW ME DOWN!?!! I HAS BEEN ROBBED!
SOME THIEF HAS BEEN DIGGIN' UP ME PIRATE'S TREASURES!
?
WHA'S SO FUNNY, OLIVE?
HA! HA! HA!! OH BOY!! WHEEEE!! COME READ THIS SIGN!!
I THINK TOMORROW WE SHOULD OPEN UP THE BACK YARD TO DIGGING!
WE'LL HAVE TO.... THERE'S A WAITING LIST A MILE LONG!
HA! HA! YOU WANTED HIM TO SHOW INITIATIVE!
SWEE'PEA AND WIMPY INC.
GUARANTEED
TREASURE HUNTING!
DIG FOR FUN AND GOLD! KEEP WHAT YOU DIG!
DIGGING RATES
10 MINUTES .. $1,000.
1 HOUR ... $5,000.
WEEKLY RATES ON REQUEST
SHOVELS .... $500.00 EACH
WEEK-END SPECIAL FAMILY DAY!
AWK!
BEST TEN MINUTES WORK I EVER DID!
KID
I'M GOING TO BRING A STEAM SHOVEL TOMORROW!

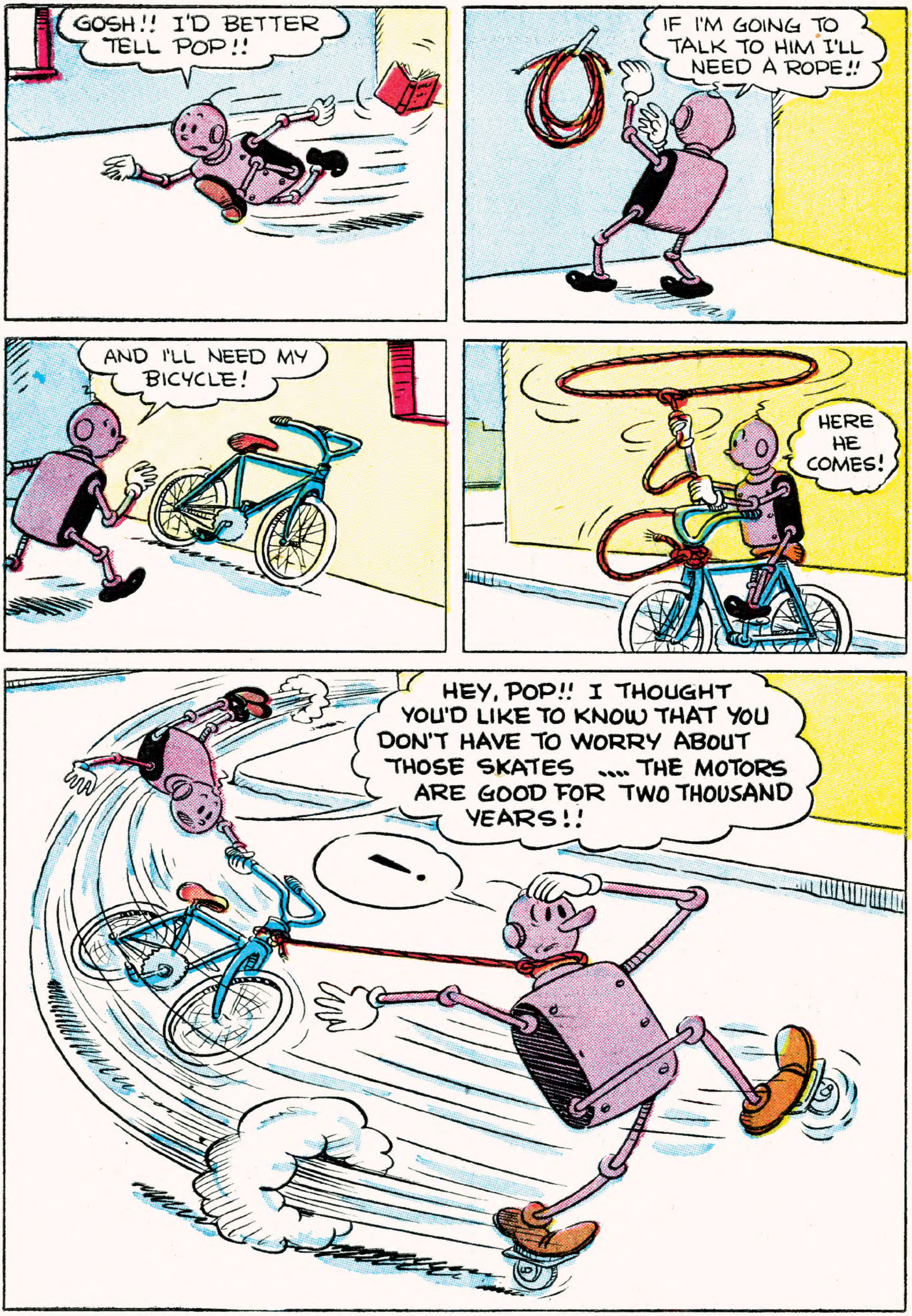

AXLE AND CAM!
CAM!! CAM! OH, CAM!!
SHORT MY CIRCUITS! WHERE IS THAT BOY?
CAM!
PHOOEY!! I SPEND MOST OF MY TIME LOOKING FOR THAT MECHANICAL OFFSPRING!
HIS STAY-AT-HOME TUBES MUST BE BURNT OUT!
I BET HE'S DOWN AT THE GREASE WORKS STUFFING HIMSELF WITH FROZEN GREASE CUPS!
THE WAY HE SPENDS MY NUTS AND BOLTS YOU'D THINK I WAS A MILLIONAIRE!
TODAYS SPECIAL 3 BOLTS FROZEN GREASE CUPS
AH-HA!! JUST AS I THOUGHT! FROZEN GREASE CUPS AGAIN!
HI, POP!
WASHERS AND CREAM
COME ON!! YOU'RE GOING HOME!
HEY! NOT SO FAST, AXLE!
THERE'S A LITTLE MATTER OF A BILL OF ONE NUT AND FORTY-TWO BOLTS FOR FROZEN GREASE CUPS!
WHAT?
GULP!


ONE NUT AND FORTY-TWO BOLTS!! BAH!!
GEE, I'M SORRY, POP....I GUESS I JUST GOT CARRIED AWAY!
WHEEEW!! I FEEL LOW! I'M ALL WORN OUT CHASING AROUND AFTER YOU!
MAYBE YOUR BATTERIES ARE LOW, POP!
YOU MAY BE RIGHT! I GUESS I'D BETTER CHECK MY AMPERAGE!
(GULP!!) I DO NEED A CHARGE!! NO WONDER I FEEL WEAK!
ROBOT CHECK METER
BZZZ
I'M GOING TO REST WHILE I'M RECHARGING MY BATTERIES..... SEE IF YOU CAN BEHAVE YOURSELF!
OKAY, POP!
ROBOT CHARGER
POOR POP.....HE SURE BURNS UP A LOT OF AMPS!
I GUESS IT'S MY FAULT HE RUNS DOWN... HE DOES WASTE A LOT OF JUICE CHASING ME!!
HEY!! I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO!! I'LL MAKE IT EASY FOR HIM TO CATCH ME!!


HE'S BURNING UP HIS MOTOR RUNNING ALL OVER LOOKING FOR ME!
WORKSHOP
HM? LET'S SEE?? I'LL NEED SOME WHEELS!!
BOY!! WHEN I FINISH WITH THESE, AXLE WON'T GET TIRED CHASING ME!!
HM? I'VE GOT TO HAVE A PAIR OF MOTORS!
AH! JUST THE THING! THE MOTORS IN THAT OLD WASHER SHOULD STILL BE GOOD!
ATOMIC POWERED DISH WASHER
BROKEN DISHES
THESE WILL WORK SWELL!!
IF THESE WORK, THEY WILL REVOLUTIONIZE FATHER AND SON RELATIONS!
10,000 H.P.
AH! FINISHED!
I BET THESE ARE THE FIRST ATOMIC POWERED SKATES EVER BUILT!


WITH THESE ATOMIC SKATES, POP CAN CHASE ME WITHOUT USING UP HIS OWN POWER!
I'LL WELD THEM SO THEY'LL STAY ON!!
I'LL START THE ATOMIC MOTORS AND AXLE WILL BE THE FASTEST POP IN THE WORLD!
ROBOT
WHA--TH--??
BZZZZ
?
?
WHAT'S THE IDEA, CAM?
?
SKATES, POP... DO YOU LIKE THEM?
WHEEeee!! THEY WORK!
TURN 'EM OFF!!
TURN 'EM OFF??
(GULP!!!) OH... GOSH! I KNEW I'D FORGET SOME-THING?
HEY, POP...I FORGOT A TURN-OFF SWITCH!!


HELP!!
WOW!! LOOK AT HIM GO!! I GUESS HE WANTS TO GO OUT-DOORS--HE'S HEADIN' FOR THE FRONT DOOR!
CRASH
?
?
GEE.. POP'S BEEN GOIN' AROUND THE BLOCK FOR THREE HOURS!
I GUESS HE'LL HAVE TO SKATE UNTIL THE MOTORS RUN DOWN!
I WONDER HOW LONG IT TAKES FOR AN ATOMIC MOTOR TO RUN DOWN?
AH! HERE IT IS.... YIPE!?!
GULP!!
OH, MY GOSH!
ATOMIC MOTORS


GOSH!! I'D BETTER TELL POP!!
IF I'M GOING TO TALK TO HIM I'LL NEED A ROPE!!
AND I'LL NEED MY BICYCLE!
HERE HE COMES!
HEY, POP!! I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW THAT YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THOSE SKATES .... THE MOTORS ARE GOOD FOR TWO THOUSAND YEARS!!
!

NINE FOR NINE

(Continued from inside front cover)

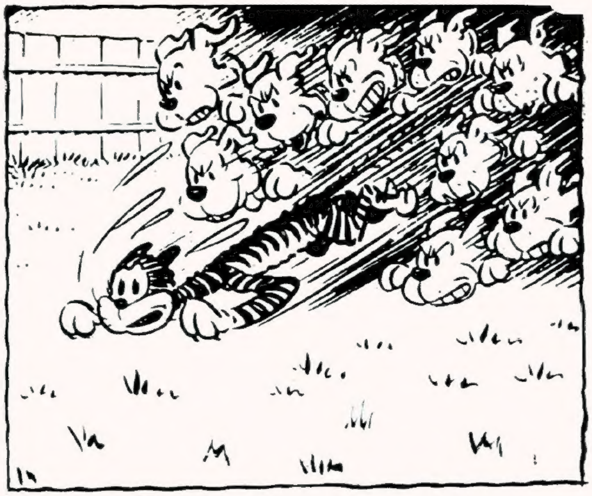
"POOO!" growled Garry as he went up the path past the house toward the fence that went around the back yard. "If I weren't so brave nothing would ever be done around here."

It must be said for Garry that when he arrived at the high board fence he sniffed a few times to see if there was anything on the other side before he jumped to the top.

"Hmmm! Couldn't smell a thing. Perhaps these people don't have any pets."

From the top of the fence he could see the whole yard. He was quite well acquainted with it because he had been friends with the goat that had lived there with the Smiths. Seeing nothing to fear, he jumped down to the ground and headed across the lawn for the open door of the garage. He knew the other animals would want to know what kind of car the new people drove and this was as good a time as any to find out.

Garry had just reached the garage door when he heard the back door of the house behind him click open. Turning he glanced over his shoulder to see if he could get a look at the new people. What he saw caused his cat heart to pop up into his throat and the hair on his back to stand on end. Coming out of the back door of the house was a great big dog followed by another dog which was followed by seven other dogs. Nine big dogs came bounding down the steps and before the first one reached the bottom step he had spotted Garry, and with a howl of delight, gave chase with all eight of his brothers roaring behind. Garry turned and dashed into the



open garage. This almost proved to be a fatal mistake for he was sure he was cornered. Luckily, he spotted a partly open window and he felt the first dog's teeth scrape along his tail as he desperately leaped through the opening.

It took the nine dogs several seconds to turn around and dash out the door into the yard where Garry was streaking across the lawn for the fence. Quick as a flash they gave chase again, and it looked like Garry would never make it. At the last second, however, he leaped for the fence and cleared it with just a cat whisker to spare.

Once safely over the fence the scared cat didn't stop but kept right on going across the street and fell shaking and panting in the center of his group of friends.

"HO! HO!" laughed the owl who had watched the whole scene from the top of a tree. "What happened to all of that cat bravery? I thought you were willing to give up one of your lives to meet the new neighbors?"

Garry looked up at the owl and gasped—

"I was. I was willing but there were nine of them. Nine big dogs. One for each of my nine lives and that was more than I wanted to give up all at once."

All of the animals laughed and congratulated the wise old owl for proving to the bragging cat that even the bravest person is smart to know when it's time to be scared.

"Come on, gang," said the owl as he helped Garry to his feet, "I want you all to come over and meet nine of the nicest dogs I've ever met. They sure were swell when I met them last night and asked them to teach Garry a lesson by chasing him when he came snooping around."

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"Sagendorf was the long-time assistant to the creator of Popeye, Elzie Segar, and his comics are just as classic!"
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